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THE LIFE AND PUBLIC CAREER OF HON. HORACE GREELEY

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THE LIFE AND PUBLIC CAREER OF HON. HORACE GREELEY

Horace Greeley

THE

LIFE AND PUBLIC CAREER

OF

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

BY

WILLIAM M. CORNELL, LL.D.,
AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF ROBERT RAIKES," ETC.

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TO

EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN

IN OUR COUNTRY,

WHERE HONOR, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS DEPEND ON HIS OWN

INTEGRITY, HONESTY, AND ECONOMY,

AND WHERE

EVERY ONE MAY ATTAIN TO THE HIGHEST HONOR OF THE NATION,

This Life and Career

OF A SELF-MADE, INDUSTRIOUS, ECONOMICAL, AND

HONEST MAN

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

HORACE GREELEY has had nothing to do with getting up, writing, or publishing this book. He has neither written nor seen a sentence of it in its original manuscript, nor in the proof-sheets, nor in any other way. He knows nothing about what it contains, and therefore is in no way or manner responsible for its statements.

The public has a right to know all that can be known of any public man, and especially of any one who is presented for their suffrage. It is for this purpose, to give this information (now that Mr. Greeley has been nominated for the highest office in the gift of this great nation), that the following facts and incidents of his life are here presented. They have been gathered from the most authentic and reliable sources, and speak for themselves. They show the man as he has been, when a poor boy, an apprentice, a journeyman, an editor, a public man, — just what he was in all the positions he has held *before* he was a candidate for the presidency. This is all the writer has desired or designed to do, — to show the people just who Horace Greeley is, what he has been, and what he has done. Having done this, according to the ability given the writer, he leaves him and his doings in the hands of an appreciating public.

The compiler here, once for all, acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life," from his own pen, published first in "The New-York Ledger" from time to time, and also in a book by J. B. Ford & Co.; also to "The Life of Mr. Greeley" by Mr. James Parton, published by James R. Osgood & Co. of Boston.

INTRODUCTION.

USE OF BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL sketches of great and good men have always been useful in the world. Indeed, no class of writings have had such vast influence in forming the character of the young, either for weal or woe, as these. Conquerors have been made by reading the lives of conquerors that have preceded them; heroes, by reading of heroes; and martyrs, clergymen, eminent business-men, and persons in all professions, have been inspired with that supreme devotion and energy to an object that has enabled them to overcome all obstacles, and achieve the same as, or even more than, those after whom they patterned.

Thus presidents of the United States have already been elevated to that high position by letting the people know who they were, what they had done, and their capacity for such an office. In this way our excellent Lincoln and our General Grant were ushered into a more elevated position than that of kings, because borne thither by a free and enlightened people.

The Creator, the Fountain of all good, seems to have acted upon this principle in giving us the Bible; in which he has set before us, for our imitation, the character of Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, and many other holy men among the Old-Testa-

ment worthies. And we know indeed, from the New Testament, that the grand object had in view by the Holy One, in portraying their characters, was for our imitation. Hence we are expressly told, "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience, and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope." Hence the writer to the Hebrews brings before us that host of "worthies," till the number seems to swell beyond his powers of description; and he exclaims, "And what shall I more say? for the time would fail." All these were named, with their heroic deeds, for what? — "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us." In other words, seeing, knowing, what others have done, taking *them* as our examples, let *us* discharge our duty as they did; let us "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling." Deeply imbued with this principle of rising, of coming up to the highest round of the ladder of human perfectibility, Dr. Young said, —

"All can do what has by man been done."

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LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

Their Peculiarities. — Londonderry settled by Them. — Their Industry. — Their Diet. — Anecdotes of their Ministers. — The New-England Meeting-Houses.

THESE have ever been, and still are, "a peculiar people." Those who early settled New Hampshire, where Horace Greeley was born, were of this peculiar cast. They came from Ulster, in the northern part of Ireland (from which a very large number of our eminent men and "merchant princes" have come). They were of that blood which will *tell* wherever it is found. One of the six counties of this northern province of the "Emerald Isle" was Londonderry. The inhabitants were intensely Protestant, and generally Presbyterian. They were brave men; and, when that city was besieged, they defended it against a besieging army till they slew nine thousand

of them, until three thousand of their own number had fallen, till they were reduced to such a state of starvation that a quarter of a dog was sold for five shillings and sixpence, and till horse-flesh brought one and sixpence a pound, a rat one shilling, and a mouse sixpence. Still they would not and did not surrender. May it not have been well said, then, that Presbyterians are a set and stiff people? Every one knows what they are on the Scotch side, which makes half of their name: "for it behooveth a Scotsman to be right; for, if he be wrong, he is forever and eternally wrong."

It was by this class of people that Londonderry, N.H., was chiefly settled. The first of these emigrants came in 1718; and a few of them stopped for a time in Boston, and founded the church to which Rev. Dr. Channing and the late Dr. Gannett preached, and for which Rev. Dr. Blaikie, of similar blood, has long been contending. But the greater part of them went directly to Londonderry, and to other towns in Rockingham County, N.H.; and the others from Boston soon followed them.

There they lived as brethren and neighbors, — an industrious, hard-working people, willing to earn their living, and carrying out the declaration of the Bible (which was about all the book they had), — "If any would not work, neither should he eat."

Their industry was so remarkable, that they brought their spinning and weaving implements with them from their native land. They raised much flax, and made the first linen ever manufactured in New England.

Though the potato was of American origin, yet it was never cultivated to any considerable extent here till this colony did it; and it has ever been a current report, that a farmer in the vicinity of Londonderry attempted to boil and eat the balls from the potato-tops, instead of the potato itself, but, upon making the trial, declared them to be worthless. This well-authenticated item makes a good offset to the farmer who boiled the tea for greens, and also declared it "of no value."

They were so frugal and economical, that they used to walk barefooted, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands till coming near the church or to where they were bound, when they put them on; and one old bachelor was said to be so neat, that when he arrived at the "meeting-house, if his shoes were dusty, he wiped them with his white pocket-handkerchief."

They did not use tea or coffee till about the year 1800. Borrowing and lending were very common among them; though buying and selling were almost unknown. If they killed a calf or a pig, it was

usually lent out to the neighbors, to be repaid when they did a like deed. Women did their full share of the work both in the house and on the farm. They were a strong, long-lived race, and generally reared large families.

Though they were, as we have stated, a rigid race of religious men and women, yet they were full of glee and mirth; and though they always read the Bible morning and evening with family prayer, and though the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism was their solemn creed, which all their children were compelled to learn, yet no people were ever more full of fun than these stiff Presbyterians.

The Rev. Mr. Morrison — a Presbyterian name among them to this day, and one of their lineal descendants — says, "A prominent trait in the character of the Scotch-Irish was their wit. No subject was kept sacred from it. The thoughtless, the grave, the old, and the young, alike enjoyed it. Our fathers were serious, thoughtful men; but they lost no occasion that might promise sport. Weddings, huskings, log-rollings, and raisings, — what a host of queer stories is connected with them! Our ancestors dearly loved fun. There was a grotesque humor, and yet a seriousness, pathos, and *strangeness*, about them, which, in its way, has, perhaps, never been equalled. It was the sternness of the Scotch covenanter, softened

by a century's residence abroad amid persecution and trial, wedded to the comic humor and pathos of the Irish, and then grown wild in the woods among their own New-England mountains."

Many quaint anecdotes are told of their clergy, while they were the strictest sect of religionists in the world. Thus it is related that a British officer, during the "old French war," one Sunday morning entered the meeting-house in Londonderry in such a shining uniform, that he attracted the attention of the young misses, standing as he did in a conspicuous place, far more than the solemn sermon of the good old parson, Rev. Matthew Clark. The old man bore it as long as he could; but perceiving that he was not inclined to be seated, and that so much attention was given to his superb dress, at length he stopped, laid by his sermon, and, addressing the officer, said, "Ye're a braw (brave) lad; ye hae a braw suit of claithes, and we hae a' seen them: ye may sit down." As though suddenly shot, the officer dropped into a seat.

Rev. E. L. Parker, in his history of Londonderry, gives the following specimen of William Clark's pulpit peculiarities. His subject was Peter's assurance that *he* would not deny his Master. "Just like Peter, aye mair forrit (forward) than wise, ganging swaggering aboot wi' a sword at his side: an' a puir han' he mad' o' it when he cam' to the trial; for he

only cut off un chiel's lug (ear), *an' he ought to hae split down his head.*"

We are told (we have referred to their strictness in family religion) that the first minister of Londonderry, upon hearing that one of his flock was neglecting family worship, repaired to his dwelling the same evening that he learned the sad news. It was late, and the family had retired: but he roused up the head of the family; asked him if the report he had heard was true, and if he had omitted family prayer that evening. The man said he had. Then he made him call up his wife and perform with her the neglected duty before he would leave the house.

They were a singularly *honest* people; and this may in some measure account for the fact, that now, while the opponents say all manner of cruel things about Horace Greeley, they all say *he is honest.* They had a law, if a man found any thing on the road, he should leave it at the next tavern. In 1774, one John Morrison found an axe, and did not leave it at the next tavern, nor make proclamation, as the law directed. The session convicted him; though John contended that the axe was of so small value, that it would not pay the expense of proclaiming, &c. So he stands there recorded on the town-record of 1774.

A volume might be filled with the singular anecdotes of this "peculiar people;" but it is not required

for our present purpose. We add simply a sketch of the old, uncouth churches of New England such as Horace Greeley was compelled to attend in his childhood: of these New Hampshire had its full share: —

"Of these we have a distinct recollection: we mean those erected by the Puritans and their Presbyterian brethren. They were queer, uncouth things, having the large door in the side, and one at each end for ingress and egress. The aisles were wide; the pews high, nearly square, with a seat on every side, and a low one for the small children; a table for the man, then the head of the family, upon which to lay his psalm-book. The consequence was, that a part of the audience had to sit with their backs to the minister; and, when the psalm-singing ceased, there was a clattering of letting down tables like the slamming of fifty doors. A gallery all round the inside of the house accommodated the boys and girls with a convenient resting-place, where they could whittle, whisper, pull each other's ears or hair, or behave decently, as they preferred; but when Deacon S., the tithing-man, was in his place, most of them did the latter, lest they should get a switch from his birch.

"These 'meeting-houses' had an abundance of windows, tier above tier, to *let in* the light of heaven *unstained;* for blinds, curtains, and 'painted glass,' were then among the things that were not: all this

showing manifestly that the worshippers 'loved light rather than darkness.'

"There was no provision made for warming these houses, save only as some old ladies carried foot-stoves, made of tin, and hooped round with wood, with a tin dish or saucer to hold live coals of hickory or oak (for good wood was then plenty); and these good old dames thus warmed their feet and those of the small children by placing them over these tin boxes, which had holes in their tops through which the heat ascended. Stoves then, for burning Lehigh and Lackawana, were not: indeed, these very heat-producing articles themselves had never been heard of. But the people were healthy; and though cold, and often chilled, we heard of but few cases of bronchitis or throat-diseases as at present.

"When a lad, we have sat with our feet almost frozen, watching the old minister, who had officiated in the same desk forty years, as he turned over leaf after leaf of his manuscript, hoping (often almost against hope) that each would be the last. But what seems remarkable to us at the present time is, that no one staid away from the meeting (the name of *church* was then unknown, only as referring to the body of professors) on account of the cold; and none were made sick by sitting two hours in a house built of wood, and not very tight, with the temperature (if we

had possessed any thing to have measured it with; which we did not, thermometers then being unknown, or at least unused in the country) ten or twenty degrees below zero. There was not half the consumption then that there is now. May it not be justly inferred, if we heated our churches now, and our dwellings too, as we did then, that consumption would be diminished one-half? Our present mode of heating must be changed.

"We could give some curious anecdotes of the wars of those days — like those between the 'red and the white roses' — which prevailed between deacons, deacons' wives, and 'men of standing,' in families, when the question of putting in stoves came to be discussed. Then those terrible 'tempests in teapots,' as well as among tea and spirit drinkers; for all ministers, deacons, and others drank spirit in those days, and all women (whose husbands could afford it) drank tea. We remember one case where Mrs. Deacon S. had fought against a stove, and Mrs. Deacon B. for one; till finally, when Mrs. Deacon B.'s party prevailed, Mrs. Deacon S. was carried out faint, and, when she recovered, said that it was that *terribly hot stove* that caused it; but, though the stove was there, no fire had been made in it.

"The Old South Church and the Rev. Dr. Putnam's, we believe, are the only houses of worship, built

after that antique fashion, now left. The Brattle-square and the Stone Chapel approximate that form; and how they came to escape a perfect similarity to them, built in the same age, is more than we can tell. Thus nearly all these old edifices have disappeared from New England; and others, many of which are no improvement upon their predecessors, have taken their places."

It was in one of these "unsteepled houses," as William Penn called his "Quaker churches," that the ancestors of Horace Greeley heard the first pastor of Londonderry — Rev. James McGregor — preach, and say the curious things above cited; and also the following: "'I can do all things.' Ay, *can* ye, Paul? I'll bet ye a dollar o' *that*" (placing the dollar on the desk). "But stop: let's see what else Paul says: 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.' Ay, sae can I, Paul: I draw my bet." And he returned the dollar to his pocket.

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE, BIRTH, AND CHILDHOOD.

The Name Greeley. — His Ancestors. — The Woodburn Family. — Horace supposed to be Dead. — An Early Reader. — His First School. — New-England Schoolhouses then. — School-Books. — His First Piece. — Always did his "Stint." — No Sportsman.

AS was the case with nearly all who emigrated to New England in those early days, so it was with the ancestors of Horace Greeley, — "three brothers" first came over. The name has been variously spelled, like many others, — sometimes Greeley, then Greely, Greale, Greele; but they seem to have all sprung from the same stock. One of these brothers is said to have settled in Maine, another in Rhode Island, and the other in Massachusetts. Horace Greeley descended from the one who settled in Massachusetts. His name is said to have been Benjamin, and that he resided in Haverhill; was a farmer; and died at a good old age, much respected. He left a son named Ezekiel, who was a prosperous man, and went by the name of "Old Captain Ezekiel." He

lived in Hudson, N.H. He was a stern-looking old fellow, dark as an Indian, and somewhat like one in temper. He never loved work, and never did much, but lived by his wits; and it is said "he got all he could, and saved all he got." He was a Baptist, and a very "hard-shelled" one, we judge; for he was called "a cross old dog," "a hard old knot," and yet was praised because he was rich and *smart*.

This Benjamin was the father of Zaccheus Greeley: and

"The boy had virtue by his mother's side;"

though he, like his father, was not "too fond of work." He was famous for his knowledge of the Bible, and was a kind man, of gentle demeanor, and, though not as rich as his father, was called "forehanded" in the world. Though his father was what we have seen, yet his son lived to be ninety-five; and the testimony of his neighbors was, "A worthier man than Zaccheus Greeley never lived." He also had a son named Zaccheus, who was the father of Horace Greeley.

Horace Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," says, "My grandfather Greeley was a most excellent, though never a thrifty citizen. Kind, mild, easy-going, honest, and unambitious, he married young, and reared a family of thirteen children, — nine sons and four daughters.

"My own great-grandfather (named Zaccheus, as was his son my grandfather, and *his* son my father) lived in or near the verge of Londonderry, in what was in my youth Nottingham West, and is now Hudson, across the Merrimack.

"I never heard of a Woodburn of our stock who was not a farmer. My father — married at twenty-five to Mary Woodburn, aged nineteen — went first to live with his father, whose farm he was to work and inherit, supporting the old folks and their still numerous minor children; but he soon tired of this, and seceded, migrating to and purchasing the farm whereon six of his seven children were born."

Mr. Greeley adds (and this was published in 1869), "The present township of Londonderry embraces but a fraction of the original town, whose hundred and forty-four square miles have been sliced away to form the several townships of Derry, Windham, and parts of others, until it now probably contains less than forty square miles. Its people nearly all live by farming, and own the land they cultivate. Three-fourths of them were born where they live, and there expect to die. Some families of English lineage have gradually taken root among them; but they are still mainly of the original Scotch-Irish stock, and even Celtic or German "help" is scarcely known to them. Simple, moral, diligent, God-fearing, the vices

of modern civilization have scarcely penetrated their quiet homes; and while those who with pride trace their origin to the old settlement are numbered by thousands, and scattered all over our broad land, I doubt whether the present population of Londonderry exceeds in number that which tilled her fields, and hunted through her woods, fifty or sixty years ago."

The Woodburn family also came from Londonderry: so that Horace was Scotch-Irish in both his paternal and maternal descent, "as Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews." He has borne the following testimony to his great-grandmother Woodburn: "I think I am indebted for my first impulse toward intellectual acquirement and exertion to my mother's grandmother, who came out from Ireland among the first settlers of Londonderry. She must have been well versed in Irish and Scotch traditions, pretty well informed, and strong-minded; and, my mother being left motherless when quite young, her grandmother exerted great influence over her mental development. I was a third child, the two preceding having died young; and I presume my mother was the more attached to me on that ground, and the extreme feebleness of my constitution. My mind was early filled by her with the traditions, ballads, and snatches of history, she had learned from her grandmother,

which, though conveying very distorted and incorrect ideas of history, yet served to awaken in me a thirst for knowledge, and a lively interest in learning and history."

The father of Horace soon became tired of farming, as we have before stated, and removed to Amherst, N.H., and, with his saved earnings, bought a farm. In Amherst Horace Greeley was born on the 3d of February, 1811. Like many other children who have become eminent men, he was supposed to be dead. He did not breathe; and one who was present at his birth says, "He was as black as a chimney." But He who sees the end from the beginning had work for this apparently dead child to do. He foresaw "The New-York Tribune" to come from him, and possibly the presidency of the United States to come to him.

Amherst, the birthplace of this apparently lifeless child, is a beautiful town of Hillsborough County, N.H., just across the line from Massachusetts. In due time he received the name of Horace, after a little deceased brother. The father had had a relative by the same name; and the mother had read it in a book, and liked it. The farm owned by Zaccheus, the father of Horace, was a rock-bound one, of the Granite State: it could be tilled only by hard toil.

Horace was a bright boy, and took readily to learning. He was first taught by his mother. She was a

strong, athletic woman, of great activity and vivacity. She could laugh and sing from night to morning, and from morning to night. Horace listened to her stories with intense delight. He says in his "Recollections," "I learned to read at her knee; of course, longer ago than I can remember: but I can faintly recollect her sitting spinning at her 'little wheel,' with the book in her lap whence I was taking my daily lesson; and thus I soon acquired the facility of reading from a book sidewise or upside-down as readily as in the usual fashion, — a knack which I did not at first suppose peculiar, but which, being at length observed, became a subject of neighborhood wonder and fabulous exaggeration."

At the age of three years he spent his first winter at his grandfather Woodburn's, and attended his first public school; which, indeed, was all the kind of school he ever attended.

Two peas were never more alike than the New-England country schoolhouses of those days; so that the following description applies to them, one and all: —

"The early settlement of this part of our country is well known to have been *Puritanical;* and the Scotch-Irish of those days were emphatically so. They early took measures to establish 'free schools,' that 'learning might not be buried in the graves of

the fathers.' These schools, sixty years since, were peculiar. The old schoolhouse, situated in a corner of the town, at a crossing where three ways met, was fifteen by twenty feet. It was clapboarded outside, and plastered inside. The windows were of glass panes, six by four inches; the chimney in one end, large enough to receive a cord-wood stick of four feet in length, affording ample ventilation to the room; the benches, three in number, extending the length and width of the room on three sides, the fourth occupied by the capacious chimney just named. In front of these writing-desks, as they were called, were the seats for the small children, and those back of them for the larger scholars. The fires were built alternately by the larger boys, and the schoolhouse swept by the larger girls in the same ratio.

"The seats for these little children were the most uncomfortable that could possibly have been devised; and, after stoves were introduced, these poor children had to sit so near them, that they sweat like rain, and their hair curled in every direction.

"When the little urchins moved in front of the writing-desk (as they generally did), the whole desk was joggled, so that the writers made all kinds of characters. The window-shutters were of rough boards, resembling those of more modern date in Philadelphia; only they were unplaned, and never

painted. The door-step was an unhewn rock, laid slanting, so as to carry off the water from the door, and, when icy, to trip up the pupils. The outside of the building was never painted but in one instance, — in another part of the town; and this always went by the name of the *red* schoolhouse. Our schoolhouse was better situated for convenience than one described by another about these times; for there were houses around it, and it stood in the little plat of land belonging to nobody, at the meeting of three roads."

This writer describes his schoolhouse below: —

"Ours, as already intimated, had a door-step very similar to the one he describes. Ours was also a better schoolhouse than the following, described by one a little earlier, where he taught in Vermont. He says of it, 'All the covering upon the frame was hemlock-boards, feather-edged and nailed on. There were no clapboards on the outside, nor plastering nor sealing-up on the inside. The chamber-floor consisted of loose boards, laid down, being neither jointed nor nailed. The lower floor was the same; and there was not one window in the room. All the light, excepting what came through between the boards, was as follows: There were two or three holes cut through the boards of the side and end of the house. These were filled up with a newspaper, "Spooner's Vermont Journal," which was oiled to let the light through, fixed into thin strips of wood, and made fast.

"'These were all the windows we had. Sometimes the boys would by accident make a large hole through them with their elbows. Often, when I first came into the room, I could discern but little. In this cold, damp, inconvenient place I spent three months, instructing others to the best of my ability.'

"Yet the pupils of those days were better prepared for life's duties than many who now graduate from our palace-like schoolhouses.

"There was a vast contrast between these schoolhouses and those of modern times. Now we have palaces instead of those little shantys, or shanties as some may choose to spell it. Then, too, the masters (and they were properly called masters; for they followed the proverb of Solomon, 'He that spareth the rod spoileth the child') were chiefly imported from Connecticut for the rest of New England, like Connecticut nutmegs and wooden clocks. They had a smattering of knowledge in arithmetic and grammar, and could read English.

"There were no school committees in those days, as now. The minister (Congregationalist, but called by all other denominations Presbyterian) acted as committee, 'approbated' the teachers, and visited all the schools. Never shall I forget the moral lectures he used to give us, differing widely from the transcendental homilies of modern times. He would

take up, for instance, the subject of lying; and as he reiterated the Bible declaration, that 'all liars should have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,' and pointed out the rueful consequences of moral obliquity both temporal and eternal, the attention of every eye was riveted upon the old man, who seemed a kind of connecting link between angels and men. The moral sentimental lessons of the present day are tame indeed when compared with the good old gospel morality of those times.

"The school-books of those days were few, consisting of the Bible or Testament, Psalter, Noah Webster's Spelling-Book and Grammar, Jedediah Morse's Geography, the third part for a reading-book, and Dilworth's Arithmetic. Mr. Greeley says, 'When I first went to school, Webster's Spelling was just supplanting Dilworth's, "The American Preceptor" was pushing aside "The Art of Reading," and the only Grammar was "The Ladies' Accidence," by Bingham. The first book I ever owned was "The Columbian Orator."' These were the sum total of the school-books; and the master only had an arithmetic. Every teacher had not then learned that he must make a school-book, and rival publishers bribe teachers and the clergy to introduce *their* book. The 'dictionary war' was then unknown; and no book of the kind was heard of, save Bailey's, Johnson's, or Perry's. The pupil, as he

trudged to school some mile or two up hill and down dale, through woods and snow-banks, was not compelled to carry his arms full of books, and to divide his attention between some dozen studies at once, so as to get but a 'smattering' of any. Yet the boys and girls of those days (for there were both *boys* and *girls* then, while now there are neither) were better, far better, versed in all the *substantials* of a useful education than they are at present. They were better readers, better arithmeticians, and far better penmen, than can be found now. This declaration may seem humiliating to those who have latterly found so many royal roads to knowledge, and made the task of ascending the 'hill of science' so easy, that their books — many of them, at least — may be characterized as 'simplicity simplified.' In penmanship, especially, did they so far excel those of this day, that this so desirable accomplishment may now be classed among the 'lost arts.'

"A schoolmaster then, too, was *somebody*. True, he 'boarded round,' — that is, a week or a day at a place, in proportion to the quota of pupils furnished, — or was bid off at the district meeting by the one who would board him the cheapest. But neither of these, on the whole, was a very bad plan, as the former enabled him to see and become acquainted with the parents and his pupils, and, moreover, to see the

young ladies at *home* (which is often important to a young man), and the latter to exhibit how well the *paterfamilias* could keep him at a *minimum* price.

"The spelling-schools of those days, too, were worthy of note. There are no such in these modern times. To these, of course, the small children did not come: it was only for those boys and girls who were in their teens, and who were old enough to enjoy and appreciate 'a good time.' Many a time has the writer enjoyed a school of this kind, where the pupils 'chose sides,' and sat opposite each other, like the armies of Napoleon and Wellington, in formidable array, till one or the other was vanquished for missing more words than the conquerors. Those were halcyon schools, never to return to the pupils of these modern times.

"The summer schools of those days, too, were worthy of notice; for, let it be remembered, the masters taught but two or three months (as the money held out) in winter. Then all the boys who were old enough to be cabin-boys, to hoe potatoes, rake hay, or be in any way useful to their parents, were away from those ancient halls of science; and, instead of a master and the large scholars, there was a school-marm, and the small children, both male and female. This summer school was usually twice as long as that of the winter. It was in such a school as this that Horace Greeley took his first school-lessons."

From that first book he ever owned, already referred to, he learned that famous piece, and spoke it before he could articulate the words plainly, —

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

He both lisped and whined, but was never wanting in confidence; and who ever knew a Scotch-Irishman that was? He excelled in spelling; and this, generally, lays the foundation for a scholar. He was the "pet" of his school-fellows; and, it is said, those whom he excelled loved him best. He was never fond of play, being possessed of a thoughtful, contemplative intellect. An old minister of Londonderry took him in his lap one day on a muster-field, and attempted to puzzle him by asking hard questions; but, finding him remarkably posted, put him down with this remark, addressed to his grandfather, "Mr. Woodburn, that boy was not made for nothing." He never feared ghosts; though he is said to have been sometimes brave, and often timid. If attacked, he would neither run nor fight, but stand it out. He would often question the statements of his instructors, though he was never impertinent. He would lie under a tree, and read by hours, when not more than six years old. At this early age he decided upon being a printer, because he loved books so much. It

was said his parents were obliged to hide his books, lest he should read till he was blind; and what he then read he always remembered. When he had stood at the head of his class, chiefly of pupils older than himself, he bore his honors meekly; and when, on one occasion, he lost his place by missing a word, he wept. He devoured all the books that his father had, and then scoured the country for more. When he got hold of a newspaper, he would hasten to some secluded place, and there get the first *read* of it.

Mr. Parton, in his "Life of Horace Greeley," says, "There were not wanting those who thought that superior means of instruction ought to be placed within the reach of so superior a child. I have a somewhat vague but very positive and fully confirmed story of a young man, just returned from college to his father's home in Bedford, who fell in with Horace, and was so struck with his capacity and attainments, that he offered to send him to an academy in a neighboring town, and bear all the expenses of his maintenance and tuition. But his mother could not let him go; his father needed his assistance at home; and the boy himself is said not to have favored the scheme."

Many others seem to have become specially interested in this wonderful boy. Some offered to instruct him in farming; others undertook to puzzle him by hard questions, and often got puzzled themselves.

He was not only honest, but *faithful*, in all that he had to do. If his father left him any work to do, he always did it; unlike Ezekiel Webster, when his father told him to do a certain job, and added, "Dan, you help Zeke," and when the father returned, and found the work not done, and called Zeke to account, saying, "What have you been doing?" — "Nothin', sir," was Zeke's reply. "Well, Dan, what have you been doing?" — "Been helping Zeke," was Dan's answer. Horace always did his jobs. Horace was fond of fishing; indeed, this was the only sport he seemed to enjoy: but if any one said to him, "Let us go fishing," he always replied, "Let us do our stint first."

He never loved murder; and, if he went gunning with other boys, he never carried or fired a gun. His inherent dread of murder may be a reason why he now wishes "to bridge over the bloody chasm between the North and the South."

CHAPTER III.

HORACE REMOVES FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Horace's Father loses his Property. — The Old Greek Law. — Great Sacrifice. — Moves to West Haven, Vt. — Horace's Dress. — At School he aids the Other Scholars. — A Checker-Player. — He scours the Country for Books. — Visits his Friends in Londonderry. — Taken for an Idiot. — His Teetotalism. — He begins to be a Politician. — His Description of it later in Life.

WHEN he was only six or seven years old, the prospects of his father began to be clouded, and the storm soon broke by which they were compelled to give up their house and farm. His father lost all his property, and was compelled to leave his native State.

No man could thrive in the Granite State without working very hard and living very close. He lost by disobeying the direction of the wise man, and being "bound" or surety for another. He used liquor, as everybody else did in those days; and in this way he incurred losses: his affairs became deranged, and ere long he found himself at the bottom of the hill of bankruptcy.

Mr. Greeley in his "Recollections," already named, gives the following account of affairs at this time: "We had finished our summer tillage and our haying, when a very heavy rain set in, near the end of August. I think its second day was a Saturday; and still the rain poured till far into the night. Father was absent on business; but our mother gathered her little ones around her, and delighted us with stories, and prospects of good things she purposed to do for us in the better days she hoped to see. Father did not return till after we children were fast asleep; and, when he did, it was with tidings that our ill fortune was about to culminate. I guess that he was scarcely surprised, though we young ones ruefully were, when, about sunrise on Monday morning, the sheriff and sundry other officials, with two or three of our principal creditors, appeared, and, first formally demanding payment of their claims, proceeded to levy on farm, stock, implements, household stuff, and nearly all our worldly possessions but the clothes we stood in. There had been no writ issued till then; of course no trial, no judgment: but it was a word and a blow in those days, and the blow first, in the matter of debt-collecting by legal process. Father left the premises directly, apprehending arrest and imprisonment, and was invisible all day: the rest of us repaired to a friendly neighbor's, and the work of levy-

ing went on in our absence. It were needless to add, that all we had was swallowed up, and our debts not much lessened. Our farm, which had cost us thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, and which had been considerably improved in our hands, was appraised, and set off to creditors at five hundred dollars, out of which the legal costs were first deducted. A barn full of rye, grown by us on another's land, whereof we owned an undivided half, was attached by a doctor, threshed out by his poorer customers by day's work on account, and sold; the net result being an enlargement of our debt, the grain failing to meet all the costs. Thus, when night fell, we were as bankrupt a family as well could be."

Horace was ten years old when his father fled from New Hampshire, and finally made his way to West Haven in Vermont. They made this journey in the middle of winter. He found some difficulty in getting a man to move his family, as he was a stranger; but finally made arrangements with a teamster to go to New Hampshire and bring his family to Vermont.

At West Haven Mr. Greeley (Zach) found a man who had once been a Boston merchant, but now retired, who owned much land, who gave him work, let him a house, and made a home for him.

This removal to West Haven was in many respects

beneficial to the family. It was a newer and better soil. A poor man with a large family of children could do better here; and here Mr. Greeley did jobs, farmed for others, ran a saw-mill, cleared up land, and burnt coal-pits; and, in all that he did, his family worked with him.

Horace was his right-hand boy, driving the oxen, helping chop wood, and gather and burn the brush in clearing the land. He was always busy. Even at this early age, his dress was worn after a fashion of his own; and he rarely wore more than three garments in hot weather, — a straw hat (not often in very good condition), a coarse linen or tow shirt, trousers of family make-up, being short, and somebody says, "One leg was usually shorter than the other." In the cold weather he increased his apparel by shoes and a jacket. Five years he lived in West Haven: and it has been supposed, that, during this time, his clothes did not cost over three dollars a year; and it has been conjectured, that, from his childhood till he was free, his clothing did not cost over fifty dollars. Wherever he was, — at home or abroad, at church, or among his playmates, — he was never known to make the slightest reference, or pay the least regard, to his dress. During the three winters he attended school in West Haven, he learned but little; for he knew about all that was there taught. He always made an

uncouth figure at school, sitting in his clean but coarse attire, his arms half folded, his legs crossed one over the other; his head large, and bent forward; and, though apparently indifferent, he saw every thing, knew every thing, and caught all that was said and done.

Though *he* learned but little at his West-Haven schools, yet others learned much from him: for the bigger boys were ever after him for aid in getting their lessons, both in and out of school; and he seemed pleased to render all the assistance in his power to any one. He annoyed some of his teachers at these schools because he knew more than they did. His questions they could not answer; and he would not be put off. This cause continued till one of his teachers had sense and candor enough to go to his father and tell him it was no use to send Horace to school to him; for the boy, though only thirteen, knew more than he did. The father took the hint, and took Horace from the school; and so he read and studied all winter alone in his room lighted by pine-knots, for a candle was a luxury not often enjoyed.

The only game he ever seemed to enjoy was checkers, or draughts; and into this he entered with a zest. There was a good reason for this to such a mind as his; for there is no game into which *planning* and *scheming* enter more deeply: and according to

Dr. Emmons, the sage of Franklin, this was a game "fit" to be played; for he laid down the maxim, that all chance-games were wrong, and all that exercised the intellect were right.

He early showed the true Yankee; for he was never idle, but would hack and whittle, and find something to employ himself about, and would have something to *sell*, such as roots, nuts, kindling-wood, and honey. He was a great bee-hunter, and, it is said, sometimes got a hundred and fifty pounds of honey from one tree.

Thus, as is usually the case with every active poor boy in the country, he managed to have some money by him at all times.

At West Haven, as he had done at Amherst, he scoured the whole country for books: he read the Bible, history, "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," and all the other books he could get. He was specially pleased with Mrs. Hemans's poems.

He kept always in view his determination to be a printer: and, when he was eleven years old, he talked with his father about it, but got no encouragement from him; but, on the contrary, the father said no one would take an apprentice so young. This did not satisfy Horace: so off he tramped one day to Whitehall, nine miles, where a newspaper was printed. He found the printer, conversed with him, and found,

just as his father "Zach" had said, that he *was* too young.

Soon after, our young hero started on a longer excursion to visit his old friends in Londonderry, distant a hundred and twenty miles. All the money he had in his pocket for this long pedestrian tour was seventy-five cents. He carried a small bundle with a stick over his shoulder; and, after remaining a few weeks, again appeared among his friends in West Haven with more money in his pocket than he had when he started on the journey.

He was oftener than once, on the various journeys that he made, taken for an idiot. It is said he once entered a store, and a stranger inquired, "What darned fool is that?" So it is also said he was in the habit of calling his father "sir." He was one day chopping wood by the side of the road, when a man rode up and inquired the way to a certain place. The boy did not know, and answered, "Ask *sir*." The man repeated his question; and the boy, without looking up, answered, "Ask *sir*." — "*I am* asking!" exclaimed the man. "Well, ask *sir*," the boy again replied. "Ain't I asking, you fool?" said the man. "But I want you to ask *sir!*" repeated the boy again. The man rode away in high dudgeon, and inquired at the next tavern who that tow-headed fool was down the road.

Horace was a teetotaler long before any such pledge was known to a society. On one occasion, when a neighbor called, and the bottle was produced, as was the custom in those days, Horace said, "Father, what will you give me if I will not drink a drop of liquor till I am twenty-one?" His father answered, "I will give you a dollar."—"It's a bargain," said the boy. He kept the pledge; but, whether he received the dollar or not, I have never learned.

At West Haven, Horace came near being drowned one day. They lived on the bank of the Hubbarton River. The river, in consequence of a dam for a saw-mill which his father run for a time, was deep enough to drown a man. They used to cross the river by logs: and the boys were floating about upon them one day, when the younger brother was thrown into the water by the rolling over of the log he was upon; and, when he rose, Horace hastened to his relief. In attempting to save his brother, the log rolled over again, and plunged Horace also into the river. They came near being drowned, as neither of them could swim. The younger one got out first; and, as the log floated into shallower water, he sprang upon it, and was saved.

This, if it was the first, was not the last, of Horace Greeley's "log-rolling;" for he has rolled many a soaky one out of the way since.

About this time, he was greatly delighted with the story of Demetrius, and the manner in which he managed the Athenians, and how he overcame by *mercy*.

He was considerably excited on political matters while at West Haven, though so young. He seems to have imbibed his principles of protection — his lifelong hobby — about this period. Though but thirteen, he, after twenty years, wrote them out in "The Tribune" of Aug. 29, 1846, as follows: —

"The first political contest in which we ever took a distinct interest will serve to illustrate this distinction [between real and sham democracy]. It was the presidential election of 1824. Five candidates for president were offered; but one of them was withdrawn, leaving four, — all of them members in regular standing of the so-called Republican or Democratic party. But a caucus of *one-fourth* of the members of Congress had selected one of the four (William H. Crawford) as the Republican candidate; and it was attempted to make the support of this one a test of party orthodoxy and fealty. This was resisted, we think most justly and democratically, by three-fourths of the people, including a large majority of those of this State. But among the prime movers of the caucus-wires was Martin Van Buren of this State; and here it was gravely proclaimed and insisted that democracy required a blind support of Crawford in preference

to Adams, Jackson, or Clay (all of the Democratic party), who were competitors for the station. A legislature was chosen as 'Republican,' before the people generally had begun to think of the presidency; and this legislature, it was undoubtedly expected, would choose Crawford electors of president. But the friends of the rival candidates at length began to bestir themselves, and demand that the New-York electors should be chosen by a direct vote of the people, and not by a forestalled legislature. This demand was vehemently resisted by Martin Van Buren and those who followed his lead, including the leading Democratic politicians and editors of the State, 'The Albany Argus,' 'Noah's Inquirer, or National Advocate,' &c. The feeling in favor of an election by the people became so strong and general, that Gov. Yates, though himself a Crawford man, was impelled to call a special session of the legislature for this express purpose. The assembly passed a bill giving the choice to the people by an overwhelming majority, in defiance of the exertions of Van Buren, A. C. Flagg, &c. The bill went to the senate; to which body Silas Wright had recently been elected from the Northern District, and elected by Clintonian votes on an explicit understanding that he would vote for giving the choice of the electors to the people. He accordingly voted on one or two abstract propositions, that the choice *ought to*

be given to the people; but, when it came to a direct vote, this same Silas Wright (now governor) voted to *deprive* the people of that privilege by postponing the whole subject to the next regular session of the legislature, when it would be *too late* for the people to choose electors for that time. A bare majority (seventeen) of the senators thus withheld from the people the right they demanded. The cabal failed in their great object, after all: for several members of the legislature, elected as Democrats, took ground for Mr. Clay, and, by uniting with the friends of Mr. Adams, defeated most of the Crawford electors; and Crawford lost the presidency. We were but thirteen when this took place, but looked on very earnestly, without prejudice, and tried to look beyond the mere names by which the contending parties were called. Could we doubt that democracy was on one side, and the Democratic party on the other? Will 'Democrats' attempt to gainsay it now? Mr. Adams was chosen president, — as thorough a democrat, in the true sense of the word, as ever lived; a plain, unassuming, upright, and most capable statesman. He managed the public affairs so well, that nobody could really give a reason for opposing him; and hardly any two gave the same reason. There was no party conflict during his time respecting the bank, tariff, internal improvements, nor any thing else of a substantial character. He kept

the expenses of the government very moderate; he never turned a man out of office because of a difference of political sentiment: yet it was determined at the outset that he should be put down, no matter how well he might administer the government; and a combination of the old Jackson, Crawford, and Calhoun parties, with the personal adherents of De Witt Clinton, aided by a shamefully false and preposterous outcry that he had obtained the presidency by a *bargain* with Mr. Clay, succeeded in returning an opposition Congress in the middle of his term, and, at its close, to put in Gen. Jackson over him by a large majority.

"The character of this man Jackson we had studied pretty thoroughly, and without prejudice. His fatal duel with Dickinson about a horse-race; his pistolling Col. Benton in the streets of Nashville; his forcing his way through the Indian country with his drove of negroes in defiance of the express order of the agent Dinsmore; his imprisonment of Judge Hall at New Orleans long after the British had left that quarter, and when martial law ought long since to have been set aside; his irruption into Florida, and capture of Spanish posts and officers, without a shadow of authority to do so; his threats to cut off the ears of senators who censured this conduct in solemn debate; in short, his whole life, — convinced us that the man never was a

democrat in any proper sense of the term, but a violent and lawless despot, after the pattern of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon, and unfit to be trusted with power. Of course we went against him, but not against any thing really democratic in him or his party.

"That Gen. Jackson in power justified all our previous expectations of him need hardly be said; that he did more to destroy the republican character of our government, and render it a centralized despotism, than any other man could do, we certainly believe: but our correspondent and we would probably disagree with regard to the bank and other questions which convulsed the Union during his rule; and we will only ask his attention to one of them, the earliest, and, in our view, the most significant.

"The Cherokee Indians owned, and had ever occupied, an extensive tract of country lying within the geographical limits of Georgia, Alabama, &c. It was theirs by the best possible title, — theirs by our solemn and reiterated treaty stipulations. We had repeatedly bought from them slices of their lands, solemnly guaranteeing to them all that we did not buy, and agreeing to defend them therein against all aggressors. We had promised to keep all intruders out of their territory. At least one of these treaties was signed by Gen. Jackson himself; others by Wash-

ington, Jefferson, &c. All the usual pretexts for aggression upon Indians failed in this case. The Cherokees had been our friends and allies for many years; they had committed no depredations; they were peaceful, industrious, in good part Christianized, had a newspaper printed in their own tongue, and were fast improving in the knowledge and application of the arts of civilized life. They compared favorably every way with their white neighbors. But the Georgians coveted their fertile lands, and determined to have them: they set them up in a lottery, and gambled them off among themselves, and resolved to take possession. A fraudulent treaty was made between a few Cherokees of no authority or consideration and sundry white agents, including one 'who stole the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in;' but everybody scoffed at this mockery, as did ninety-nine hundredths of the Cherokees."

CHAPTER IV.

HORACE BECOMES AN APPRENTICE.

Horace visits Poultney. — His Description by Mr. Bliss. — He is a Match for the School-committee Man. — He is employed. — What the Other Printers in the Office think of him. — Horace in the Lyceum. — He boards at the Tavern, but won't drink. — What a New-York Physician said of him. — Anti-Masonry of that Time.

HORACE wanted to be an apprentice, strange as it may seem; and in 1826 he went to East Poultney, Vt. He had learned that a newspaper was printed there, and that a Mr. Amos Bliss, who was the manager and one of the owners, wanted a boy. Horace entered the gate, and found Mr. Bliss in his garden, planting potatoes. He heard Horace open the gate, and, looking round, saw a singular-looking boy. Still Mr. Bliss continued his work until Horace said to him, "Are you the man that carries on the printing-office?" Mr. Bliss then inspected the boy more carefully, and noticed that he had on no stockings; his shoes were what were called "high-lows;" his hat an old "felt," of a small brim, set on the back of his

head; and his hair nearly white. The whole appearance of the lad was ludicrous. But he finally answered, "Yes: I'm the man."

"Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?" said Horace.

"Well," said Mr. Bliss, "we have been thinking of it. Do *you* want to learn to print?"

"I've had some notion of it," said Horace.

Mr. Bliss was perplexed: it seemed strange to him that such a *looking* chap as he was should ever have thought of printing.

"Well, my boy; but you know it requires considerable learning to be a printer. Have you been to school much?"

"No," said Horace. "I haven't had much chance at school. I've read some."

"What have you read?"

"Well, I've read some history, and some travels, and a little of most every thing."

"Where do you live?"

"At West Haven."

"How did you come here?"

"I came on foot."

"What's your name?"

"Horace Greeley."

This Mr. Bliss had been one of the committee of common schools, and had been accustomed to examine

both teachers and pupils; and he loved this business well, and considered himself quite skilled in it: so he went on with his examination of this queer-looking boy, asking all the questions he could think of. And the examiner found his match. So, when the examination ended, Mr. Bliss told him he thought he would do, and he might go into the printing-office and see the foreman. Horace went into the office, where there were three other apprentices, who never forgot his remarkable appearance. Horace addressed the foreman, who felt surprised that Mr. Bliss should have sent such a looking boy into the office. But, on talking with the boy a few minutes, he became impressed with the idea that he was worth something. He tore off a slip of paper, wrote a few words on it with a pencil, gave it to Horace, and told him to take it to Mr. Bliss. His destiny depended on that paper: it had on it, "*Guess we'd better try him.*" After another examination by Mr. Bliss, he agreed to take Horace as an apprentice, provided his father would agree to the terms, and sign the usual documents.

At night one of the apprentices said, "Mr. Bliss, you're not going to hire that tow-head; are you?"—"I am," was the answer; "and, if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you'd better get it quick, or you'll be too late. There's something *in* that tow-head, as you'll find out before you're a week older."

The next day Horace gathered his scanty wardrobe into a pocket-handkerchief, and started with his father for East Poultney. Horace's little handkerchief was not full; for he had but two shirts and one change of other clothes.

But the terms upon which Mr. Bliss would take Horace as an apprentice were such that his father could not agree to: so he objected to every part of the proposals. He must be bound for five years, and receive his board only, and twenty dollars a year. Mr. Greeley had made up his mind that none of his children should be "bound:" five years seemed too long to serve, and twenty dollars a year too small a sum. But Mr. Bliss said these were the usual terms, and he should agree to no others. Mr. Greeley, however, stuck to his declaration with a Greeley's tenacity, till Horace, with a pleading countenance and his whining voice, interposed, and said, "Father, I *guess* you'd better make a bargain with Mr. Bliss: I *guess* it won't make much difference." Mr. Bliss had intimated that he should do business in no other way. "Well then, Horace," said Mr. Greeley, "let us go home;" and the father turned to go; but Horace still stopped. But other terms were proposed and adopted; and the father returned to West Haven, and Horace went into the printing-office in Poultney. While here, he made his first efforts at original composition. He wrote

paragraphs for the paper; and, during the whole time that he remained in Poultney, he rendered good service to the paper in editorials.

A lyceum had been formed before Horace went to Poultney, which he soon joined, and became one of its active members. It had become very popular, persons coming ten miles to attend its meetings. The questions discussed were of the following tenor: "Is the Union likely to continue?" "Was Napoleon Bonaparte a great man?" "May a person take the life of another in self-defence?" "Is novel-reading injurious to society?" "Do we as a nation exert a good influence upon the world?" &c. On these and many other questions Horace was *semper paratus* (always ready).

Soon after Horace commenced his apprenticeship, his father removed from West Haven, Vt., to Erie County, Penn., and bought a considerable tract of wild land. Twice Horace visited his father in his new home, and walked a great part of the way, the distance being six hundred miles.

He remained in Poultney four years, and boarded at the tavern, where everybody drank but Horace. One says, "I never feared for him. He was always right. At the table he always helped himself, and never sought to be waited upon."

Mr. Parton, in his "Life of Horace Greeley," gives the following interesting sketch of him, by a New-York

physician, who happened to be present at one of those dinners at the Poultney Tavern when eatables and mentals were discussed: "Did I ever tell you how and where I first saw my friend Horace Greeley? Well, thus it happened. It was one of the proudest and happiest days of my life. I was a country-boy then, a farmer's son; and we lived a few miles from East Poultney. On the day in question, I was sent by my father to sell a load of potatoes at the store in East Poultney, and bring back various commodities in exchange. Now, this was the first time, you must know, that I had ever been intrusted with so important an errand. I had been to the village with my father often enough; but now I was to go alone, and I felt as proud and independent as a midshipman the first time he goes ashore in command of a boat. Big with the fate of twenty bushels of potatoes, off I drove, reached the village, sold out my load, drove round to the tavern, put up my horses, and went in to dinner. This going to the tavern on my own account, all by myself, and paying my own bill, was, I thought, the crowning glory of the whole adventure. There were a good many people at dinner, — the sheriff of the county and an ex-member of Congress among them, — and I felt considerably abashed at first; but I had scarcely begun to eat, when my eyes fell upon an object so singular, that I could do little else than stare at it all the

while it remained in the room. It was a tall, pale, white-haired, *gawky* boy, seated at the farther end of the table. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and was eating with a rapidity and awkwardness that I never saw equalled before nor since. It seemed as if he was eating for a wager, and had gone in to win. He neither looked up nor round, nor appeared to pay the least attention to the conversation. My first thought was, 'This is a pretty sort of a tavern to let such a fellow as that sit at the same table with all these gentlemen: he ought to come in with the hostler.' I thought it strange, too, that no one seemed to notice him; and I supposed he owed his continuance at the table to that circumstance alone. And so I sat, eating little myself, and occupied in watching the wonderful performance of this wonderful youth. At length, the conversation at the table became quite animated, turning upon some measure of an early Congress; and a question arose how certain members had voted on its final passage. There was a difference of opinion; and the sheriff, a very finely-dressed personage, I thought, to my boundless astonishment referred the matter to the unaccountable boy, saying, 'Ain't that right, Greeley?'—'No,' said the unaccountable, without looking up, 'you're wrong.'—'There,' said the ex-member, 'I told you so!'—'And you're wrong too,' said the still devouring mystery. Then he laid down his knife and

fork, and gave the history of the measure, explained the state of parties at the time, stated the vote in dispute, named the leading advocates and opponents of the bill, and, in short, gave a complete exposition of the whole matter. I listened and wondered; but what surprised me most was, that the company received his statement as pure gospel, and as settling the question beyond dispute, as a dictionary settles a dispute respecting the spelling of a word. A minute after, the boy left the dining-room, and I never saw him again, till I met him, years after, in the streets of New York, when I claimed acquaintance with him as a brother Vermonter, and told him this story, to his great amusement."

Horace is represented, by those who knew him at the time of his apprenticeship, as very free from every thing of a vicious character, and with a strong determination to study every subject that came in his way. Though so young, he was even then an ardent politician; and the exciting incidents of those days were by no means calculated to cool his ardor. Some of us still remember the excitement about the time that President Jackson reigned, and that political lying has rarely, if ever, in our country, been carried to greater perfection than in those days. Jackson's "cotton-bags" had gained him the battle of New Orleans, which made him president; but, if he had lost

that, he would have been shot, instead of being recorded with censure for disobeying orders.

It was while Horace was in Poultney that the anti-Masonic excitement began on account of Morgan's book and disappearance. Morgan was of the same craft with Horace; and, when these two events transpired, the whole North, almost to a man, except those of the Masonic craft, became furious against the order.

The writer has a vivid recollection of those times, all which he saw, and part of which he was. No man, in many of our towns, who was a Mason, could hold even the smallest office. Many lodges surrendered their charters; and the order was supposed to have become *dead*, and no man supposed it would revive as it has, and run again, like a fox with a new tail, as it now does in 1872. Horace entered zealously into the contest, and was a strong anti-Mason.

He had now learned his trade; was no longer a boy, but a man. True, he had acquired but little knowledge in school: but he had studied men and things, and his head originated many good ideas; and, if he could have carried them all out, the world would have been the wiser for them.

CHAPTER V.

HORACE TRAVELS, AND ARRIVES IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Greeley moves to Pennsylvania. — He leaves Vermont. — Visits his Father's Log-Cabin. — Visits Jamestown for Work. — Next goes to Erie. — His Amusing Reception. — Goes to Work. — A Lady's Opinion of him. — He leaves Erie. — His Arrival in New York. — His finding a Boarding-House. — Gets into an Office. — Mr. West's Opinion of him. — His Success as a Typo. — Works on "The Spirit of the Times." — Visits New Hampshire. — A Good Dinner.

ON leaving Poultney, he first visited his father in Pennsylvania. He had so distinguished himself among his acquaintances in Poultney, that the landlord and one of the boarders at the tavern gave him an old brown *overcoat*. It was the first he ever had. They gave him this in consideration that he was poor, had been among them four years, and had never given them any trouble; and, as an additional cause, they had learned that his father was also poor.

In June, 1830, he put his stick through his little bundle comprising all his wardrobe, and left Poultney. All Nature was in her most lovely green. When he had walked fourteen miles, he came to Comstock's

Fording; and then, partly by a canal-boat, and partly on foot, he made his way to Schenectady, whence he took a boat on the Erie Canal. This journey of six hundred miles took him a week, and cost him seven dollars.

On arrival at his father's residence, he found him in a small log-cabin (not equal to many built to elect William H. Harrison in 1840, and which, with the ridicule thrown on that old hero, and the hard cider which he lived on, did elect him) situated in a little clearing he had made, and changed to a backwoodsman. The uprooted and half-burnt stumps proclaimed the labor that had been performed. Any one who has penetrated the back counties of Pennsylvania, even within the last ten years, can have some idea of the dense forests, hills and valleys, and dens and caves, of this desolate region. But, at that time, deer, wolves, and all kinds of serpents, inhabited these gloomy regions. The wolves were so numerous and bold, that they would prowl around in packs, and devour all the sheep they could catch. Mr. Greeley had kept sheep in Vermont, and tried the experiment here; but, after having at least a hundred killed by these wolves, he gave it up. The soil was good, as it generally is where Quakers and wild animals make their homes.

Horace, now being at leisure, spent several weeks

at his father's house, aiding his father, and amusing himself as best he could. At this time his leg troubled him considerably, which his good mother nursed to the best of her ability, and which was finally cured by an old doctor who lived twenty-five miles off from his father's home.

Horace could not be quiet long: so one day he walked over to Jamestown, where a newspaper was being printed, to get work; which he did: but, when Saturday night came, no pay came with it. After working four days more, and seeing no prospect of pay, he returned home. He was satisfied he could get no money there. His next trip was made into the State of New York, still seeking work. He went to Lodi, fifty miles from his father's clearing. Here he found employment upon a Jackson paper. He was now twenty years old, and somewhat of a politician. He calculated chances; but he failed: for he wrote to his friends in Vermont that Francis Granger would be elected governor by a hundred and twenty-five majority; but he was not elected at all. He received but little money at Lodi; and, after gaining some reputation as a smart politician and an excellent checker-player, he again returned home. At these places he found work; but he did not find the cash.

Soon he took another trip, and then started for the town of Erie, which was distant thirty miles, on the

shore of the lake of the same name. Two printing-offices had been established in Erie, and it was a larger town than those he had visited; and here he hoped to find both work and pay.

He still wore the uncouth garments he had elsewhere; and, of course, made his usual grotesque appearance when he entered Erie. He wore the same slouched hat; he carried his wardrobe in the same red cotton handkerchief, slung over his shoulder on the same stick. He noticed nobody as he made his way through the streets of this rustic town to the office of "The Erie Gazette," which was a weekly paper, published by Joseph M. Sterritt.

Mr. Sterritt afterwards gave the following account of Horace as he first saw him: "I was not in the printing-office when he arrived: I came in soon after, and saw him sitting at the table reading the newspapers, and so absorbed in them, that he paid no attention to my entrance. My first feeling was one of astonishment that a fellow so singularly green in his appearance should be *reading*, and, above all, reading so intently I looked at him for a few moments; and then, finding that he made no movement towards acquainting me with his business, I took up my composing-stick, and went to work. He continued to read for twenty minutes or more; when he got up, and, coming close to my case, asked in his peculiar whining voice, —

"'Do you want any help in the printing-business?'

"'Why,' said I, running my eye involuntarily up and down the extraordinary figure, 'did *you* ever work at the trade?'

"'Yes,' was the reply. 'I worked *some* at it in an office in Vermont; and I should be willing to work under instruction, if you could give me a job.'"

Mr. Sterritt supposed him to be a runaway apprentice; and, not having a good opinion of this class, he said he did not want any more assistance (which, by the way, was false), and Horace departed without saying another word.

He went to the other office, and met with no better success: so he budged home again, having found but little comfort in this journey. Nevertheless, something did come out of this tramp; for a few days after it, as Mr. Sterritt related the affair, "An acquaintance of mine, a farmer, called at the office, and inquired if I wanted a journeyman. I did. He said a neighbor of his had a son who learned the printing-business somewhere down East, and wanted a place. 'What sort of a looking fellow is he?' said I. He described him; and I knew at once that he was my supposed runaway apprentice. My friend the farmer gave him a high character, however: so I said, 'Send him along;' and, a day or two after, along he came."

He went to work at his own terms; that is, he was

to try, and his employer was to pay him what *he* pleased. Report says, when he went into the family of his employer to board, a lady there said, "Well, Mr. Sterritt, you've hired that fellow to work for you, have you? Well, you won't keep him three days." Her opinion, however, soon changed, as did that of all others who became acquainted with the lad.

Mr. Greeley gives the following account of his engagement in this place in his "Recollections of a Busy Life:" "I now visited Erie, Penn., where I found work in the office of 'The Erie Gazette,' and was retained at fifteen dollars per month well into the ensuing summer. This was the first newspaper whereon I was employed that made any money for its owner, and thus had a pecuniary value. It had been started twenty years or so before, when borough and county were both thinly peopled almost wholly by poor young men; and it had grown with the vicinage, until it had a substantial, profitable patronage. Its proprietor, Mr. Joseph M. Sterritt, now in the prime of life, had begun on 'The Gazette' as a boy, and grown up with it into general consideration and esteem. His journeymen and apprentices boarded at his house, as was fit; and I spent here five months industriously and agreeably. Though still a raw youth of twenty years, and knowing no one in the borough when I thus entered it, I made acquaintances there

who are still valued friends; and, before I left, I was offered a partnership in the concern, which, though I had reasons for declining, was none the less flattering as a mark of appreciation and confidence. Mr. Sterritt has since represented his district acceptably in the Senate of Pennsylvania; has received other proofs of the trustful regard of his fellow-citizens; and, though he has retired from 'The Gazette,' still lives in the enjoyment of competence and general esteem."

Mr. Greeley says he spent five months in this office; Mr. Parton says he spent seven months there: which is correct we are unable to say. When he closed his labor there, he had taken up but six dollars of his wages: of the remainder he took fifteen dollars in money, and a note for the rest. He now made his way to his father's cabin, kept the fifteen dollars, and gave the note to his father. After remaining at home a few days, Horace formed the bold plan of visiting the city of New York.

He walked to the Erie Canal, took the boat at Buffalo, and went to Schenectady: here he left the canal, and walked to Albany. Mr. Greeley says, "Night fell when I was about half way over: so I sought rest in one of the many indifferent taverns that then lined the turnpike in question, and was directed to sleep in an anteroom through which people were

momently passing. I declined, and, gathering up my handful of portables, walked on. Half a mile farther I found another tavern, not quite so inhospitable, and managed to stay in it till morning; when I rose, and walked on to Albany. Having never been in that city before, I missed the nearest way to the day-boat; and, when I reached the landing, it was two or three lengths on its way to New York, having left at seven, A.M. I had no choice but to wait for another, which started at ten, A.M., towing a barge on either side; and reached in twenty hours the emporium, where I, after a good view of the city as we passed it down the river, was landed near Whitehall at six, A.M."

New York then contained about one-third as many inhabitants as it does now. "I had never before seen a city," says he, "containing twenty thousand, nor a sea-going vessel."

There was then (1831) not a railroad in the land save the short one to take granite from the Quincy ledges to the water. Not an ocean-steamer visited any of our ports.

Mr. Greeley goes on: "I was now twenty years old the preceding February; tall, slender, pale, and plain, with ten dollars in my pocket; summer clothing, worth perhaps as much more, nearly all on my back; and a decent knowledge of so much of the art of

printing as a boy will usually get in the office of a country newspaper. But I knew no human being within two hundred miles; and my unmistakably rustic manner and address did not favor that immediate command of remunerating employment which was my most urgent need. However, the world was all before me: my personal estate, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, did not at all encumber me; and I stepped lightly off the boat, and away from the detested hiss of escaping steam, walking into and up Broad Street in quest of a boarding-house. I found and entered one at or near the corner of Wall: but the price of board given me was six dollars per week; so I did not need the giver's candidly kind suggestion, that I would probably prefer one where the charge was more moderate. Wandering thence, I cannot say how, to the North-river side, I halted next at 168 West Street, where the sign of 'Boarding' on a humbler edifice fixed my attention. I entered, and was offered shelter and subsistence at two dollars and fifty cents per week, which seemed more rational; and I closed the bargain.

"My host was Mr. Edward McGolrick, his place quite as much grog-shop as boarding-house; but it was quietly, decently kept while I staid in it, and he and his family were kind and friendly. I regret to add that liquor proved his ruin not many years after-

ward. My first day in New York was a Friday; and, the family being Roman Catholic, no meat was eaten or provided, which I understood: but, when Sunday evening was celebrated by unlimited card-playing in that same house, my traditions were decidedly jarred. I do not imply that my observances were better or worse than my host's, but that they were different. Having breakfasted, I began to ransack the city for work, and, in my total ignorance, traversed many streets where none could possibly be found. In the course of that day and the next, however, I must have visited fully two-thirds of the printing-offices on Manhattan Island, without a gleam of success. It was midsummer, when business in New York is habitually dull; and my youth, and unquestionable air of country greenness, must have told against me. When I called at 'The Journal of Commerce,' its editor, Mr. David Hale, bluntly told me I was a runaway apprentice from some country office; which was a very natural though mistaken presumption. I returned to my lodging on Saturday evening, thoroughly weary, disheartened, disgusted with New York, and resolved to shake its dust from my feet next Monday morning, while I could still leave with money in my pocket, and before its almshouse could foreclose upon me."

But this was not to take place; for Horace Greeley had work to do in New York. On Sunday, some

young Irishmen came to McGolrick's; and, learning that Mr. Greeley was a young printer in search of employment, they became interested in his case, and one of them happened to know of a place where they wanted printers. So Mr. Greeley visited the place next morning, and readily found work. He had been in the habit of rising early, and was at the printing-office of Mr. West long before any one appeared who was connected with the work. McElrath and Bangs were publishers, and John T. West did their printing. Horace waited on the steps at 85 Chatham Street what seemed to him a long time before any one came. At length, one of the journeymen came. The door being still locked, he sat down on the steps, and entered into conversation with Horace. He related his condition, his necessity, his great want of employment. The man was from Vermont; and, becoming interested in his fellow Vermonter, he determined to assist him, which he did very efficiently. He took Horace to the foreman; and, though the appearance of the new-comer was against him, through the intercession of his new friend the journeyman the foreman set him to work. It was, however, upon a hard job, — the composition of a polyglot Testament. Two or three had worked upon the same, and given it up as "a bad job;" and the foreman had not the least idea that *he* would succeed; but as he wanted the work done, and wished also to oblige

his journeyman, who was a clever fellow, he told him to "fix him up a case," and set him at work.

An hour or two later, Mr. West came into the office; and, after taking a survey of the new-comer, he said to the foreman, —

"Did you hire that fool?"

"Yes," replied the foreman. "We need help, and he was the best I could get."

"Well," continued West, "pay him off to-night, and send him about his business."

This command would doubtless have been obeyed but for the fact that Horace presented at night a better "proof," and much more of it, than either of the others that had worked on the same job. The foreman was astonished, and did not indulge the thought of sending him away a moment.

Of this job Mr. Greeley says, "This work was at my call simply because no printer who knew the city would accept it."

After leaving the office of Mr. West, Horace found work on "The Spirit of the Times." This was a sporting-paper, published by Messrs. Porter and Howe. Here, through that dreary summer (1832), Horace worked at very small wages. The whole business of New York was paralyzed by fear of the cholera.

In October, 1832, Horace visited his friends in New Hampshire. He had a hard time walking over a con-

siderable part of the State through rain and sun. His relatives were scattered over all the lower part of the Granite State, and into Vermont. His visiting was as hard as his finding employment in New York had been. One may judge of his trials on this journey by what he says in the following sentence: "I met one poor soul who had a horse and wagon, and heartily pitied him. He could hardly ride, while my walk was far easier and less anxious than his."

At Stoddard, having breakfasted early and walked long, Horace says, "I stepped into a convenient tavern, and called for dinner. My breakfast had been quite early. The keen air and rough walk had freshened my appetite. I was shown into a dining-room with a well-spread table, and left to help myself. There were steaks, chickens, coffee, pies, &c. I did ample justice to all. 'What is to pay?' I asked the landlord on re-entering the bar-room. 'Dinner eighteen and three-quarter cents,' he replied. I laid down the required sum, and stepped off, mentally resolving that I would, in mercy to that tavern, never patronize it again."

CHAPTER VI.

GREELEY COMMENCES BUSINESS.

Horace in the "Watch-House." — Greeley driven to New York. — "The Morning Post" fails. — He appeals in Vain to his Subscribers to pay. — His Honesty and Integrity. — His Editorial Luxuries. — Interview with the Wrathy Quack. — Horace's Poetry. — "The New-Yorker." — "The Jeffersonian." — "The Log-Cabin." — His Marriage. — His Wedding-Tour. — He cuts up Fashions and Opinions. — His Activity in the Campaign of 1840. — He asked for no Office.

HORACE had now wandered about, as a Yankee would say, "pretty considerably." He had lived cheaply, dressed poorly, worked hard, and laid up little; he had been laughed at by his fellow-"typos;" accounted a runaway apprentice by such men as Judge Sterritt and David Hale; and on the occasion of his landlord's moving on the first day of May, as all poor "folk" do in "Gotham," he had got into the watch-house. I must give his own description of this case, as it seems to have been about the first piece he wrote in New York; for it was published in "The Spirit of the Times," May 5, 1832: —

"*Messrs. Editors*, — Hear me you shall, pity me

you must, while I proceed to give a short account of the dread calamities which this vile habit of turning the whole city upside-down, 'tother side out, and wrong side before, on the 1st of May, has brought down on my devoted head.

"You must know, that, having resided but a few months in your city, I was totally ignorant of the existence of said custom. So, on the morning of the eventful, and to me disastrous day, I rose, according to immemorial usage, at dying-away of the last echo of the breakfast-bell, and soon found myself seated over my coffee, and my good landlady exercising her powers of volubility (no weak ones) apparently in my behalf; but so deep was the revery in which my half-awakened brain was then engaged, that I did not catch a single idea from the whole of her discourse. I smiled, and said, 'Yes, ma'am,' 'Certainly, ma'am,' at each pause; and, having speedily despatched my breakfast, sallied immediately out, and proceeded to attend to the business which engrossed my mind. Dinner-time came, but no time for dinner; and it was late before I was at liberty to wend my way, over wheel-barrows, barrels, and all manner of obstructions, towards my boarding-house. All here was still: but, by the help of my night-keys, I soon introduced myself to my chamber, dreaming of nothing but sweet repose; when, horrible to relate, my ears were instantaneously

saluted by a most piercing female shriek, proceeding exactly from my own bed, or at least from the place where it should have been; and scarcely had sufficient time elapsed for my hair to bristle on my head before the shriek was answered by the loud vociferations of a ferocious mastiff in the kitchen beneath, and re-echoed by the outcries of half a dozen inmates of the house, and these again succeeded by the rattle of the watchman; and the next moment there was a round dozen of them (besides the dog) at my throat, and commanding me to tell them instantly what the devil all this meant.

"'You do well to ask that,' said I as soon as I could speak, 'after falling upon me in this fashion in my own chamber.'

"'Oh! take him off,' said the one who assumed to be the master of the house. 'Perhaps he's not a thief, after all; but, being too tipsy for starlight, he has made a mistake in trying to find his lodgings.' And, in spite of all my remonstrances, I was forthwith marched off to the watch-house to pass the remainder of the night. In the morning I narrowly escaped commitment on the charge of 'burglary with intent to steal' (I verily believe it would have gone hard with me if the witnesses could have been got there at that unseasonable hour); and I was finally discharged with a solemn admonition to guard *for the future* against

intoxication. Think of that, sir, for a member of the Cold-water Society!

"I spent the next day in unravelling the mystery, and found that my landlord had removed his goods and chattels to another part of the city on the established day, supposing me to be previously acquainted and satisfied with his intention of so doing, and another family had immediately taken his place; of which changes my absence of mind, and absence from dinner, had kept me ignorant, and thus had I been led blindfold into a 'Comedy (or rather tragedy) of Errors.'

"Your unfortunate

"TIMOTHY WIGGINS."

There is a kind of self-complacency in one's going into business for one's self, somewhat like what a young man feels when he gets married. Before he was but half a man, or what Dr. Franklin called "the half of a pair of scissors:" now he is the head of a family. So while a journeyman, though it be all well enough, yet he is only an irresponsible agent; but now, being the head, *boss*, or responsible man of a concern, he cannot but feel himself to be "somebody."

Mr. Greeley says, "Having been fairly driven to New York two or three years earlier than I deemed desirable, I was in like manner impelled to undertake

the responsibilities of business while still in my twenty-second year."

A young man by the name of Story, a friend of Greeley's, and but twenty-three years old, had imbibed the idea of starting a printing-office. Story was the son of a poor widow: but he knew more of the crooks and turns of New York than Horace did; for he had worked on "The Spirit of the Times," and thus became acquainted with the sporting gentry, and with a Mr. Sylvester, a leading broker, and seller of lottery-tickets, in Wall Street; and through him and Dr. W. Beach and a Dr. Shepard (who had some money fall to him) Story was induced to start a cheap daily newspaper, and offered to take in Horace as a partner. Horace hesitated, as he had but little capital, having aided his father by sending him all that he could well spare; but was finally induced to go into the business with Story, whose enthusiasm was considerable. So the new firm, Story and Greeley, published "The Morning Post," a one-cent daily. The first number appeared Jan. 15, 1833.

This paper failed. Then Mr. Greeley worked some on "The Commercial Advertiser," and was offered a partnership there, but declined it. His partner, Mr. Story, was drowned about this time. His place was taken by a Mr. Winchester, a brother-in-law of Story.

March 22, 1834, they issued "The New-Yorker." Mr. Greeley was the editor. It was a large, fair, and cheap weekly folio. Mr. Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," says, "Though not calculated to enlist partisanship or excite enthusiasm, it was at length extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to nine thousand: and it might, under better business-management (perhaps I should add, at a more favorable time), have proved profitable and permanent. That it did not was mainly owing to these circumstances: 1. It was not extensively advertised at the start, and at least annually thereafter, as it should have been. 2. It was never really published, though it had half a dozen nominal publishers in succession. 3. It was sent to subscribers on credit; and a large share of them never paid for it, and never will; while the cost of collecting from others ate up the proceeds. 4. The machinery of railroads, expresses, news-companies, news-offices, &c., whereby literary periodicals are now disseminated, did not then exist. I believe that just such a paper issued to-day, properly published and advertised, would obtain a circulation of a hundred thousand in less time than was required to give 'The New-Yorker' scarcely a tithe of that aggregate, and would make money for its owners, instead of nearly starving them as mine

did. I was worth at least fifteen hundred dollars when it was started. I worked hard and lived frugally throughout its existence. It subsisted for the first two years on the profits of our job-work; when I, deeming it established, dissolved with my partner, he taking the jobbing-business, and I 'The New-Yorker,' which held its own pretty fairly thenceforth till the commercial revulsion of 1837 swept over the land, whelming it and me in the general ruin. I had married in 1836 (July 5), deeming myself worth five thousand dollars, and the master of a business which would thenceforth yield me for my labor at least a thousand dollars per annum; but instead of that, or of any income at all, I found myself obliged throughout 1837 to confront a net loss of about a hundred dollars per week, — my income averaging a hundred dollars, and my expenses two hundred dollars. It was in vain that I appealed to delinquents to pay up. Many of them migrated; some died; others were so considerate as to order the paper stopped, but very few of these paid: and I struggled on against a steadily-rising tide of adversity that might have appalled a stouter heart. Often did I call on this or that friend with intent to solicit a small loan to meet some demand that could no longer be postponed nor evaded, and, after wasting a precious hour, leave him, utterly unable to

broach the loathsome topic. I have borrowed five hundred dollars of a broker late on Saturday, and paid him five dollars for the use of it till Monday morning, when I somehow contrived to return it. Most gladly would I have terminated the struggle by a surrender: but, if I had failed to pay my notes continually falling due, I must have paid money for my weekly supply of paper; so that would have availed nothing. To have stopped my journal (for I could not give it away) would have left me in debt, besides my notes for paper — from fifty cents to two dollars each — to at least three thousand subscribers who had paid in advance; and that is the worst kind of bankruptcy. If any one would have taken my business and debts off my hands upon my giving him my note for two thousand dollars, I would have jumped at the chance, and tried to work out the debt by setting type if nothing better offered. If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than five thousand to seven thousand dollars, I have only to say that even a thousand dollars of debt is ruin to him who feels keenly his obligation to fulfil every engagement, yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged, and penniless, is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horrors

of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would be a poor recompense for a five-years' struggle with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends, — promising to return or pay for it when required, — and had betrayed their confidence through insolvency.

"I dwell on this point; for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would 'go into business' — that is, into debt — to-morrow if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer, whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties; who is driven to constant 'shinning;' and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency, which, sooner or later, overtakes most men in business: so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieves a pecuniary success. For my own part, — and I speak from sad experience, — I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice-swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infi-

nitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is, 'Never run into debt. Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar.' Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations; and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all he owes. I speak of *real* debt, — that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other; and I say, 'From all such let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore.'"

This shows Mr. Greeley's honesty; for he made good every dollar he owed to the subscribers of "The New-Yorker." He complained, and justly, of some of his subscribers, in the following language: "I stopped 'The New-Yorker' Sept. 20, 1841, and shut up its books, whereon were inscribed some ten thousand dollars, owed me in sums of from one to ten dollars each by men to whose service I had devoted the best years of my life, — years that, though full of labor and

frugal care, might have been happy, had they not been made wretched by those men's dishonesty."

Mr. Greeley's experience in this paper was that only which many others have had who have ever been guilty of publishing a paper. Hence his advice, above quoted, should be treasured up by every young man who attempts to start a new paper.

A specimen or two of his articles and rencounters while editor of "The New-Yorker" may interest the reader. In an article entitled "Editorial Luxuries" he wrote, "We love not the ways of that numerous class of malecontents who are perpetually finding fault with their vocation, and endeavoring to prove themselves the most miserable dogs in existence. If they really think so, why under the sun do they not abandon their present evil ways, and endeavor to hit upon something more endurable? Nor do we deem these grumblers more plentiful among the brethren of the quill than in other professions, simply because the groanings uttered through the press are more widely circulated than when merely breathed to the night-air of some unsympathizing friend who forgets all about them the next minute. But we do think the whole business is in most ridiculously bad taste. An apostle teaches us of 'groanings which cannot be uttered:' it would be a great relief to readers if editorial groanings were of this sort. Now, *we* pride

ourselves rather on the delights of our profession; and we rejoice to say that we find them neither few nor inconsiderable. There is one which even now flitted across our path, which, to tell the truth, was rather above the average; in fact, so good, that we cannot afford to monopolize it, even though we shall be constrained to allow our reader a peep behind the curtain. So here it is: —

[Scene. — Editorial Sanctum. Editor *solus;* i.e., immersed in thought and newspapers, with a journal in one hand, busily spoiling white paper with the other; only two particular friends talking to him at each elbow. Devil calls for "copy" at momentary intervals. Enter a butternut-colored gentleman, who bows most emphatically.]

"*Gent.* — Are you the editor of 'The New-Yorker,' sir?

"*Editor.* — The same, sir, at your service.

"*Gent.* — Did you write this, sir?

"*Editor.* — (*Takes his scissored extract, and reads.*) 'So, when we hear the brazen vender of quack-remedies boldly trumpeting his miraculous cures, or the announcement of the equally impudent experimenter on public credulity (Goward) who announces that he "teaches music in six lessons, and half a dozen distinct branches of science in as many weeks," we may be grieved, and even indignant, that such

palpable deceptions of the simple and unwary should not be discountenanced and exposed.'

"That reads like me, sir. I do not remember the passage; but, if you found it in the editorial columns of 'The New-Yorker,' I certainly *did* write it.

"*Gent.* — It was in No. 15, 'The March of Humbug.'

"*Editor.* — Ah! *now* I recollect it: there is no mistake in my writing that article.

"*Gent.* — Did you allude to *me*, sir, in those remarks?

"*Editor.* — You will perceive that the name 'Goward' has been introduced by yourself: there is nothing of the kind in my paper.

"*Gent.* — Yes, sir; but I wish to know whether you intended those remarks to apply to me.

"*Editor.* — Well, sir, without pretending to recollect exactly what I may have been thinking of while writing an article three months ago, I will frankly say, that I think I must have had you in my eye while penning that paragraph.

"*Gent.* — Well, sir, do you know that such remarks are grossly unjust and impertinent to me?

"*Editor.* — I know nothing of you, sir, but from the testimony of friends, and your own advertisement in the papers; and these combine to assure me that you are a quack.

"*Gent.* — That is what my enemies say, sir; but if you examine my certificates, sir, you will know the contrary.

"*Editor.* — I am open to conviction, sir.

"*Gent.* — Well, sir, I have been advertising in 'The Traveller' for some time, and have paid them a great deal of money; and here they come out this week and abuse me: so I have done with them. And now, if you will say you will not attack me in this fashion, I will patronize you (holding out some tempting advertisements).

"*Editor.* — Well, sir, I shall be very happy to advertise for you; but I can give no pledge as to the course I shall feel bound to pursue.

"*Gent.* — Then I suppose you will continue to call me a quack.

"*Editor.* — I do not know that I am accustomed to attack my friends and patrons; but, if I have occasion to speak of you at all, it shall be in such terms as my best judgment shall dictate.

"*Gent.* — Then I am to understand you as my enemy?

"*Editor.* — Understand me as you please, sir: I shall endeavor to treat you and all men with fairness.

"*Gent.* — But do you suppose I am going to pay money to those who ridicule me, and hold me up as a quack?

"*Editor.* — You will pay it where you please, sir: I must enjoy my opinions.

"*Gent.* — Well, but is a man to be judged by what his enemies say of him? Every man has his enemies.

"*Editor.* — I hope not, sir: I trust I have not an enemy in the world.

"*Gent.* — Yes, you have: I'm your enemy, and the enemy of every one who misrepresents me! I can get no justice from the press, except among the penny dailies. I'll start a paper myself before a year. I'll show that some folks can edit newspapers as well as others.

"*Editor.* — The field is open, sir: go ahead!"

[Exit in a rage Rev. J. R. Goward, teacher (in six lessons) of every thing.]

While publishing "The New-Yorker," Mr. Greeley tried his hand at poetry. He has published in all some forty poems, about half of which appeared in "The New-Yorker." The following was composed on the death of William Wirt: —

Rouse not the muffled drum,
Wake not the martial trumpet's mournful sound,
For him whose mighty voice in death is dumb;
Who, in the zenith of his high renown,
To the grave went down.

Invoke no cannon's breath
To swell the requiem o'er his ashes poured:
Silently bear him to the house of death.
The aching hearts by whom he was adored
He won not with the sword.

No! let affection's tear
Be the sole tribute to his memory paid:
Earth has no monument so justly dear
To souls like his in purity arrayed,
Never to fade.

I loved thee, patriot chief!
I battled proudly 'neath thy banner pure:
Mine is the breast of woe, the heart of grief,
Which suffer on, unmindful of a cure, —
Proud to endure.

But vain the voice of wail
For thee from this dim vale of sorrow fled:
Earth has no spell whose magic shall not fail
To light the gloom that shrouds thy narrow bed,
Or woo thee from the dead.

Then take thy long repose
Beneath the shelter of the deep green sod:
Death but a brighter halo o'er thee throws:
Thy fame, thy soul, alike have spurned the clod.
Rest thee in God!

One other poem we select, which was published in "The Southern Literary Messenger," August, 1840: —

THE FADED STARS.

I mind the time when heaven's high dome
  Woke in my soul a wondrous thrill;
When every leaf in Nature's tome
  Bespoke creation's marvels still;
When mountain-cliff and sweeping glade,
  As Morn unclosed her rosy bars,
Woke joys intense: but nought e'er bade
  My heart leap up, like you, bright stars!

Calm ministrants to God's high glory,
  Pure gems around his burning throne,
Mute watchers o'er man's strange, sad story
  Of crime and woe through ages gone,
'Twas yours the mild and hallowing spell
  That lured me from ignoble gleams,
Taught me where sweeter fountains swell
  Than ever bless the worldling's dreams.

How changed was life! — a waste no more
  Beset by want and pain and wrong:
Earth seemed a glad and fairy shore,
  Vocal with Hope's inspiring song.
But, ye bright sentinels of heaven,
  Far glories of night's radiant sky,
Who, as ye gemmed the brow of even,
  Has ever deemed man born to die?

'Tis faded now, that wondrous grace
That once on heaven's forehead shone:
I read no more in Nature's face
A soul responsive to my own.
A dimness on my eye and spirit
Stern Time has cast in hurrying by:
Few joys my hardier years inherit;
And leaden dulness rules the sky.

Yet mourn not I: a stern, high duty
Now nerves my arm, and fires my brain.
Perish the dream of shapes of beauty,
So that *this* strife be not in vain!
To war on fraud intrenched with power,
On smooth pretence and specious wrong,—
This task be mine, though Fortune lower;
For this be banished sky and song.

Mr. Greeley announced his marriage in "The New-Yorker" of July 16, 1836, in the following language: "In Immanuel Church, Warrenton, N.C., on Tuesday morning, 5th inst., by Rev. William Norwood, Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of 'The New-Yorker,' to Miss Mary Y. Cheney of Warrenton, formerly of this city."

The bride had been a teacher in New York, and had removed to North Carolina in the exercise of that profession. He became acquainted with her at the Graham boarding-house, of which mention will be made hereafter.

Mr. Greeley turned his wedding-tour to good advantage for his paper. He had never visited Washington before. He was very favorably impressed with the Senate, of which he wrote the following for his paper: "The Senate of the United States is unsurpassed in intellectual greatness by any body of fifty men ever convened is a trite observation. A phrenologist would fancy a strong confirmation of his doctrines in the very appearance of the Senate: a physiognomist would find it. The most striking person on the floor is Mr. Clay, who is incessantly in motion, and whose spare, erect form betrays an easy dignity approaching to majesty, and a perfect gracefulness such as I have never seen equalled. His countenance is intelligent, and indicative of character; but a glance at his figure, while his face was completely averted, would give assurance that he was no common man. Mr. Calhoun is one of the plainest men, and certainly the dryest, hardest speaker I ever listened to. The flow of his ideas reminded me of a barrel filled with pebbles, each of which must find great difficulty in escaping, from the very solidity and number of those pressing upon it, and impeding its natural motion. Mr. Calhoun, though far from being a handsome, is still a very remarkable personage; but Mr. Benton has the least intellectual countenance I ever saw on a senator. Mr. Webster was not in his place.

"The best speech was that of Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky. That man is not appreciated so highly as he should and must be. He has a rough readiness, a sterling good sense, a republican manner and feeling, and a vein of biting though homely satire, which will yet raise him to distinction in the national councils."

Perhaps the most startling and far-reaching of Mr. Greeley's articles, while editor of "The New-Yorker," was written in 1837, on the parade made on the 4th of July. It is entitled "Tyranny of Opinion:" —

"The great pervading evil of our social condition is the worship and the bigotry of opinion. While the theory of our political institutions asserts or implies the absolute freedom of the human mind, the right, not only of free thought and discussion, but of the most unrestrained action thereon, within the wide boundaries prescribed by the laws of the land, yet the *practical commentary* upon this noble text is as discordant as imagination can conceive. Beneath the thin veil of a democracy more free than that of Athens in her glory we cloak a despotism more pernicious and revolting than that of Turkey or China. It is the despotism of opinion. Whoever ventures to propound opinions strikingly at variance with those of the majority must be content to brave obloquy, contempt, and persecution. If political, they exclude him from public employment and trust; if religious,

from social intercourse and general regard, if not from absolute rights. However moderately heretical in his political views, he cannot be a justice of the peace, an officer of the customs, or a lamplighter; while, if he be positively and frankly sceptical in his theology, grave judges pronounce him incompetent to give testimony in courts of justice, though his character for veracity be indubitable. That is but a narrow view of the subject which ascribes all this injustice to the errors of parties or individuals: it flows naturally from the vice of the age and country, — the tyranny of opinion. It can never be wholly rectified until the whole community shall be brought to feel and acknowledge that the only security for public liberty is to be found in the absolute and unqualified freedom of thought and expression, confining penal consequences to *acts* only which are detrimental to the welfare of society.

"The philosophical observer from abroad may well be astounded by the gross inconsistencies which are presented by the professions and the conduct of our people. Thousands will flock together to drink in the musical periods of some popular disclaimer on the inalienable rights of man, the inviolability of the immunities granted us by the constitution and laws, and the invariable reverence of freemen for the majesty of law. They go away delighted with our

institutions, the orator, and themselves. The next day they may be engaged in lynching some unlucky individual who has fallen under their sovereign displeasure, breaking up a public meeting of an obnoxious cast, or tarring and feathering some unfortunate lecturer or propagandist whose views do not square with their own, but who has precisely the same right to enjoy and propagate his opinions, however erroneous, as though he inculcated nothing but what every one knows and acknowledges already. The shamelessness of this incongruity is sickening; but it is not confined to this glaring exhibition. The sheriff, town-clerk, or constable, who finds the political majority in his district changed either by immigration or the course of events, must be content to change too, or be hurled from his station. Yet what necessary connection is there between his politics and and his office? Why might it not as properly be insisted that a town-officer should be six feet high or have red hair, if the majority were so distinguished, as that he should think with them respecting the men in high places and the measures projected or opposed by them? and how does the proscription of a man in any way for obnoxious opinions differ from the most glaring tyranny?"

"The New-Yorker" was continued seven years; and during those seven years, Mr. Greeley says,

"seven co-partners in its publication withdrew from the concern." On the whole, Mr. Greeley had a hard time while he conducted this paper. He appealed to his patrons once and again to pay up; but it was of no avail, as has been already stated by him. The paper was a good one, and well conducted; but its owner and editor were but poorly paid.

During a part of the time he edited "The New-Yorker," Mr. Greeley was also editor of "The Jeffersonian," a Whig paper, published in Albany, N.Y. His labors while he conducted these two papers were most abundant. As soon as he had got ready "The New-Yorker" for the press, he hastened to the boat for Albany; where, after spending a sleepless or nearly sleepless night, he arrived in Albany to work hard the next day in editing "The Jeffersonian."

Next came "The Log-Cabin." Those of us who remember that overwhelming avalanche of 1840, when the Whigs rallied from one end of the country to the other and took possession of the government by storm, know what "The Log-Cabin" then meant.

The Democrats had had the government for years. Andrew Jackson had served in the presidency two terms; Martin Van Buren, one; and now, by concerted action, the Whigs made one desperate effort, determined on success. They nominated for president William Henry Harrison of Ohio. In this they

manifested great shrewdness; for had they selected Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, or any other then active politician, everybody knew too much about them, and every mouth would have been filled with their faults. But, when they selected Gen. Harrison, no one of the younger generation knew any thing about him. The Democrats said he was a feeble old man, who had dwelt at North Bend, living on hard cider in a log-cabin, where he had been buried thirty years. The Whigs took up the glove thus thrown down by their opponents, and made "Log-Cabin" and "Hard Cider" their watchwords, and notwithstanding all the ridicule thrown upon Harrison, and all the patronage of the government that the party in power could use, elected Harrison to the presidency.

Harrison was the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe.

With him they nominated for vice-president John Tyler of Virginia; and making their songs on

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too,"

as just said, they took the country as by storm.

As I have before said, Martin Van Buren had been considered the great magician, the most skilful "wire-puller," of the land. The people were tired of this kind of manœuvring. They had just passed

through the crisis of 1837–8, and were sore under those commercial disasters: consequently they were prepared for a change. Now the hero of Tippecanoe and the farmer of North Bend was pitted against the wily Dutchman and the patronage of the White House; and the latter was laughed at, joked, jeered, and ridiculed out of a second term.

I cannot give the part which Mr. Greeley acted in this election of Harrison better than by selecting the language of Mr. Parton in his Life of Mr. Greeley, p. 181: "The man who contributed most to keep alive and increase the popular enthusiasm, the man who did most to feed that enthusiasm with the substantial fuel of fact and argument, was, beyond all question, Horace Greeley.

"On the 2d of May the first number of 'The Log-Cabin' appeared, by H. Greeley and Co.; a weekly paper, to be published simultaneously at Newark and Albany at fifty cents for the campaign of six months. It was a small paper, about half the size of the present 'Tribune;' but it was conducted with wonderful spirit, and made an unprecedented hit. Of the first number an edition of twenty thousand was printed, which Mr. Greeley's friends thought a far greater number than would be sold; but the edition vanished from the counter in a day. Eight thousand more were struck off: they were sold in a morning. Four

thousand more were printed; and still the demand seemed unabated. A further supply of six thousand was printed, and the types were then distributed. In a few days, however, the demand became so urgent, that the number was re-set, and an edition of ten thousand struck off. Altogether, forty-eight thousand of the first number were sold. Subscribers came pouring in at the rate of seven hundred a day. The list lengthened in a few weeks to sixty thousand names, and kept increasing till the weekly issue was between eighty and ninety thousand. Horace Greeley and Co. were really overwhelmed with their success. They had made no preparations for such an enormous increase of business; and they were troubled to hire clerks and folders fast enough to get their stupendous edition into the mails.

"'The Log-Cabin' is not dull reading, even now, after the lapse of years, though the men and the questions of that day are, most of them, dead; but *then* it was devoured with an eagerness which even those who remember it can hardly realize."

Those were stirring times, and "The Log-Cabin" was a stirring paper. Mr. Greeley announced its purpose and object in the following language: —

"'The Log-Cabin' will be a zealous and unwavering advocate of the rights, interests, and prosperity of our whole country, but especially those of the hardy

subduers and cultivators of her soil. It will be the advocate of the cause of the log-cabin against that of the custom-house and presidential palace. It will be an advocate of the interests of unassuming industry against the schemes and devices of functionaries 'dressed in a little brief authority,' whose salaries are trebled in value whenever labor is forced to beg for employment at three or four shillings a day. It will be the advocate of a sound, uniform, *adequate* currency for our whole country, against the visionary projects and ruinous experiments of the official Dousterswivels of the day, who commenced by promising prosperity, abundance, and plenty of gold, as the sure result of their policy; and, lo! we have its issues in disorganization, bankruptcy, low wages, and treasury rags. In fine, it will be the advocate of freedom, improvement, and of national reform, by the election of Harrison and Tyler, the restoration of purity to the government, of efficiency to the public will, and of better times to the people. Such are the objects and scope of 'The Log-Cabin.'"

This paper was nobly managed by Mr. Greeley, and he fulfilled all his promises respecting it. "The Log-Cabin," and the songs that accompanied it, elected Gen. Harrison. Those songs were graphic. The writer learned, and has not forgotten them yet. They were like this: —

"Little Van is a used-up man.
Tippecanoe and Tyler too.
From the White House, now, Matty, turn out, turn out!
From the White House, now, Matty, turn out, turn out!
Since there you have been
No peace we have seen:
So, Matty, now please to turn out, turn out!
So, Matty, now please to turn out!
Make way for old Tip! turn out, turn out!
'Tis the people's desire
Their choice he shall be:
So, Martin Van Buren, turn out, turn out!
So, Martin Van Buren, turn out, turn out!"

In his Life of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Parton gives the following witty story as no one else could give it, and says "it is literally true." It may be found on p. 188 of the Life published by James R. Osgood & Co. It shows how Mr. Greeley was *absorbed* in the Harrison campaign. It is named "The Cake-Basket." "Time, Sunday evening; scene, the parlor of a friend's house; company numerous and political, except the ladies, who are gracious and hospitable. Mr. Greeley is expected to tea, but does not come, and the meal is transacted without him. Tea over, he arrives, and plunges headlong into a conversation on the currency. The lady of the house thinks he had better take some tea, but cannot get a hearing on the subject; is distressed, puts the question at length, and

has her invitation hurriedly declined, — brushed aside, in fact, with a wave of the hand.

"'Take a cruller, any way,' said she, handing him a cake-basket containing a dozen or so of those unspeakable Dutch indigestibles. The expounder of the currency, dimly conscious that a large object was approaching him, puts forth his hands, still vehemently talking, and takes, not a cruller, but the cake-basket, and deposits it in his lap. The company are inwardly convulsed; and some of the weaker members retire to the adjoining apartment, the expounder continuing his harangue, unconscious of their emotions or its cause. Minutes elapse. His hands, in their wandering through the air, come in contact with the topmost cake, which they take and break. He begins to eat, and eats and talks, talks and eats, till he has finished a cruller. Then he feels for another, and eats that, and goes on, slowly consuming the contents of the basket till the last crumb is gone. The company look on amazed, and the kind lady of the house fears for the consequences. She has heard that cheese is an antidote to indigestion. Taking the empty cake-basket from his lap, she silently puts a plate of cheese in its place, hoping instinct will guide his hand aright. The experiment succeeds. Gradually the blocks of white new cheese disappear. She removes the plate. No ill consequences follow.

Those who saw this sight are fixed in the belief that Mr. Greeley was not then nor has since become aware that on that evening he partook of sustenance."

No man did more in that memorable campaign of 1840 to elect Harrison than Horace Greeley. But he asked for no office, and, to the shame of the party and the men elected by it, no office was offered him; while so hungry were the party, having starved through twelve years under Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, that they rushed upon their poor victim, Harrison, in such numbers, and with such impetuosity, that the good old man, who had lived in retirement for thirty years, succumbed in a single month. Had he been an old politician, used to the harness, skilled in trickery, regardless of promises, and making them to every applicant; or had all treated him as Horace did, — just let him alone, — Harrison might have lived to serve out his term, and John Tyler would never have served his. Whatever men may say of Mr. Greeley now, no man has been farther from seeking office all his life than this same man.

CHAPTER VII.

HORACE GREELEY'S TEMPERANCE.

Horace will not drink. — Aids in forming a Temperance Society. — His Opinion of Cider-Guzzling. — Liquor used by Everybody. — Why Cities always go for Liquor-Selling. — The Man in whom an Iceberg formed. — Horace foreshadows a Prohibitory Law. — Sylvester Graham. — Died of Chagrin. — Mr. Greeley's Grahamism. — Finds his Wife at the Graham Boarding-House. — On the Whole, he thinks favorably of eating more Fruit, and less Meat.

WE find an excellent trait of character in him in his temperance. So many editors and so many public men are intemperate, that, when we find one who has for a lifetime strictly followed the laws of temperance in all things, we ought to make a mark there, and place an exclamation-point.

Mr. Greeley says, "On the first day of January, 1824, while living in West Haven, Vt., I deliberately resolved to drink no more distilled liquors." Temperance societies had been formed in some places at that time, and he had heard of persons who had resolved that they would drink no more liquor. He says, "The American Temperance Society was yet

unknown, and did not adopt the principle of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages until 1833."

The writer thinks Mr. Greeley is mistaken in this: at all events, he has now a series of temperance addresses which he delivered in various parts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire in 1829 and 1830, wherein total abstinence is maintained and strongly inculcated as the "club of Hercules, with which the monster Intemperance is to be slain." At the time Mr. Greeley was in Vermont, he says, "Whiskey and tobacco were the universal luxuries — I might say, the poor man's *only* luxuries — in Vermont, as rum had been in New Hampshire."

Cider was universally used. Apple-trees flourished and were almost universally cultivated in every clearing upon the new soil. Then, too, good peaches were raised in these Northern States; though now peach-trees have almost disappeared from among us. Cider being so abundant, it was a short cut to hotter and more stimulating drinks; and multitudes easily crossed the bridge, and died paupers and drunkards.

Mr. Greeley, in his "Recollections," says, "I believe I was five years old when my grandfather Woodburn's house in Londonderry was, one winter-day, filled with relatives, gathered in good part from Deering, Windham, and from Vermont towns originally settled from

the old hive, who, after dinner, departed in their sleighs to visit some other relative, taking our old folks with them, and leaving but three or four little boys of us to keep house till their return. A number of half-smoked cigars had been left on the mantel; and some evil genius suggested to us tow-headed urchins that it would be smart and clever to indulge in a general smoke. Like older fools, we went in; and I was soon the sickest mortal on the face of this planet. I cannot say as to my comrades in this folly; but that half-inch of cigar-stump will last me all my life, though its years should outnumber Methuselah's. For a decade thereafter it was often my filial duty to fill and light my mother's pipe when she had lain down for her after-dinner nap; and she, having taken it, would hold it and talk till the fire had gone out, so that it must again be lighted and drawn till the tobacco well ignited. Hence I know, that, if I had not been proof against narcotic seduction, I should have learned to like the soothing weed. But I never used, nor wished to use, it as a sedative or a luxury, after my one juvenile and thoroughly conclusive experiment. From that hour to this, the chewing, smoking, or snuffing of tobacco has seemed to me, if not the most pernicious, certainly the vilest, most detestable abuse of his corrupted sensual appetites whereof depraved man is capable."

When it is considered, that, in those days, everybody drank; that at every friendly greeting and entertainment, at every meeting of neighbors for sociability, liquor was always produced, — it was wonderful that young Greeley escaped the general contagion. Well does the writer remember those days, when at every raising, every wedding, every burial, every ball, every ordination, and on every other occasion that called people together, the bottle was brought forward, and every one drank. This was not all; for, if one were found who did not take his share of the poison, he was persuaded, joked, ridiculed, and laughed at, to draw or drive him into the wicked and foolish custom. Hence it required no ordinary degree of moral courage to resist this vast influence brought to bear upon one who was so singular in his habits as not to drink.

Mr. Greeley, in giving an account of the ordination of Rev. Mr. Lord (afterwards president of Dartmouth College), said, "We had an ordination in Amherst, nearly fifty years ago, to the signal satisfaction of the great body of our people: and, according to my recollection, strong drink was more generally and bountifully dispensed than on any previous occasion; bottles and glasses being set on tables in front of many farmers' houses as an invitation to those who passed on their way to or from the installation to stop and drink freely. We have worse liquor now than we had then;

and delirium tremens, apoplexy, palsy, &c., come sooner and oftener to those who use it: but our consumers of strong drink are a class, whereas they were then the whole people. The pious probably drank more discreetly than the ungodly; but they all drank to their own satisfaction, and, I judge, more than was consistent with their personal good."

Though Mr. Greeley at this early period never spoke of his resolve not to drink except in his father's family, yet it somehow became known in the neighborhood, where it excited, not curiosity only, but opposition; so that, on one occasion, — the time of sheep-washing, — he was told to drink a glass of liquor, and, on his refusal, was held by two youngsters older and stronger than he, and it was turned into his mouth, and some of it forced down his throat. But even this personal assault did not cure him of his singularity; for he still kept his resolution.

Soon after his removal to Poultney, he says in his "Recollections," "I assisted in organizing the first temperance society ever formed in that town, perhaps the first in the county. It inhibited the use of distilled liquors only; so that I believe our first president died of intemperance a few years afterward. I recollect a story told at that time by our adversaries of a man who had joined the temperance society just organized in a neighboring township, and, dying soon

afterwards, had been subjected to an autopsy, which developed a cake of ice weighing several pounds, which had gradually formed and increased in his stomach as a result of his fanatical devotion to cold water. Alas that most of our facetious critics have since died, and no autopsy was needed to develop the cause of *their* departure! A glance at each fiery proboscis, that irradiated even the cerements of the grave, was sufficient."

Mr. Greeley well accounts for the fact that all our cities are far behind the country towns in temperance habits in the following language in his "Recollections:" "Total abstinence has never yet been popular in this nor in any other great city; and, as liquor grows unfashionable in the country, it tends to become less and less so. A great city derives its subsistence and its profits from ministrations therein, not only to the real needs of the surrounding country, but to its baser appetites, its vices, as well; and, as the country becomes less and less tolerant of immoral indulgences and vicious aberrations, the gains of cities therefrom, and their consequent interest therein, must steadily increase. Time was when the young man of means and social position, who shunned the haunts of the gamester, the wiles of the libertine, and never indulged in a drunken spree, was widely sneered at as a milksop, or detested as a calculating hypocrite.

Sheridan's Joseph Surface admirably reflects the once popular appreciation of such absurd, fanatical Puritanism; but the world grows wiser and (in an important sense) better. A great though silent change is wrought in public sentiment, which compels the vicious to conceal indulgences that they formerly paraded, and maintain an exterior decency which would once have exposed them to ridicule. Thousands, who formerly gratified their baser appetites without disguise or shame, now feel constrained, not to leave undone, but to keep unknown, by hieing to some great city, where no one's deeds or ways are observed or much regarded so long as he keeps out of the hands of the police, and there balance a year's compelled decorum by a week's unrestrained debauchery. Fifty years back, a jug would readily be filled with any designated liquor at almost any country store: now the devotee of alcoholic potations must usually send or take his demijohn to the most convenient city, where it will at once be filled, and despatched to its impatient and thirsty owner. And so, as the liquor-interest grows weaker and weaker in the country, it becomes stronger and yet stronger in the cities, whose politics it fashions, whose government it governs, by virtue of its inherent strength and apprehensive activity; and thus the liquor-traffic has greater strength and vitality in our city to-day than it had twenty to forty years ago."

Always he has been thorough on temperance. As long ago as 1835 he wrote the following, which looks very strongly towards the prohibitory laws of 1872: "Were we called upon to indicate simply the course which *should* be pursued for the eradication of this crying evil, our compliance would be a far easier matter. We would say unhesitatingly, that the vending of alcohol, or of liquors of which alcohol forms a leading component, should be regulated by the laws which govern the sale of other insidious yet deadly poisons. It should be kept for sale only by druggists, and dealt out in small potions, and with like regard to the character and ostensible purpose of the applicant as in the case of its counterpart. But we must not forget that we are to determine simply what *may* be done by the friends of temperance for the advancement of the noble cause in which they are engaged, rather than what the more ardent of them (with whom we are proud to rank ourselves) would desire to see accomplished. We are to look at things as they *are;* and, in that view, all attempts to interdict the sale of intoxicating liquors in our hotels, our country stores, and our steamboats, in the present state of public opinion, must be hopelessly futile. The only available provision bearing on this branch of the traffic, which could be urged with the least prospect of success, is the imposition of a *real* license-

tax, say from a hundred to ten hundred dollars per annum, which would have the effect of diminishing the evil by rendering less frequent and less universal the temptations which lead to it; but even that, we apprehend, would meet with strenuous opposition from so large and influential a portion of the community as to render its adoption and efficiency extremely doubtful."

About 1831–2, Sylvester Graham became a lecturer upon his peculiar system. He had been educated for the ministry, and had been the pastor of a Presbyterian church in New Jersey. Many called him Dr. Graham; but it is believed he never had any medical degree. He had considerable mind, possessed a fair amount of knowledge, was enthusiastic upon his hobby, extremely egotistical, and verily believed that Sylvester Graham was destined to change the habits of the world upon eatables and drinkables. When he had written out his lectures, and published them, he verily expected they would become a text-book in all our colleges and seminaries; but, when the two ponderous volumes fell "still-born" from the press, the publisher failed, and Graham died of disappointment and chagrin.

His system, as the writer remembers it, and as Mr. Greeley has stated it, was this: "He believed, therefore taught, that health is the necessary result of obedience, disease of disobedience, to physical laws; that

all stimulants, whether alcoholic or narcotic, are pernicious, and should be rejected, save, possibly, in those rare cases where one poison may be wisely employed to neutralize or expel another. He condemned tea and coffee, as well as tobacco, opium, and alcoholic potables; cider and beer equally with brandy and gin, save that the poison is more concentrated in the latter. He disapproved of all spices and condiments save (grudgingly) a very little salt; and he held that more suitable and wholesome food for human beings than the flesh of animals can almost always be procured, and should be preferred. The bolting of meal, to separate its coarser from its finer particles, he also reprobated; teaching that the ripe, sound berry of wheat or rye, being ground to the requisite fineness, should in no manner be sifted, but should be made into loaves, and eaten precisely as the millstones deliver it. Such is, in brief, the 'Graham system,' as I heard it expounded in successive lectures by its author, and fortified by evidence, — reasoning which commanded my general assent.

"A boarding-house was soon established, based on its principles; and I became an inmate thereof, as well as of others afterward founded on the same general ideas; though I never wholly rejected the use of meat. Tea I never cared for; and I used none at all for a quarter of a century: now I sometimes take it in moderation

when black and very good. Coffee had for years been my chief luxury; coffee without breakfast being far preferable, to my taste, to breakfast without coffee: but, having drank a strong cup of it one evening at a festive board, I woke next morning to find my hand trembling; and I at once said, 'No more coffee,' and have not drank it since. My taste gradually changed thereafter, so that I soon ceased to crave, and now thoroughly dislike, the beverage. And while I eat meat, and deem it, when unspoiled by decay or bad cookery, far less objectionable than hot bread, rancid butter, decayed fruits, wilted vegetables, and too many other contributions to our ordinary diet, I profoundly believe that there is better food obtainable by the great body of mankind than the butcher and the fisherman do or can supply; and that a diet made up of sound grain (ground, but unbolted), ripe, undecayed fruits, and a variety of fresh, wholesome vegetables, with milk, butter, and cheese, and a very little of spices or condiments, will enable our grandchildren to live in the average far longer, and fall far less frequently into the hands of the doctors, than we do."

Mr. Greeley continues as follows: —

"My wife, whose acquaintance I made at the Graham House, and who was long a more faithful, consistent disciple of Graham than I was, in our years of extreme poverty kept her house in strict accordance

with her convictions, never even deigning an explanation to her friends and relatives who from time to time visited and temporarily sojourned with us; and, as politeness usually repressed complaint or inquiry on their part, their first experiences of a regimen which dispensed with all they deemed most appetizing could hardly be observed without a smile. Usually a day, or at most two, of beans and potatoes, boiled rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but salt, and never a pickle, was all they could abide: so, bidding her a kind adieu, each in turn departed to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality.

"'But what peculiar effects of a vegetable diet did you experience?' some will naturally ask. I answer generally, 'Much the same as a rum-drinker notes after a brief return to water-drinking exclusively. I first felt a quite perceptible sinking of animal spirits, a partial relaxation or depression of natural energies. It seemed as though I could not lift so much, jump so high, nor run so fast, as when I ate meat. After a time, this lowering of the tone of the physical system passed away, or became imperceptible: on the other hand, I had no feeling of repletion or over-fulness; I had no headache, and scarcely an ache of any sort; my health was stubbornly good; and any cut or other flesh-wound healed more easily and rapidly than formerly. Other things being equal, I judge that a strict

vegetarian will live ten years longer than an habitual flesh-eater, while suffering, in the average, less than half so much from sickness as the carnivorous must. The simple fact that animals are often diseased when killed for food, and that the flesh of those borne in crowded cars from far inland, to be slaughtered for the sustenance of sea-board cities, is almost always and inevitably feverish and unwholesome, ought to be conclusive.

"On the whole, I am convinced by the observation and experience of a third of a century that all public danger lies in the direction opposite to that of vegetarianism; that a thousand fresh Grahams let loose each year upon the public will not prevent the consumption, in the average, of far too much and too highly-seasoned animal food; while all Goughs and Neal Dows that ever were or can be scared up will not deter the body politic from pouring down its throat a great deal more fire-water than is good for it. And, while I look with interest on all attempts to substitute American wines and malt liquors for the more concentrated and maddening decoctions of the still, I have noted no such permanent triumphs in the thousand past attempts to cast out big devils by the incantations of little ones as would give me reason to put faith in the principle, or augur success for this latest experiment."

No one can accuse Horace Greeley of ever having been intemperate either in eating or drinking. Would he not in this respect make a model president? Cannot all the temperance people, even the most radical of them, vote for him with a good conscience, if their desire for the triumph of this cause is paramount to that of party politics? These are important questions for them to answer at the polls, — answer, not by words, by speeches, and newspaper articles, but by *deeds;* for here they have an opportunity to manifest their love to the cause they advocate by casting their votes for a man who for a lifetime has espoused their cause. We shall see how much they really love this good cause.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. GREELEY AND "THE TRIBUNE."

Mr. Greeley had tried his Fortune with Several Journals. — He starts "The Tribune" Alone. — Takes a Partner. — Their Adaptedness to Each Other. — "The Tribune" a Success. — "Fanny Fern's" Adventure to get a Copy. — "The Tribune" a Whig Paper. — It attacks the New-York City Government; also the Theatre-Goers. — Is pounced upon by the Other Papers. — Mr. Greeley justifies his Course towards John Tyler. — He tells what he wanted "The Tribune" to be from the first. — How Candidates for Public Favor are used.

MR. GREELEY had now tried his fortune in various partnerships and papers, and in 1841, the time when he projected and started "The Tribune," was about even with the world. He had been honest, paid all his debts, and maintained a good character for uprightness and integrity. Upon these he started the paper. It was to be Whig, and cheap: these were to be its characteristics. Though there were then many papers in New York, yet there was none of this peculiar kind. There were Whig papers, like "The Courier and Enquirer" and "The Commercial Advertiser;" but they were ten dollars

a year. There were also cheap papers, — "The Signal," "Tatler," "Star," and "Sun;" but no one of them was decidedly Whig.

In some respects, events were unpropitious. Harrison had just died, and gloom seemed to overcast the triumph of his election, as it began to be whispered that the party had got more than it bargained for by taking

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

But April 10, 1841, "The Tribune" made its appearance, "price one cent; Horace Greeley editor and proprietor." It was headed with the dying words of Harrison: "I DESIRE YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT. I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT. I ASK NOTHING MORE."

Mr. Greeley spent the whole night in watching the coming-forth of the first number of "The Tribune." It was an unpropitious morning; and some time afterwards Mr. Greeley wrote of it, "The leaden sky, the unseasonable wintriness, the general gloom, of that stormy day which witnessed the grand though mournful pageant whereby our city commemorated the blighting of a nation's hopes in the most untimely death of President Harrison, were not inaptly miniatured in my own prospects and fortunes. Having devoted the seven preceding years almost wholly to

the establishment of a weekly compend of literature and intelligence ('The New-Yorker'), wherefrom, though widely circulated and warmly praised, I had received no other return than the experience and wider acquaintance thence accruing, I entered upon my novel and most precarious enterprise, most slenderly with the external means of commanding subsistence and success in its prosecution. With no partner or business-associate, with inconsiderable pecuniary resources, and only a promise from political friends of aid to the extent of two thousand dollars, of which but one-half was ever realized (and that long since repaid; but the sense of obligation to the far-from-wealthy friend who made the loan is none the less fresh and ardent), I undertook the enterprise — at all times and under any circumstances hazardous — of adding one more to the already amply-extensive list of daily newspapers issued in this emporium, where the current expenses of such papers, already appalling, were soon to be doubled by rivalry, by stimulated competition, by the progress of business, the complications of interests, and especially by the general diffusion of the electric telegraph, and where at least nineteen out of every twenty attempts to establish a new daily have proved disastrous failures. Manifestly the prospects of success in this case were far from flattering."

In one of the numbers of "The Log-Cabin," published the 3d of April, just after the death of Harrison, the following notice appeared: —

"'NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.'

"On Saturday, the tenth day of April instant, the subscriber will publish the first number of a new morning journal of politics, literature, and general intelligence.

"'The Tribune,' as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the people, and to promote their moral, social, and political well-being. The immoral and degrading police-reports, advertisements, and other matter which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading penny-papers, will be carefully excluded from this, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined, and a welcome visitant at the family fireside.

"Earnestly believing that the political revolution which has called William Henry Harrison to the chief magistracy of the nation was a triumph of right, reason, and public good, over error and sinister ambition, 'The Tribune' will give to the new administration a frank and cordial, but manly and independent support, judging it always by its acts, and commending those only so far as they shall seem calculated to subserve the great end of all government, — the welfare of the people.

"'The Tribune' will be published every morning on a fair, royal sheet, — size of 'The Log-Cabin' and 'Evening Signal,' — and transmitted to its city subscribers at the low price of *one cent* per copy. Mail subscribers, four dollars per annum. It will contain the news by the morning's Southern mail, which is contained in no other penny-paper. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

"HORACE GREELEY, 30 Ann Street."

"The Tribune" from its commencement was a success, though several attempts were made to crush it. Many who had taken other papers stopped them, and took the new paper. One of our authoresses gives the following interesting account of her unsuccessful attempt to get one: —

To the Editor of "The New-York Tribune."

SIR, — Not long since, I read in your paper an article headed "The Man who never took a Newspaper." In contrast to this, I would relate to you a little incident which came under my own observation.

Having been disappointed the other morning in receiving that part of my breakfast contained in "The New-York Tribune," I despatched a messenger to see what could be done in the way of satisfaction. After half an hour's diligent search, he returned, much to

my chagrin, empty-handed. Recollecting an old copy set me at school after this wise, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself," I seized my bonnet, and sallied forth. Not far from my domicile appears each morning with the rising sun an old huckster-man, whose stock in trade consists of two empty barrels, across which is thrown a *pro tem* counter in the shape of a plank, a pint of pea-nuts, six sticks of peppermint-candy, half a dozen cholera-looking pears and apples, copies of the daily papers, and an old stubby broom, with which the owner carefully brushes up the nut-shells dropped by graceless urchins to the endangerment of his sidewalk lease.

"Have you this morning's 'Tribune'?" said I, looking as amiable as I knew how.

"No, *ma'am*," was the decided reply.

"Why, yes, you have," said I, laying my hand on the desired number.

"Well, you can't have that, ma'am," said the disconcerted peanut-merchant; "for I haven't read it myself."

"I'll give you *three* cents for it," said I.

(A shake of the head.)

"Four cents?"

(Another shake.)

"Sixpence?" (I was getting excited.)

"It's no use, ma'am," said the persistent old fellow.

"It's the only number I could get; and I tell you that nobody shall have *that* 'Tribune' till I have read it myself."

You should have seen, Mr. Editor, the shapeless hat, the mosaic coat, the tattered vest, and the *extraordinary* pair of trousers, that were educated up to that "Tribune." It was a picture. FANNY FERN.

Fight was the word with "The Tribune" when it was opposed; and others outside took up the cudgel when the other papers attacked it. Its success was great. But one thing seemed necessary to its ultimate triumph. Mr. Greeley must have a partner; and he found one; for on Saturday, July 31, he made the following announcement: "The undersigned has great pleasure in announcing to his friends and the public that he has formed a copartnership with Thomas McElrath; and 'The Tribune' will hereafter be published by himself and Mr. McElrath under the firm of Greeley and McElrath. The principal editorial charge of the paper will still rest with the subscriber; while the entire business-management of the concern henceforth devolves upon his partner. This arrangement, while it relieves the undersigned from a large portion of the labors and cares which have pressed heavily upon him for the last four months, assures to the paper efficiency and strength

in a department where they have hitherto been needed; and I cannot be mistaken in the trust that the accession to its conduct of a gentleman who has twice been honored with their suffrages for an important station will strengthen 'The Tribune' in the confidence and affections of the Whigs of New York.

"Respectfully, "HORACE GREELEY.

"JULY 31."

"The undersigned, in connecting himself with the conduct of a public journal, invokes a continuance of that courtesy and good feeling which have been extended to him by his fellow-citizens. Having heretofore received evidence of kindness and regard from the conductors of the Whig press of this city, and rejoicing in the friendship of most of them, it will be his aim in his new vocation to justify that kindness, and strengthen and increase those friendships. His hearty concurrence in the principles, political and moral, on which 'The Tribune' has thus far been conducted, has been a principal incitement to the connection here announced; and the statement of this fact will preclude the necessity of any special declaration of opinions. With gratitude for past favors, and an anxious desire to merit a continuance of regard, he remains

"The public's humble servant,

"THOMAS MCELRATH."

"The Tribune" had now precisely what it needed to put it on a firm basis,— Horace Greeley for the editor, and Thomas McElrath for managing the business-department. By this time, everybody knew what Mr. Greeley was as editor; for he had abundantly shown what he could do in "The New-Yorker," "The Jeffersonian," "The Log-Cabin," &c. His friends knew his ability to defend them and the principles he espoused. His enemies of rival newspapers had felt his *bite* when they drove him to show his teeth, and his political opposers had learned to be shy of him.

McElrath was a different kind of a man. He was the perfection of a disciplinarian; a first-rate calculator, who knew how to save the pennies: hence Mr. Parton, in his Life of Mr. Greeley, well said, "Roll Horace Greeley and Thomas McElrath into one, and the result would be a very respectable approximation to a perfect man." They were well matched in partnership. Damon and Pythias were not more firm friends, and they worked in perfect harmony.

When "The New-Yorker" had existed seven years, and "The Log-Cabin" one year and a half, they were both merged in "The Weekly Tribune." No hive of bees was ever more industrious than the editor and manager of "The Tribune" now were. The paper teemed with all the news of the day. It was freighted with every thing that made its appear-

ance in the literary world. Carlyle, Cousin, Thomas Moore, Millerism, and many celebrated legal trials, were on the docket in those days; and they were all thoroughly handled in "The Tribune." The corrupt city government was attacked, and set in its true light, as it has been more recently; and the theatre came in under the following lashing: "The whole moral atmosphere of the theatre, as it actually exists among us, is, in our judgment, unwholesome; and therefore, while we do not propose to war upon it, we seek no alliance with it, and cannot conscientiously urge our readers to visit it, as would be expected if we were to solicit and profit by its advertising patronage."

This frank and open rebuke caused an outbreak and burst of abuse from the other papers, which the conductors of "The Tribune" bore with great calmness. Of course, all who advertised for what "The Tribune" called "contraband" united in an avalanche of abuse upon the paper which condemned them.

Having been condemned for its course in justifying Daniel Webster for continuing in the cabinet of John Tyler after all his colleagues had resigned, "The Tribune" justified its course upon the ground that Webster could best bring to a happy close the Ashburton Treaty, then pending.

Again: Mr. Greeley was condemned for his course in the Tyler controversy; upon which, in 1845, he wrote

as follows: "In December, 1841, I visited Washington upon assurances that John Tyler and his advisers were disposed to return to the Whig party, and that I could be of service in bringing about a complete reconciliation between the administration and the Whigs in Congress and in the country. I never proposed to 'connect myself with the cause of the administration' but upon the understanding that it should be heartily and faithfully a Whig administration. Finally, I declined utterly and absolutely to 'connect myself with the cause of the administration' the moment I became satisfied, as I did during that visit, that the *chief* of the government did not desire a reconciliation, upon the basis of sustaining Whig principles and Whig measures, with the party he had so deeply wronged, but was treacherously coquetting with Locofocoism, and fooled with the idea of a re-election."

Mr. Greeley's own account of what he from the first designed "The Tribune" should be is given in his "Recollections," as follows: "My leading idea was the establishment of a journal removed alike from servile partisanship on the one hand, and from gagged, mincing neutrality on the other.

"Party-spirit is so fierce and intolerant in this country, that the editor of a non-partisan sheet is restrained from saying what he thinks and feels on the most vital, imminent topics; while, on the other hand, a Demo-

cratic, Whig, or Republican journal is generally expected to praise or blame, like or dislike, eulogize or condemn, in precise accordance with the views and interest of its party. I believed there was a happy medium between these extremes, — a position from which a journalist might openly and heartily advocate the principles and commend the measures of that party to which his convictions allied him, yet frankly dissent from its course on a particular question, and even denounce its candidates if they were shown to be deficient in capacity or (far worse) in integrity. I felt that a journal thus loyal to its guiding convictions, yet ready to expose and condemn unworthy conduct or incidental error on the part of men attached to its party, must be far more effective, even party-wise, than though it might always be counted on to applaud or reprobate, bless or curse, as the party's prejudices or immediate interest might seem to prescribe. Especially by the Whigs — who were rather the loosely aggregated, mainly undisciplined opponents of a great party, than, in the stricter sense, a party themselves — did I feel that such a journal was consciously needed, and would be fairly sustained. I had been a pretty constant and copious contributor (generally unpaid) to nearly or quite every cheap Whig journal that had, from time to time, been started in our city, — most of them to fail after a very brief and not particularly bright career.

But one, 'The New-York Whig,' which was, throughout most of its existence, under the dignified and conscientious direction of Jacob B. Moore, formerly of 'The New-Hampshire Journal,' had been continued through two or three years. My familiarity with its history and management gave me confidence that the right sort of a cheap Whig journal would be enabled to thrive. I had been ten years in New York; was thirty years old; in full health and vigor; and worth, I presume, about two thousand dollars, half of it in printing-materials. 'The Jeffersonian,' and, still more, 'The Log-Cabin,' had made me favorably known to many thousands of those who were most likely to take such a paper as I proposed to make 'The Tribune;' while 'The New-Yorker' had given me some literary standing, and the reputation of a useful and well-informed compiler of election-returns. In short, I was in a better position to undertake the establishment of a daily newspaper than the great mass of those who try it and fail, as most who make the venture do and must. I presume the new journals (in English) since started in this city number not less than a hundred, whereof barely two — 'The Times' and 'The World' — can be fairly said to be still living; and 'The World' is a mausoleum wherein the remains of 'The Evening Star,' 'The American,' and 'The Courier and Enquirer,' lie inurned, these having long ago swallowed

sundry of their predecessors. Yet several of those which have meantime lived their little hour and passed away were conducted by men of decided ability and ripe experience, and were backed by a pecuniary capital at least twenty times greater than the fearfully inadequate sum whereon I started 'The Tribune.'"

Many of those who have been owners or were engaged upon "The Tribune" have passed away: nevertheless the paper still lives and prospers. Mr. Greeley says, "My current expenses for the first week were about five hundred and twenty-five dollars, my receipts ninety-two dollars; and, though the outgoes steadily increased, the income increased in a still larger ratio, till it nearly balanced the former."

It required both faith and perseverance to go forward with such a work; and Horace Greeley possessed both. The expenditure for carrying on this paper has been vast; but the income has been enormous. It is no doubt destined to live and flourish for a long time to come. Mr. Greeley must look upon this work of his hands, and plan of his intellect, — this singular success, — with much complacency. He says in his "Recollections," "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident; riches take wings; no man can see what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow," — all of which he has a fair opportunity of knowing and feeling in his own per-

son, now that he is a candidate for the presidency of the United States of America; for, if *he* escapes censure, he will be the first candidate for this high office who ever has.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE TRIBUNE" CONTINUED.

"The Tribune" changed to a Two-Cent Paper. — A Mob in New York. — Mr. Greeley's First Visit to Washington. — His Letter from Mount Vernon. — From Saratoga. — Margaret Fuller and Mr. Greeley. — Mr. Greeley's Opinion of John Tyler. — Burning of "The Tribune" Building. — Mr. Greeley's Description of it afterwards.

THOUGH this paper was started as a penny paper, yet, when the second volume was commenced, the price was raised to two cents. New York, then (1842) as since, was of a riotous disposition; and, on the day of the spring elections, certain fighting-men of the sixth ward indulged in their pugilistic game, and became rioters. "The Tribune" came out with the following rebuke among others: "It appears that some of the 'Spartan band,' headed by Michael Walsh, after a fight in the fourth district of the sixth ward, paraded up Centre Street, opposite the halls of justice, to the neighborhood of the poll of the third district, where, after marching and counter-marching, the leader Walsh recommenced the work of violence by

knocking down an unoffending individual who was following near him. This was the signal for a general attack of this band upon the Irish population, who were knocked down in every direction until the street was literally strewed with their prostrate bodies. After this demonstration of Spartan valor the Irish fled, and the band moved on to another poll to re-enact their deeds of violence. In the interim the Irish proceeded to rally their forces, and, armed with sticks of cord-wood and clubs, paraded through Centre Street about three hundred strong, attacking indiscriminately, and knocking down nearly all who came in their way; some of their victims, bruised and bloody, having to be carried into the police-office and the prison to protect them from being murdered. A portion of the Irish then dispersed; while another portion proceeded to a house in Orange Street, which they attacked, and riddled from top to bottom. Re-uniting their scattered forces, the Irish bands again, with increased numbers, marched up Centre Street, driving all before them: and, when near the halls of justice, the cry was raised, 'Americans, stand firm!' when a body of nearly a thousand voters surrounded the Irish bands, knocked them down, and beat them without mercy; while some of the fallen Irish were with difficulty rescued from the violence that would have destroyed them had they not been hurried into

the police-office and prison as a place of refuge. In this encounter, or the one that preceded it, a man named Ford, said to be one of the Spartans, was carried into the police-office beaten almost to death, and was subsequently transferred to the hospital."

Immediately after this appeared, two stout men made their ingress into the office of "The Tribune," and declared that this account of the riot was incorrect and unjust, and they expected to see it corrected in the next issue of the paper; but, as that was not done, a second visit was made to the office by the two fighting gentlemen. Bitter words were uttered, and sharp threats were made, that, unless a recantation were made in the next paper, they would "smash the office." The next paper gave a full history of the affair, and condemned the rioters in unmistakable terms. The "Bloody Sixth" were in a rage; and the operators of "The Tribune" put themselves in an attitude of defence. One of the conductors of the paper, being a member of the City Guard, obtained the muskets of that body, and had them conveyed to the "Tribune" building. One of them was placed near Mr. Greeley, who looked up, and said, "I guess they won't come down," and resumed his writing. Every preparation was made to give the rioters a warm reception should they appear to "smash the office." The steam-pipe was conveyed from the safety-valve of

the boiler, and placed where it commanded the front stairs, by which the virtue of hot water was to be tried upon the invaders. The men from other offices, also, joined with the "Tribune" defenders, as they considered it an attack on the freedom of the press; but the good story was spoiled by the non-appearance of the "Bloody Sixth."

During the year of the second volume of "The Tribune," Mr. Greeley took a trip to Washington, Mount Vernon, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Niagara. During this tour he corresponded for "The Tribune," giving vivid descriptions of the senators and representatives in Washington.

He wrote as follows from Mount Vernon: "Slowly, pensively, we turned our faces from the rest of the mighty dead to the turmoil of the restless living; from the solemn, sublime repose of Mount Vernon to the ceaseless intrigues, the petty strifes, the ant-hill bustle, of the Federal City. Each has its own atmosphere: London and Mecca are not so unlike as they. The silent, enshrouding woods, the gleaming, majestic river, the bright, benignant sky, — it is fitly here, amid the scenes he loved and hallowed, that the man whose life and character have redeemed patriotism and liberty from the reproach which centuries of designing knavery and hollow profession had cast upon them, now calmly awaits the trump of the

archangel. Who does not rejoice that the original design of removing his ashes to the city has never been consummated; that they lie where the pilgrim may reverently approach them, unvexed by the light laugh of the time-killing worldling, unannoyed by the vain or vile scribblings of the thoughtless or the base? Thus may they repose forever, that the heart of the patriot may be invigorated, the hopes of the philanthropist strengthened and his aims exalted, the pulse of the American quickened and his aspirations purified, by a visit to Mount Vernon!"

While at Niagara he wrote the following: —

"Years, though not many, have weighed upon me since first in boyhood I gazed from the deck of a canal-boat upon the distant cloud of white vapor which marked the position of the world's great cataract, and listened to catch the rumbling of its deep thunders. Circumstances did not then permit me to gratify my strong desire of visiting it; and now, when I am tempted to wonder at the stolidity of those who live within a day's journey, yet live on through half a century without one glance at the mighty torrent, I am checked by the reflection that I myself passed within a dozen miles of it no less than five times before I was able to enjoy its magnificence. The propitious hour came at last, however; and after a disappointed gaze from the upper terrace on the Brit-

ish side (in which I half feared that the sheet of broken and boiling water above was all the cataract that existed), and rapid, tortuous descent by the woody declivity, I stood at length on Table Rock, and the whole immensity of the tremendous avalanche of waters burst at once on my arrested vision, while awe struggled with amazement for the mastery of my soul.

"This was late in October. I have twice visited the scene amid the freshness and beauty of June; but I think the late autumn is by far the better season. There is then a sternness in the sky, a plaintive melancholy in the sighing of the wind through the mottled forest-foliage, which harmonize better with the spirit of the scene. For the Genius of Niagara, O friend! is never a laughter-loving spirit. For the gaudy vanities, the petty pomps, the light follies, of the hour, he has small sympathy. Let not the giddy heir bring here his ingots, the selfish aspirant his ambition, the libertine his victim, and hope to find enjoyment and gayety in the presence. Let none come here to nurse his pride or avarice, or any other low desire. God and his handiwork here stand forth in lone sublimity; and all petty doings and darings of the ants at the base of the pyramid appear in their proper significance. Few can have visited Niagara, and left it no humbler, no graver, than they came."

When he returned to New York, and recommenced his editorial labors, he wrote, "The senior editor of this paper has returned to his post after an absence of four weeks, during which he has visited nearly one-half of the counties of this State, and passed through portions of Pennsylvania, Vermont, Massachusetts, &c. During this time he has written little for 'The Tribune' save the casual and hasty letter to which his initials were subscribed; but it need hardly be said that the general course and conduct of the paper have been the same as if he had been at his post.

"Two deductions only from the observations he has made and the information he has gathered in his tour will here be given. They are these: —

"1. The cause of protection to home-industry is much stronger throughout this and the adjoining States than even the great party which mainly upholds it; and nothing will so much tend to *insure* the election of Henry Clay for our next president as the veto of an efficient tariff-bill by John Tyler.

"2. The strength of the Whig party is unbroken by recent disasters and treachery, and only needs the proper opportunity to manifest itself in all the energy and power of 1840. If a distinct and unequivocal issue can be made upon the great leading questions at issue between the rival parties, — on protection to

home-industry and internal improvement, — the Whig ascendency will be triumphantly vindicated in the coming election."

Mr. Parton, in his excellent "Life of Horace Greeley," speaking of this period, says, "The year 1844 was the year of Clay and Frelinghuysen, Polk and Dallas; the year of nativism, and the year of delirious hope and deep despair; the year that finished one era of politics, and began another; the year of Margaret Fuller, and the burning of 'The Tribune' office; the year when Horace Greeley showed his friends how hard a man can work, how little he can sleep, and yet live. 'The Tribune' began its fourth volume on the 10th of April, enlarged one-third in size, with new type, and a modest flourish of trumpets. It returned thanks to the public for the liberal support which had been extended to it from the beginning of its career. 'Our gratitude,' said the editor, 'is the deeper from our knowledge that many of the views expressed through our columns are unacceptable to a large proportion of our readers. We know especially that our advocacy of measures intended to meliorate the social condition of the toiling millions (not the purpose, but the means); our ardent sympathy with the people of Ireland in their protracted, arduous, peaceful struggle to recover some portion of the common rights of man; and our

opposition to the legal extinction of human life,— are, severally or collectively, regarded with extreme aversion by many of our steadfast patrons, whose liberality and confidence are gratefully appreciated.' To the Whig party, of which it was 'not an organ, but a humble advocate,' its obligations were many and profound. 'The Tribune,' in fact, had become the leading Whig paper of the country.

"Horace Greeley had long set his heart upon the election of Henry Clay to the presidency, for some special reasons besides the general one of his belief that the policy identified with the name of Henry Clay was the true policy of the government. Henry Clay was one of the heroes of his boyhood's admiration. Yet in 1840, believing that Clay could not be elected, he had used his influence to promote the nomination of Gen. Harrison. Then came the death of the president, the 'apostasy' of Tyler, and his pitiful attempts to secure a re-election. The annexation of Texas loomed up in the distance, and the repeal of the tariff of 1842. For these and other reasons, Horace Greeley was inflamed with a desire to behold once more the triumph of his party, and to see the long career of the eminent Kentuckian crowned with its suitable, its coveted reward. For this he labored as few men have ever labored for any but personal objects. He attended the convention at

Baltimore that nominated the Whig candidates, — one of the largest (and quite the most excited) political assemblages that ever were gathered in this country. During the summer he addressed political meetings three, four, five, six times a week. He travelled far and wide, advising, speaking, and in every way urging on the cause. He wrote, on an average, *four columns a day* for 'The Tribune.' He answered, on an average, twenty letters a day. He wrote to such an extent, that his right arm broke out in boils; and at one time there were twenty between the wrist and the elbow. He lived, at that time, a long distance from the office; and many a hot night he protracted his labors till the last omnibus had gone, and he was obliged to trudge wearily home after sixteen hours of incessant and intense exertion. The Whigs were very confident. They were *sure* of victory. But Horace Greeley knew the country better. If every Whig had worked as he worked, how different had been the result! how different the subsequent history of the country! how different its future! — we had had no annexation of Texas, no Mexican war, no tinkering of the tariff to keep the nation provincially dependent on Europe, no fugitive-slave law, no Pierce, no Douglas, no Nebraska."

Notwithstanding all the efforts of "The Tribune" to the contrary, Polk and Dallas were elected President and Vice-President of the United States.

In February, 1845, "The Tribune" building was burned. Almost every paper in New York has been burned out some time, and some of them more than once. The following is Mr. Greeley's account of it: —

"At four o'clock yesterday morning, a boy in our employment entered our publication-office as usual, and kindled a fire in the stove for the day; after which he returned to the mailing-room below, and resumed folding newspapers. Half an hour afterward, a clerk, who slept on the counter of the publication-office, was awoke by a sensation of heat, and found the room in flames. He escaped with a slight scorching. A hasty effort was made by two or three persons to extinguish the fire by casting water upon it; but the fierce wind then blowing rushed in as the doors were opened, and drove the flames through the building with inconceivable rapidity. Mr. Graham, and our clerk Robert M. Strebeigh, were sleeping in the second story until awakened by the roar of the flames, their room being full of smoke and fire. The door and stairway being on fire, they escaped with only their night-clothes by jumping from a rear window, each losing a gold watch, and Mr. Graham nearly five hundred dollars in cash, which was in his pocket-book under his pillow. Robert was somewhat cut in the face on striking the ground, but not seriously. In our printing-office, fifth story, two compositors

were at work making up 'The Weekly Tribune' for the press, and had barely time to escape before the stairway was in flames. In the basement our pressmen were at work on 'The Daily Tribune' of the morning, and had printed about three-fourths of the edition: the balance, of course, went with every thing else, including a supply of paper and 'The Weekly Tribune' printed on one side. A few books were hastily caught up and saved, but nothing else, — not even the daily form on which the pressmen were working. So complete a destruction of a daily newspaper-office was never known. From the editorial rooms not a paper was saved; and besides all the editor's own manuscripts, correspondence, and collection of valuable books, some manuscripts belonging to friends, of great value to them, are gone.

"Our loss, so far as money can replace it, is about eighteen thousand dollars, of which ten thousand dollars was covered by insurance. The loss of property which insurance would not cover we feel more keenly.

"If our mail-books come out whole from our salamander safe, now buried among the burning ruins, we shall be gratefully content.

"It is usual on such occasions to ask, 'Why were you not fully insured?' It is impossible, from the nature of our business, that we should be so; and no

man could have imagined that such an establishment, in which men were constantly at work night and day, could be wholly consumed by fire. There has not been another night since the building was put up when it could have been burned down, even if deliberately fired for that purpose. But when this fire broke out, under a strong gale and snow-storm of twenty-four hours' continuance, which had rendered the streets impassable, it was well-nigh impossible to drag an engine at all. Some of them could not be got out of their houses; others were dragged a few rods, and then given up of necessity; and those which reached the fire found the nearest hydrant frozen up, and only to be opened with an axe. Meantime the whole building was in a blaze.

"We have been called, editorially, to scissor out a great many fires, both small and great, and have done so with cool philosophy, not reflecting how much, to some one man, the little paragraph would most assuredly mean. The late complete and summary burning-up of our office, licked up clean as it was by the red flames in a few hours, has taught us a lesson on this head. Aside from all pecuniary loss, how great is the suffering produced by a fire! A hundred little articles of no use to any one save the owner; things that people would look at day after day, and see nothing in; that we ourselves have contemplated

with cool indifference, — now that they are irrevocably destroyed, come up in the shape of reminiscences, and seem as if they had been worth their weight in gold.

"We would not indulge in unnecessary sentiment; but even the old desk at which we sat, the ponderous inkstand, the familiar faces of files of correspondence, the choice collection of pamphlets, the unfinished essay, the charts by which we steered, — can they all have vanished, nevermore to be seen? Truly your fire makes clean work, and is, of all executive officers, supereminent. Perhaps that last choice batch of letters may be somewhere on file: we are almost tempted to cry, 'Devil! find it up!' Poh! it is a mere cinder now: some

'Fathoms deep my letter lies;
Of its lines is tinder made.'

"No Arabian tale can cradle a wilder fiction, or show how altogether illusory life is. Those solid walls of brick, those five decent stories, those steep and difficult stairs, the swinging doors, the sanctum, — scene of many a deep political drama, of many a pathetic tale, — utterly whiffed out as one summarily snuffs out a spermaceti on retiring for the night; and all perfectly true.

"One always has some private satisfaction in his

own particular misery. Consider what a night it was that burnt us out; that we were conquered by the elements; went up in flames heroically on the wildest, windiest, stormiest night these dozen years, not by any fault of human enterprise, but fairly conquered by stress of weather: there was a great flourish of trumpets, at all events.

"And consider, above all, that salamander safe; how, after all, the fire, assisted by the elements, only came off second-best, not being able to reduce that safe into ashes. That is the streak of sunshine through the dun wreaths of smoke, the combat of human ingenuity against the desperate encounter of the seething heat. But those boots, and Webster's Dictionary: well, we *were* handsomely whipped there, we acknowledge."

CHAPTER X.

MR. GREELEY IN POLITICS.

Mr. Greeley a Politician from his Youth. — A Great Friend of the United-States Bank. — A Friend of William H. Seward. — Opposed to Gen. Jackson. — Greeley in the Harrison Campaign. — Deep in Politics.

FROM a child, Horace Greeley was a politician. He says, "I was an ardent politician when not yet half old enough to vote."

Though young, he fought with the North against the admission of Missouri as a slave State. He was opposed to the compromise by which Missouri came into the Union.

The nation now had a calm for several years. But, in 1824, William H. Crawford of Georgia was nominated in a congress attended by less than one-third of the members of Congress. New England opposed such a caucus, and voted in solid phalanx for John Quincy Adams. No choice of president was made by the people, — or rather by the electors, who have ever been the automatons of the people, — and Mr. Adams was chosen by the House. Mr. Greeley, — always a

tariff-man, — with the rest of the Northern Whigs, now went against Mr. Calhoun, who had formerly been a protectionist, but who had now joined the Jackson party; and at this time, Mr. Greeley says, "Every thing went wrong with us [meaning the Whigs] at this time. Out-manœuvred on every side, we were clearly doomed to defeat;" and in 1828 Jackson was elected.

Mr. Greeley says, "In the succeeding presidential contest, in 1832, we had scarcely a chance. Anti-Masonry had divided us, and driven thousands of Adams men over to Jackson, whose personal popularity was very great, especially with the non-reading class, and who had strengthened himself at the North by his tariff-messages and his open rupture with Calhoun."

Mr. Greeley shows his thorough acquaintance with every rope in the politics of the ship of state, from those times down to the present. He says again, "I have always — at least, since I read Dr. Franklin's Autobiography, more than forty years ago — been an advocate of paper-money; but I want it to be *money*, convertible at pleasure into coin, — not printed lies, even though they fail to deceive."

Mr. Greeley was a great friend of the United-States Bank, as were his Whig brethren of that day: hence he was a stanch opponent of Gen. Jackson's policy. Of

those stormy times Mr. Greeley wrote in his "Recollections," "The United-States Bank, being required to pay over the millions it held on deposit for the government, receiving no more, began, of course, to contract its loans. It could do no otherwise; especially as an attempt, evidently inspired, had been made by Jackson brokers to break its branch at Savannah by quietly collecting a large quantity of its notes, and presenting them at once for payment, hoping that they could not all be met, and that it might thereupon be claimed that the bank had failed. It was charged by its adversaries that the contraction consequent upon the removal of the deposits was too rapid and too great; in fact, that its purpose was the creation of commercial distress and panic. This may have been: but a very decided contraction by that bank was inevitable; and it could have pursued no course that did not expose it to accusation and reproach. I presume it struggled for its life, as most of us would do if assailed with deadly intent. With the removal of the deposits its power to regulate the currency lapsed, and its duty as well. Those banks to which the government had transferred its funds and its favors should unitedly have assumed and exercised the functions of a regulator, or confessed their inability. As the pressure for money increased, the political elements were lashed to fury, and our city — the focus of American commerce — became the

arena of a fierce electioneering struggle. Hitherto the Jackson ascendency had, since the death of De Witt Clinton, been so decided, that our charter elections had usually been scarcely contested; but the stirring debates daily received from Washington, the strivings of merchants and banks to avert bankruptcy, the daily tightening of the money-market, and the novel hopes of success inspired in the breasts of those who now took the name of 'Whigs' to indicate their repugnance to unauthorized assumptions of executive power, rendered New York for some weeks a boiling caldron of political passions. Our three-days' election (April, 1834) was the most vehement and keenly-contested struggle which I ever witnessed. Our city was then divided into fifteen wards, with but one poll to each ward; and I should estimate the average attendance on each at little less than a thousand. I am certain that I saw the masses surrounding the fourth and sixth ward polls respectively (then but two or three blocks apart) so mingled, that you could not say where the one ended and the other began. There were some fights, of course, and one general collision in the sixth ward that might have resulted in deplorable bloodshed; but peace was soon restored. In the event, the Jacksonites elected their mayor (Cornelius W. Lawrence) over the Whig candidate (Gulian C. Verplanck) by three hundred and eighty-four majority;

which was less than their overplus of voters naturalized on the last day of the poll. The total vote was nearly thirty-five thousand; which was probably a closer approach to the whole number of legal voters than was ever drawn out before or since. The Whigs carried both branches of the common council, giving them the control of most of the city patronage; so that the result was generally and justly regarded as a drawn battle.

"My concern printed a daily campaign penny-paper, entitled 'The Constitution,' through most of that year, and I was a free contributor to its columns; though its editor and publisher was Mr. Achilles R. Crain, who died some thirty years ago. It did not pay; and the firm of Greeley and Winchester were losers by it, counting my editorial assistance worth nothing. William H. Seward, then thirty-four years old, and just closing with distinction a four-years' term in the State Senate, was our candidate for governor, with Silas M. Stillwell for lieutenant; and we fondly hoped to carry the State in the November election. But meantime the State banks, wherein the federal revenue was deposited ('pet banks' we Whigs termed them), had been enabled to effect an enormous expansion of their loans and issues; and the country, not yet feeling the tariff reductions which the compromise of 1833 had barely inaugurated, was

launched on the flood of a factitious but seductive semblance of prosperity. Money was abundant. Every one had employment who wanted, and pay if he earned it; property was rapidly increasing in value; factories and furnaces had full work, and were doing well: so, when the fall election came, we made a gallant fight, but were badly defeated; Marcy being re-elected governor over Seward by some thirteen thousand majority, — more than he had over Granger in 1832; and the Whigs, beaten pretty generally and decisively, relapsed into a torpor, whence they were scarcely aroused by the ensuing presidential election, wherein Gen. Harrison was made their candidate for president, with Francis Granger for vice-president; while Hugh L. White of Tennessee ran for president, with John Tyler of Virginia for vice-president, on an independent ticket, which contested the South with the Jackson Regulars, who alone held a national convention, in which they nominated Martin Van Buren for president, with Col. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky for vice. I was among the very few in the Eastern States who had taken any interest in bringing forward Gen. Harrison as a candidate, believing that there was the raw material for a good run in his history and character; but this was not generally credited, at least in our State, which, in a languid contest on a light vote, went for Van Buren,

Johnson, and Marcy, by some twenty-eight thousand majority. When, however, the returns from other States came pouring in, and it was found that Gen. Harrison had carried, with Vermont only of the New-England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and had barely failed to carry Pennsylvania, while White had carried Tennessee and Georgia, barely failing in North Carolina and in two or three South-western States, and that Virginia had refused her vote to Johnson, so that he had failed of an election by the people, and had to be chosen over Granger by the Senate, there was a general waking-up to the conviction, that either Harrison was more popular, or Van Buren more obnoxious, than had been supposed in our State, and that the latter might have been beaten by seasonable concert and effort. In that slouching Whig defeat of 1836 lay the germ of the overwhelming Whig triumph of 1840."

Mr. Greeley could never account for Mr. Van Buren's election, except upon the principle of "love me, love my dog;" and always insisted that love for Andrew Jackson attained the presidency for Van Buren. Soon the trouble from removing the deposits by Jackson ripened to real distress under Van Buren's administration; and Mr. Greeley wrote in his "Recollections" as follows: "The commercial revul-

sion, which was rather apprehended than fully experienced in 1834, was abundantly realized in 1837. Manufactories were stopped, and their hands thrown out of work. Trade was almost stagnant. Bankruptcies among men of business were rather the rule than the exception. Property was sacrificed at auction, often at sheriff's or assignee's sale, for a fraction of its value; and thousands who had fondly dreamed themselves millionnaires, or on the point of becoming such, awoke to the fact that they were bankrupt. The banks were, of course, in trouble; those which had been government depositories, or pets, rather deeper than the rest. Looking at the matter from *their* point of view, they had been first seduced into a questionable path, and were now reviled and assailed for yielding to their seducers. Soon were heard the rumblings of a political earthquake. Scarcely a State elected members of Congress or a governor in 1837, after the suspension of specie payment; but the legislative and local elections of autumn sufficiently indicated the popular revulsion. When New York came to vote in November, the gale had stiffened into a tornado. The Whigs carried New-York City, which they had never done before, with Westchester, Orange, Duchess, Greene, Oneida, Onondaga, and other counties hitherto overwhelmingly Democratic, giving them six of the eight Senate districts, includ-

ing the first and second. Herkimer, Jefferson, St Lawrence, Suffolk, and a few smaller counties, were all that clung to the waning fortunes of Van Buren, the Whigs choosing a hundred out of the hundred and twenty-eight members of Assembly. The Senate being chosen, but one-fourth annually remained strongly Democratic."

Mr. Greeley kept posted with the views of every president, whether Democratic or Whig. Of Mr. Polk he said, —

"He was a man of moderate abilities, faultless private character, and undeviating Jacksonism. He had briefly but positively avowed himself an advocate of the immediate annexation of Texas. Mr. Polk had been for years in Congress, and had always voted there against protection, as all Southern Democrats had voted since 1828. He was as much a free-trader as Mr. Calhoun had been ever since 1824; and yet he was induced by the exigencies of the canvass in Pennsylvania to write or sign the following letter: —

COLUMBIA, TENN., June 19, 1844.

DEAR SIR, — I have received recently several letters in reference to my opinions on the subject of the tariff, and, among others, yours of the 10th ult. My opinions on this subject have been often given to the public. They are to be found in my public acts,

and in the public discussions in which I have participated. I am in favor of a tariff for revenue, — such a one as will yield a sufficient amount to the treasury to defray the expenses of government economically administered. In adjusting the details of a revenue tariff, I have heretofore sanctioned such moderate discriminating duties as would produce the amount of revenue needed, and at the same time afford incidental protection to our home-industry. I am opposed to a tariff for protection merely, and not for revenue. Acting upon these general principles, it is well known that I gave my support to the policy of Gen. Jackson's administration on this subject. I voted against the tariff act of 1828. I voted for the act of 1832, which contained modifications of some of the objectionable provisions of the act of 1828. As a member of the committee of ways and means of the Representatives, I gave my assent to the bill reported by that committee in December, 1832, making further modifications of the act of 1828, and making also discriminations in the imposition of the duties which it proposed. That bill did not pass, but was superseded by the bill commonly called "The Compromise Bill," for which I voted. In my judgment, it is the duty of the government to extend, as far as it may be practicable to do so, by its revenue-laws and all other means within its power, fair and just protection

to all the great interests of the whole Union, embracing agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, commerce, and navigation. I heartily approve the resolutions upon this subject passed by the Democratic national convention lately assembled at Baltimore.

I am with great respect, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES K. POLK.

JOHN K. KANE, Esq., Philadelphia."

Mr. Greeley adds, "It was impossible not to see that this was an elaborate attempt to darken counsel so as to break the force of the tariff issue, which was telling strongly against him wherever protection was the favorite policy."

Mr. Greeley says, "I have admired and trusted many statesmen; I profoundly loved Henry Clay: hence, from the hour of his nomination (in May, 1844) to his defeat in November, I gave every hour, every effort, every thought, to his election.

"Mr. Clay, born in poverty and obscurity, had not even a common-school education, and had only a few months' clerkship in a store, with a somewhat longer training in a lawyer's office, as preparation for his great career. Tall in person, though plain in features, graceful in manner, and at once dignified and

affable in bearing, I think his fervid patriotism and thrilling eloquence combined with decided natural abilities and a wide and varied experience to render him the American more fitted to win and enjoy popularity than any other who has lived. That popularity he steadily achieved and extended through the earlier half of his long public life: but he was confronted by a political combination well-nigh invincible, based on the potent personal strength of Gen. Jackson; and this overcame him. Five times presented as a candidate for president, he was always beaten, — twice in conventions of his political associates, thrice in the choice of electors by the people. The careless reader of our history in future centuries will scarcely realize the force of his personal magnetism, nor conceive how millions of hearts glowed with sanguine hopes of his election to the presidency, and bitterly lamented his and their discomfiture."

In 1848 we find Mr. Greeley still in politics. Polk and Dallas had served their period; the Mexican war was over; and Zachary Taylor, technically called "Old Zach," was nominated for president. Of this nomination Daniel Webster said, "It was not fit to be made;" and Horace Greeley said or acted out this same idea. He says in his "Recollections," "The presidential canvass of 1848 opened directly after it (the Mexican war).

"Gen. Zachary Taylor — a native of Virginia, but long resident in Louisiana — had evinced qualities in the war which strongly commended him to many as a candidate for our highest civil office. Though his part in it was less brilliant, less important, than that of Gen. Scott, he had commended himself far more widely to popular favor. Quiet, resolute, sententious, unostentatious, he was admired by multitudes who profoundly detested the war wherein he had so suddenly achieved renown; and many of them gloated over the prospect of hurling from power the politicians who had so wantonly plunged us into a contest of aggression and invasion by means of the very instrument which they had employed to consummate their purposes. I non-concurred in this view most decidedly. Gen. Taylor, though an excellent soldier, had no experience as a statesman; and his capacity for civil administration was wholly undemonstrated. He had never voted; had, apparently, paid little attention to and taken little interest in politics; and, though inclined toward the Whig party, was but slightly identified with its ideas and its efforts. Nobody could say what were his views regarding protection, internal improvement, or the currency. On the great question — which our vast acquisitions from Mexico had suddenly invested with the gravest importance — of excluding slavery from the yet untainted federal Territories, he

had nowise declared himself; and the fact that he was an extensive slaveholder justified a presumption that he, like most slaveholders, deemed it right that any settler in the Territories should be at liberty to take thither, and hold there as property, whatever the laws of his own State recognized as property. We desired to 'take a bond of fate' that this view should not be held by a *Whig* president, at all events.

"And then I (with many others) wanted to try over again the issue on which I thought we had been defrauded in 1844. It seemed impossible that Pennsylvania (in view of her recent experience) should *again* be persuaded that any Democrat was as good a protectionist as Henry Clay. True, we had not defeated Gov. Shunk's re-election in 1847; but the running of distinct Whig and Native candidates for governor rendered our defeat inevitable.

"New York we had carried in 1847 by a very large majority; the Free-soil section of the Democratic party withholding its votes from the proslavery or 'hunker' State ticket. The Whigs of our State were mainly for Clay. We could give him her electoral vote; and this, with Pennsylvania, made his election morally certain. Hence I worked hard to secure his nomination.

"The attempt to run a parallel between this case and that of 1840 failed in the most material point.

Gen. Harrison may not have been so able as Mr. Clay; but he was not less earnestly and unequivocally a Whig. No one could indicate a shade of difference in their political views. Gen. Harrison's military career was brief and casual: his life had been that of a civilian, honored and trusted by all administrations between 1800 and 1828, — a Territorial governor, United-States senator, and ambassador to Colombia. Gen. Taylor, now an old man, had been in the regular army from boyhood, and was in all things a veteran soldier. His slender acquaintance with and interest in politics was nowise feigned, but was usual and natural with men of his class and position.

"The Whig national convention met at Philadelphia on the 1st of June. There was a pretty full, but not extraordinary attendance. I believe Ex-Governor Morehead of North Carolina presided. It was very soon apparent that the shrewd, influential, managing politicians were generally for Taylor, who had a plurality, but not a majority, on the first ballot, and gained steadily on the two following; viz.: —

	1st.	2d.	3d.
Taylor . . .	111	118	133
Clay	97	86	74
Scott	43	49	54
Webster . . .	22	22	17
Scattering . . .	6	—	—

"An adjournment was now had till next morning: but the issue was already decided, and Gen. Taylor was nominated on the next ballot; when the vote stood, — Taylor, 171; Clay, 35; Scott, 60; Webster, 14. All that we Clayites achieved was the substitution of Millard Fillmore as vice-president for Abbott Lawrence of Boston, who was on the Taylor slate; but evidences of dissatisfaction induced the managers to take him off, and let Mr. Fillmore be nominated."

CHAPTER XI.

MR. GREELEY IN CONGRESS.

Elected to Congress. — Attacks the Mileage Fraud. — Mr. Greeley accused of Inconsistency. — His Explanation. — His Reports to "The Tribune" attacked. — He introduces the Mileage Bill. — Sticks to his Opinion of Gen. Taylor's Nomination. — Address to his Constituents. — Our Object not to extol him, but to tell what he has done. — Quotation from Mr. Greeley's Whig Almanac. — His Effort to save Money. — Mr. Turner's Resolutions. — Mr. Greeley's Reply. — Mr. Greeley not a *Dead-Head*. — Facetious Discussion on the Mileage Question. — Second Address to his Constituents.

MR. GREELEY was elected to fill out the term of three months of a deceased member. He did not seek the office, and spoke of his nomination and election as follows, some years after: "In our State election for 1846, David S. Jackson (Democrat) had been chosen to represent the upper district of our city in the thirtieth Congress by a small majority over Col. James Monroe (Whig). That majority was obtained by bringing over from Blackwell's Island, and polling in the nineteenth ward, the adult male paupers domiciled in the almshouse, — not merely

those who had resided in our district before they honored our city by condescending to live at her expense, but those who had been gathered in from other districts. Col. Monroe objected to this as carrying a joke too far; and, on his contesting the return of Mr. Jackson, the House sustained the objection, and unseated Jackson without replacing him by Monroe. The people were required to vote again.

"By this time it was 1848, — the year of Gen. Taylor's election. Col. Monroe confidently expected to be the Whig candidate, not merely for the vacancy, but for the ensuing thirty-first Congress. The delegates, however, were fixed for Mr. James Brooks, editor of 'The Express,' who was duly nominated for the thirty-first; while Col. Monroe was tendered the nomination for the remaining ninety days (at eight dollars per day) of the thirtieth Congress. He declined indignantly: whereupon that fag-end of a term was tendered to me. I at first resolved to decline also, not seeing how to leave my business so abruptly for a three-months' sojourn at Washington; but the nomination was so kindly pressed upon me, with such apparently cogent reasons therefor, that I accepted it. There was never any doubt of the result. A politician soon called on me, professing to be from Mr. Brooks, to inquire as to what should be done to secure our election. 'Tell Mr. Brooks,' I

responded, 'that we have only to keep so still that no particular attention will be called to us, and Gen. Taylor will carry us both in. There are not voters enough in the district who care about either of us, one way or the other, to swamp the majority that the Taylor electors cannot fail to receive.'

"The district from which I was chosen included all our city above Fourteenth Street, with the eleventh, fifteenth, and seventeenth wards lying below that street. It then contained about one-third of the city's entire population: it now contains at least two-thirds. When, soon after taking my seat, I introduced a bill authorizing each landless citizen of the United States to occupy and appropriate a small allotment of the national domain, free of charge, a Western member wanted to know why *New York* should busy herself as to the disposal of the public lands. I responded, that *my* interest in the matter was stimulated by the fact that I represented more landless men than any other member on that floor.

"The pay of members of Congress for services was, then as now, all the same for each member; but the *mileage* was different, as some came five, and some a thousand miles." The first thing Mr. Greeley did when he entered Congress was to attack the mileage question. He gives his own account of this matter in his "Recollections" thus:—

"The introduction and rapid multiplication of steamboats, especially on our great trans-Alleghany network of rivers and lakes, rendered this mileage absurdly too high. A member now traversed a distance of two thousand miles about as quickly as, and at hardly more expense than, his predecessor by half a century must have incurred on a journey of two hundred miles, for which the latter was paid eighty, and the former eight hundred dollars.

"Nor was this all. The steamboat routes, though much more swiftly and cheaply traversed, were nearly twice — sometimes thrice — the length of the stage and horseback roads they superseded; and as the law said at first, and continued to say, that they were to charge mileage 'by the usually-travelled route,' they now charged and received twice as much for travelling five days in a sumptuous cabin, replete with every luxury, as their fathers paid for roughing it over the mountains in fifteen to twenty days at a far greater cost. Col. Benton, — who deemed himself and meant to be an honest man, — somewhere about 1836, made a claim on the treasury for about two thousand dollars which (he computed) was required to bring up his mileage in past years to a par with the charges of others; and this amount was allowed and paid him.

"Said First Comptroller Elisha Whittlesey to me,

near the close of his long, upright, and useful public life, 'Even Mr. Calhoun has increased his charge for mileage since the old horseback and stage-coach days; and there is just one man in Congress who charges mileage now as all did then: that man is Henry Clay.

"Getting into the House, I had access to the schedules of compensation and mileage which (though they are said to be printed) were not (and *are* not) easily found by outsiders; and I resolved to improve my opportunity. So I hired a reporter to transcribe them; and (using as a basis of comparison the United-States topographer's official statement of the distances from Washington, by the most direct mail-route, of each post-office in the country) I aimed to show exactly how much could be saved, in the case of each member, by computing mileage on the most direct post-route, instead of 'the usually-travelled route.' This *exposé*, when prepared, was transmitted to New York, duly appeared in 'The Tribune,' and so came back to Washington.

"I had expected that it would kick up some dust; but my expectations were far outrun. It happened that two of our Whig members from Ohio had been run out by close votes at the recent election (October, 1848), and that the crooked mileage they charged had been used with effect by their opponents in the canvass. It might be all right for them to charge mile-

age from the heart of Ohio around by Lake Erie to Washington, when the government had constructed a first-rate national road from the vicinity of Baltimore due west through Zanesville and Columbus to Indianapolis; but the people didn't or wouldn't see it. These beaten sore-heads were specially prompt and eager in preaching a crusade against me on the floor."

Mr. Greeley says, "Rarely has our country been served by a more upright man than Hon. Jacob Collamore of Vermont. So enormous was this evil, that this good man had become involved in it; and he made complaint to me as follows: —

"'Is it not hard that I should be held up to the public as a swindler? Look at the facts. I live in Woodstock. I take the stage to Windsor, twenty-two miles, where I strike the nearest railroad. I ride thence by rail to Boston, from Boston to New York, from New York to Washington. It is the easiest and quickest route I can take, — the natural route of travel. I charge for the miles I actually travel, — not one more. Why is not this right?'

"'Judge,' I responded, 'now hear *me*. Your predecessors, I happen to know, took stage from Woodstock to Rutland, from Rutland to Troy, thence by steamboat to New York, thence by railroad to Washington. It is now cheaper and easier for you to go by

Boston, — three hundred miles farther. Will you tell me why you should be paid two hundred and forty dollars more per annum because this cheaper and easier route has lately been opened? I concede you the advantage of the improved transit. I protest against your charging two hundred and forty dollars, and the people paying it therefor. That is not just.'

"The only answer I ever received to this way of putting the case was, 'Such is the law.' But Congress was *master* of the law; able at any time to make it just; therefore *bound* to make it just. It was the object of my *exposé* to compel such adjustment.

"Gen. J. J. McKay of North Carolina once came across to my seat. He was a stern proslavery Democrat; and it was not the habit of such to waste civilities on me.

"'Mr. Greeley,' he said, 'you have printed me as charging seven miles more than the actual distance from my home to Washington. The fact is not so. I charge precisely as you say is just, — by the shortest mail-route; but I live seven miles beyond my post-office, and I charge from my own house.'

"'How could I know that?' I inquired.

"'You could not,' he replied. 'I am not blaming you: on the contrary, I thank you for what you have done. It was needed, and will do good. I only wished that you should know the facts.'"

Mr. Greeley did not first introduce the mileage question to the House. This was done by Hon. William Sawyer of Ohio. He had been annoyed by an article published in "The Tribune" on his habit of eating a luncheon in the House behind the speaker's chair. He was further grieved by the introduction of Mr. Greeley's bill, though that stated correctly the difference between *his* mileage as charged and what it would be if computed by the most direct routes. There was a blunder in the case of his nearest Whig neighbor, Hon. Robert C. Schenck, whose overcharge was not made as much as it should be. Schenck arose, and offered to swap with his colleague if *that* would afford him any satisfaction. It afforded none.

It has already been stated that Mr. Greeley did not favor Gen. Taylor's nomination; and had he not chanced to attend a Whig meeting in Vauxhall Garden, where he was loudly called for, and where he made the following speech, he probably would not have been nominated for Congress, which would have saved him some rencounters with others on that floor: —

"I trust, fellow-citizens, I shall never be afraid nor ashamed to meet a Whig assemblage, and express my sentiments on the political questions of the day; and, although I have had no intimation till now that my presence here was expected or desired, I am the more

ready to answer your call, since I have heard intimations, even from this stand, that there was some mystery in my course to be cleared up, — some astounding revelation with regard to it to be expected. And our eloquent friend from Kentucky even volunteered, in his remarks, to see me personally, and get me right. If there be indeed any mystery in the premises, I will do my best to dispel it; but I have, in truth, nothing to reveal. I stated in announcing Gen. Taylor's nomination, the day after it was made, that I would support it if I saw no other way to defeat the election of Lewis Cass. That pledge I have ever regarded. I shall faithfully redeem it; and, since there is now no chance remaining that any other than Gen. Taylor or Gen. Cass can be elected, I shall henceforth support the ticket nominated at Philadelphia, and do what I can for its election.

"But I have not changed my opinion of the nomination of Gen. Taylor. Personally I have ever spoken of him with respect. But I believe it was unwise and unjust. I believe a candidate could and should have been chosen more deserving, more capable, more popular. I cannot pretend to support him with enthusiasm; for I do not feel any.

"Yet, while I frankly avow that I would do little merely to make Gen. Taylor president, I cannot forget that others stand or fall with him, and that among

them are Fillmore and Fish and Patterson, with whom I have battled for the Whig cause ever since I was entitled to vote, and to whom I cannot now be unfaithful.

"And then the question of free soil: what shall be the fate of that? I presume there are here some free-soil men" ["Yes, yes! *all* free-soil"]: "I mean those to whom the question of extending or restricting slavery outweighs all other considerations. And I appeal to every free-soil Whig to ask himself this question: How would South Carolina and Texas wish you to vote? Can you doubt your bitter adversaries would rejoice to hear that you had resolved to break off from the Whig party, and permit Gen. Cass to be chosen president, with an obedient Congress? I cannot doubt it; and I cannot believe that a wise or worthy course which my bitterest adversaries would gladly work out for me.

"Of Gen. Taylor's soundness on this question I feel no assurance, and can give none; but I believe him clearly pledged by his letters to leave legislation to Congress, and not attempt to control by his veto the policy of the country. I believe a Whig Congress will not consent to extend slavery, and that a Whig president will not go to war with Congress and the general spirit of his party. So believing, I shall support the Whig nominations with a view to the triumph

of free soil; trusting that the day is not distant when an amendment of the Federal Constitution will give the appointment of postmasters and other local officers to the people, and strip the president of the enormous and anti-republican patronage which now causes the whole political action of the country to hinge upon its presidential elections. Such are my views; such will be my course. I trust it will no longer be pretended that there is any mystery about them."

Mr. Greeley's nomination was received with much *éclat*, especially by thinking, literary, and laboring men. Though not as universally known then as at the present time, yet he was better known than almost any other candidate for Congress.

After Mr. Greeley's election, he issued the following card to the *electors of his district:* —

"The undersigned, late a candidate for Congress, respectfully returns his thanks, — first, to his political opponents for the uniform kindness and consideration with which he was treated by them throughout the canvass, and the unsolicited suffrages with which he was honored by many of them; secondly, to the great mass of his political brethren for the ardent, enthusiastic, and effective support which they rendered him; and, lastly, to that small portion of the Whig electors who saw fit to withhold from him their votes, thereby

nearly or quite neutralizing the support he received from the party. Claiming for himself the right to vote for or against any candidate of his as his own sense of right and duty shall dictate, he very freely accords to all others the same liberty, without offence or inquisition.

"During the late canvass, I have not, according to my best recollection, spoken of myself, and have not replied in any way to any sort of attack or imputation. I have in no manner sought to deprecate the objections, nor to soothe the terrors, of that large and most influential class who deem my advocacy of land-reform and social re-organization synonymous with infidelity and systematic robbery. To have entered upon explanations or vindications of my views on these subjects in the crisis of a great national struggle which taxed every energy, and demanded every thought, comported neither with my leisure nor my inclination.

"Neither have I seen fit at any time to justify nor allude to my participation in the efforts made here last summer to aid the people of Ireland in their anticipated struggle for liberty and independence. I shall not do so now. What I did then in behalf of the Irish millions, I stand ready to do again, so far as my means will permit, when a similar opportunity, with a like prospect of success, is presented; and not for them only, but for any equally oppressed and suffering

people on the face of the earth. If any 'extortion and plunder' were contrived and perpetrated in the meetings for Ireland at Vauxhall last season, I am wholly unconscious of it; though I ought to be as well informed as to the alleged 'extortion and plunder' as most others, whether my information were obtained in the character of conspirator or that of victim. I feel impelled, however, by the expressions employed in Mr. Brooks's card, to state that I have found nothing like an inclination to 'extortion and plunder' in the councils of the leading friends of Ireland in this city, and nothing like a suspicion of such baseness among the thousands who sustained and cheered them in their efforts. All the suspicions and imputations to which those have been subjected who freely gave their money and their exertions in aid of the generous though ineffectual efforts for Ireland's liberation have originated with those who never gave that cause a prayer or a shilling, and have not yet travelled beyond them. "Respectfully,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1848."

It is not the object of the writer to pronounce a panegyric upon Horace Greeley, but to recount in a plain and simple manner who he is and what he has done. He had been prompt in entering the House, as he took the oath and his seat on the first day

of the session: and he was in "for business;" for the next day he informed the House that he proposed to introduce a bill to prevent speculation in the public lands, and to secure "homesteads" to actual settlers upon the same. Eight days after, he introduced the following bill:—

"1. That any citizen, and any alien who had declared his intention of becoming a citizen, may file a pre-emption claim to a hundred and sixty acres of public land, settle upon it, improve it, and have the privilege of buying it at any time within seven years of filing the claim, at the government price of a dollar and a quarter per acre, *provided* that he is not the owner or claimant of any other real estate.

"2. That the land-office where the claim is filed shall issue a warrant of pre-emption, securing the claimant in seven years' possession.

"3. That, after five years' occupancy, a warrant-holder who makes oath of his intention to reside on and cultivate his land for life shall become the owner of any forty acres of his claim which he may select; the head of a family, eighty acres.

"4. That the price of public lands, when not sold to actual settlers, shall be five dollars per acre.

"5. That false affidavits, made to procure land under the provisions of this bill, shall be punished by three years' hard labor in State-prison, by a fine not exceed-

ing a thousand dollars, and by the loss of the land fraudulently obtained."

Dec. 16, the following notice appeared in "The Tribune:" "In reference to many requests for copies of the president's message and accompanying documents, I desire to state that such message and documents are expected to cover twelve to fourteen hundred printed octavo pages, and to include three maps, the engraving of which will probably delay the publication for two or three weeks yet. I shall distribute my share of them as soon as possible, and make them go as far as they will; but I cannot satisfy half the demands upon me. As each senator will have nearly two hundred copies, while representatives have but about sixty each, applications to senators, especially from the smaller States, are obviously the most promising."

Reference has already been had to Mr. Greeley's *exposé* of the mileage swindle. I find in his "Whig Almanac" for 1850 the following additional statement upon this subject, which shows how earnest he was to save money to the government, and how zealously he argued for honesty: —

"Early in December I called on the sergeant-at-arms for some money on account, he being paymaster of the House. The schedule used by that officer was placed before me, showing the amount of mileage

respectively accorded to every member of the House. Many of these amounts struck me as excessive; and I tried to recollect if any publication of all the allowances in like case had ever been made through the journals, but could not remember any such publicity. On inquiry, I was informed that the amounts *were* regularly published in a certain document entitled 'The Public Accounts,' of which no considerable number was printed, and which was obviously not intended for popular distribution. (It is even omitted in *this* document for the year 1848, printed since I published my *exposé;* so that I can now find it in *no* public document whatever.) I could not remember that I had ever seen a copy, though one had been obtained and used by my assistant in making up last year's 'Almanac.' It seemed to me, therefore, desirable that the facts should be brought to the knowledge of the public; and I resolved that it should be done.

"But how? To have picked out a few of what seemed to me the most flagrant cases of overcharge, and print these alone, would be to invite and secure the reputation of partiality, partisanship, and personal animosity. No other course seemed so fair as to print the mileage of each member, with necessary elucidations. I accordingly employed an ex-clerk in one of the departments, and instructed him to make out a tabular *exposé* as follows: —

"1. Name of each member of the House.

"2. Actual distance from his residence to Washington by the shortest post-route.

"3. Distance for which he is allowed and paid mileage.

"4. Amount of mileage received by him.

"5. Excess of mileage so received over what would have been if the distance had been computed by the shortest or most direct mail-route.

"The *exposé* was made out accordingly, and promptly forwarded to 'The Tribune,' in which it appeared."

Mr. Greeley did not charge that members had charged mileage contrary to law, but, on the contrary, admitted its legality. He said, "The members are all honorable men: if any irreverent infidel should doubt it, we can silence him by referring to the prefix to their names in the newspapers; and we presume each has charged just what the law allows him. That law expressly says that each shall receive eight dollars for every twenty miles travelled in coming to and returning from Congress 'by the usually-travelled route;' and of course, if the route usually travelled from California to Washington is around Cape Horn, or the members from that embryo State shall choose to think it is, they will each be entitled to charge some twelve thousand dollars mileage per ses-

sion accordingly. We assume that each has charged precisely what the law allows him; and thereupon we press home the question, '*Ought not* THAT LAW *to be amended?*' "

This effort to save money to the country on the mileage question aroused the ire of the old politicians, and they opposed all resolutions of amendment. Nor was it so small a matter as it might seem at first sight; for the whole number of miles charged for going round by "Robin Hood's barn," so to speak, was 183,031, which, at forty cents a mile, amounted to $73,492.60.

At length, the rage of Congress broke forth upon the mileage question; and a long and sharp debate followed, some contending that the subject could not be debated at all; and others, if it could, demanded what should be done about it. At length, Mr. Turner from Illinois, who had drawn $998.40, moved a series of resolutions, one of which was the following: —

"*Resolved*, That a publication made in 'The New-York Tribune' on the —— day of December, 1848, in which the mileage of members is set forth and commented on, be referred to a committee, with instructions to inquire into and report whether said publication does not amount, in substance, to an allegation of fraud against most of the members of this House in the matter of their mileage; and if, in the judgment

of the committee, it does amount to an allegation of fraud, then to inquire into it, and report whether that allegation is true or false."

Mr. Turner introduced his resolutions in a fierce speech, and altogether with such personal reflections as did not become an impartial debater; from which I select the following: "He now wished to call the attention of the House particularly to these charges made by the editor of 'The New-York Tribune,' most if not all of which charges he intended to show were absolutely false; and that the individual who made them had either been actuated by the low, base, grovelling, and malignant desire to represent the Congress of the nation in a false and unenviable light before the country and the world, or that he had been actuated by motives still more base, — by the desire of acquiring an ephemeral notoriety by blazoning forth to the world what the writer attempted to show was fraud. The whole article abounded in gross errors and wilfully-false statements, and was evidently prompted by motives as base, unprincipled, and corrupt as ever actuated an individual in wielding his pen for the public press.

"Perhaps the gentleman (he begged pardon), or rather the individual, — perhaps the *thing* that penned that article was not aware that his (Mr. Turner's) portion of the country was not cut up by railroads, and

travelled by stage-coaches and other direct means of public conveyance, like the omnibuses in the city of New York, between all points. They had no other channel of communication except the mighty lakes or rivers of the West: he could not get here in any other way. The law on the subject of mileage authorized the members to charge upon the most direct usually-travelled route. Now, he ventured the assertion, that there was not an individual in his district who ever came to this city, or to any of the north-eastern cities, who did not come by the way of the lakes or the rivers.

"He did not know but he was engaged in a very small business. A gentleman near him suggested that the writer of this article would not be believed anyhow; that, therefore, it was no slander. But his constituents, living two or three thousand miles distant, might not be aware of the facts; and therefore it was that he had deemed it necessary to repel the slanderous charges and imputations of fraud, so far as they concerned him."

The House now was pretty fully aroused; and something like the following colloquy ensued: —

"Mr. Thompson of Indiana moved that the resolutions be laid on the table. The yeas and nays were asked and ordered, and, being taken, were, — yeas, twenty-eight; nays, a hundred and twenty-eight.

"And, the question recurring on the demand for the previous question, —

"Mr. Fries inquired of the speaker whether the question was susceptible of division.

"The speaker said that the question could be taken separately on each resolution.

"A number of members here requested Mr. Evans to withdraw the demand for the previous question; i.e., permit Mr. Greeley to speak.

"Mr. Evans declined to withdraw the motion, and desired to state the reason why he did so. The reason was, that the gentleman from New York (Mr. Greeley) had spoken to an audience to which the members of this House could not speak. If the gentleman wished to assail any member of this House, let him do so here.

"The speaker interposed, and was imperfectly heard, but was understood to say that it was out of order to refer personally to gentlemen on this floor.

"Mr. Evans said he would refer to the editor of 'The Tribune,' and he insisted that the gentleman was not entitled to reply."

(Loud cries from all parts of the House, "Let him speak!" with mingling dissent.)

"The question was then taken on the demand for the previous question.

"But the House refused to second it.

"Mr. Greeley, after alluding to the comments that had been made upon the article in 'The Tribune' relative to the subject of mileage, and the abuse which had notoriously been practised relating to it, said he had heard no gentleman quote one word in that article imputing an illegal charge to any member of this House, imputing any thing but a legal, proper charge. The whole ground of the argument was this: Ought not the law to be changed? ought not the mileage to be settled by the nearest route, instead of what was called the usually-travelled route, which authorized a gentleman coming from the centre of Ohio to go around by Sandusky, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and charge mileage upon that route? He did not object to any gentleman's taking that course if he saw fit; but was that the route upon which the mileage ought to be computed?

"Mr. Turner interposed, and inquired if the gentleman wrote that article.

"Mr. Greeley replied, that the introduction to the article on mileage was written by himself: the transcript from the books of this House and from the accounts of the Senate was made by a reporter, at his direction. That reporter, who was formerly a clerk in the post-office department (Mr. Douglass Howard), had taken the latest book in the department, which

contained the distances of the several post-offices in the country from Washington; and from that book he had got — honestly, he knew, though it might not have been entirely accurate in an instance or two — the official list of the distances of the several post-offices from this city. In every case, the post-office of the member, whether of the Senate or the House, had been looked out, his distance as charged set down, then the post-office referred to, and the actual, honest distance by the shortest route set down opposite, and then the computation made how much the charge was an excess, not of legal mileage, but of what would be legal if the mileage were computed by the nearest mail-route.

"Mr. King of Georgia desired, at this point of the gentleman's remarks, to say a word. The gentleman said that the members charged. Now, he (Mr. King) desired to say with reference to himself, that, from the first, he had always refused to give any information to the committee on mileage with respect to the mileage to which he would be entitled. He had told them it was their special duty to settle the matter; that he would have nothing to do with it. He, therefore, had charged nothing.

"Mr. Greeley (continuing) said he thought all this showed the necessity of a new rule on the subject; for here they saw members shirking off, — shrinking

from the responsibility, and throwing it from one place to another. Nobody made up the account; but, somehow, an excess of sixty or seventy thousand dollars was charged in the accounts for mileage, and was paid from the treasury.

"Mr. King interrupted, and asked if he meant to charge him (Mr. King) with shirking. Was that the gentleman's remark?

"Mr. Greeley replied, that he only said, that, by some means or other, this excess of mileage was charged, and was paid by the treasury. This money ought to be saved. The same rule ought to be applied to members of Congress that was applied to other persons.

"Mr. King desired to ask the gentleman from New York if he had correctly understood his language; for he had heard him indistinctly. He (Mr. King) had made the positive statement that he had never had any thing to do with reference to the charge of his mileage, and he had understood the gentleman from New York to speak of shirking from responsibility. He desired to know if the gentleman applied that term to him.

"Mr. Greeley said he had applied it to no member.

"Mr. King asked, 'Why make use of the term, then?'

"Mr. Greeley's reply to this interrogatory was lost

in the confusion which prevailed in consequence of members leaving their seats, and coming forward to the area in the centre.

"The speaker called the House to order, and requested gentlemen to take their seats.

"Mr. Greeley proceeded. There was no intimation in the article that any member had made out his own account; but, somehow or other, the accounts had been so made up as to make a total excess of some sixty or seventy thousand dollars, chargeable upon the treasury. The general facts had been stated to show that the law ought to be different; and there were several cases cited to show how the law worked badly. For instance: From one district in Ohio the member formerly charged for four hundred miles when he came on his own horse all the way; but now the member from the same district received mileage for some eight or nine hundred miles. Now, ought that to be so? The whole argument turned on this: Now the distances were travelled much easier than formerly, and yet more — in many cases *much* more — mileage was charged. The gentleman from Ohio who commenced this discussion had made the point that there was some defect, some miscalculation, in the estimate of distances. He could not help it: they had taken the post-office books, and relied on them; and if any member of the press had picked

out a few members of this House, and held up their charges for mileage, it would have been considered invidious.

"Mr. Turner called the attention of the member from New York to the fact that the postmaster-general himself had thrown aside that post-office book in consequence of its incorrectness. He asked the gentleman if he did not know that fact.

"Mr. Greeley replied, that the article itself stated that the department did not charge mileage upon that book. Every possible excuse and mitigation had been given in the article; but he appealed to the House,— they were the masters of the law,— why would they not change it, and make it more just and equal?

"Mr. Sawyer wished to be allowed to ask the gentleman from New York a question. His complaint was, that the article had done him injustice by setting him down as some three hundred miles nearer the seat of government than his colleague (Mr. Schenck), although his colleague had stated before the House that he (Mr. Sawyer) resided some sixty or seventy miles farther. Now, he wanted to know why the gentleman had made this calculation against him, and in favor of his colleague.

"Mr. Greeley replied, that he begged to assure the gentleman from Ohio that he did not think he had ever been in his thoughts from the day he had come

here until the present day; but he had taken the figures from the post-office book, as transcribed by a former clerk in the post-office department."

Jan. 4, "Congress showed its spite" (says Mr. Parton in his "Life of Mr. Greeley") "at the mileage *exposé* in a truly extraordinary manner. At the last session of this very Congress, the mileage of the messengers appointed by the electoral colleges to bear their respective votes for president and vice-president to Washington had been reduced to twelve and a half cents per mile each way. But *now* it was perceived by members that either the mileage of the messengers must be restored, or their own reduced. 'Accordingly,' wrote Mr. Greeley in one of his letters, 'a joint resolution was promptly submitted to the Senate, doubling the mileage of messengers; and it went through that exalted body very quickly and easily. I had not noticed that it had been definitively acted on at all until it made its appearance in the House to-day, and was driven through with indecent rapidity well befitting its character. No committee was allowed to examine it; no opportunity was afforded to discuss it: but by whip and spur, previous question, and brute force of numbers, it was rushed through the necessary stages, and sent to the president for his sanction.'

"The injustice of this impudent measure is appar-

ent from the fact, that, on the *reduced* scale of compensation, messengers received from ten to twenty dollars a day during the period of their *necessary* absence from home. The messenger from Maine, for instance, brings the vote of his State five hundred and ninety-five miles, and need not be more than eight days absent from his business, at an expense certainly not exceeding sixty dollars in all. The reduced compensation was $148.75, paying his expenses, and giving him eleven dollars per day over."

Another debate ensued on the mileage question; but it took a ludicrous phase, and finally terminated in the following colloquy on *dead-heads*: —

"Mr. Murphy said, when he came on, he left New York at five o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at Philadelphia to supper; and then, entering the car again, he slept very comfortably, and was here in the morning at eight o'clock. He lost no time. The mileage was ninety dollars.

"Mr. Root would inquire of the gentleman from New York whether he took his passage and came on as what the agents sometimes call a 'dead-head.' [Laughter.]

"Mr. Murphy replied (amid considerable merriment and laughter) that he did not know of more than one member belonging to the New-York delegation to whom that application could properly attach.

"Mr. Root said, although his friend from New York was tolerably expert in every thing he treated of, yet he might not understand the meaning of the term he used. He would inform him that the term 'dead-head' was applied by the steamboat gentleman to passengers who were allowed to travel without paying their fare. [A great deal of merriment prevailed throughout the hall upon this allusion, as it manifestly referred to the two editors, — the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Mr. Levin, and the gentleman from New York, Mr. Greeley.] But Mr. Root (continuing to speak) said he was opposed to all personalities: he never indulged in any such thing himself, and he never would favor such indulgence on the part of other gentlemen.

"Mr. Levin. — I want merely to say —

"Mr. Root. — I am afraid" —

[The confusion of voices and merriment which followed completely drowned the few words of pleasant explanation delivered here by Mr. Levin.]

"Mr. Greeley addressed the chair.

"The Chairman. — The gentleman from New York will suspend his remarks till the committee shall come to order.

"Order being restored, —

"Mr. Greeley said he did not pretend to know what the editor of 'The Philadelphia Sun,' the gen-

tleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Levin), had done; but, if any gentleman anxious about the matter would inquire at the railroad-offices in Philadelphia and Baltimore, he would there be informed that he (Mr. Greeley) never had passed over any portion of either of those roads free of charge, — never in the world. One of the gentlemen interested had once told him he might; but he never had.

"Mr. Embree next obtained the floor, but gave way for Mr. Haralson, who moved that the committee rise.

"Mr. Greeley appealed to the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Haralson) to withhold his motion while he might, by the courtesy of the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Embree), make a brief reply to the allusions which had been made to him and his course upon this subject. He asked only for five minutes; but

"Mr. Haralson adhered to his motion, which was agreed to."

It seemed as though this mileage question would never be settled; for it came up a third time upon a discussion upon the slave-trade, when Mr. Greeley defended himself in a speech of considerable power and great eloquence, from which I select the following: —

"The gentleman saw fit to speak of my vocation as an editor, and to charge me with editing my paper

from my seat on this floor. Mr. Chairman, I do not believe there is one member in this hall who has written less in his seat this session than I have done. I have been too much absorbed in the (to me) novel and exciting scenes around me to write, and have written no editorial here. Time enough for that, sir, before and after your daily sessions. But the gentleman either directly charged or plainly insinuated that I have neglected my duties as a member of this House to attend to my own private business. I meet this charge with a positive and circumstantial denial. Except a brief sitting one private-bill day, I have not been absent one hour in all, nor the half of it, from the deliberations of this House. I have never voted for an early adjournment, nor to adjourn over. My name will be found recorded on every call of the yeas and nays. And, as the gentleman insinuated a neglect of my duties as a member of a committee (on public lands), I appeal to its chairman for proof, to any that need it, that I have never been absent from a meeting of that committee, nor any part of one; and that I have rather sought than shunned labor upon it. And I am confident, that, alike in my seat and out of it, I shall do as large a share of the work devolving upon this House as the gentleman from Mississippi will deem desirable.

"And now, Mr. Chairman, a word on the main

question before us. I know very well, I knew from the first, what a low, contemptible, demagoguing business this, of attempting to save public money, always is. It is not a task for gentlemen: it is esteemed rather disreputable even for editors. Your gentlemanly work is spending, lavishing, distributing, taking. Savings are always such vulgar, beggarly, twopenny affairs, that there is a sorry and stingy look about them most repugnant to all gentlemanly instincts. And besides, if they happen to hit the right place, it is always, 'Strike higher!' 'Strike lower!' To be generous with other people's money, generous to self and friends especially, — that is the way to be popular and commended. Go ahead, and never care for expense: if your debts become inconvenient, you can repudiate, and blackguard your creditors as descended from Judas Iscariot! Ah! Mr. Chairman, I was not rocked in the cradle of gentility."

I close this chapter of Mr. Greeley's three months in Congress, in which he did many things for the public good which have not been here enumerated, with the conclusion of his address to his constituents. Enough has, however, been shown to exhibit the honesty and integrity of the man.

"My work as your servant is done: whether well, or ill, it remains for you to judge. Very likely I gave the wrong vote on some difficult and complicated

questions to which I was called upon to respond ay or no with hardly a moment's warning. If so, you can detect and condemn the error; for my name stands recorded in the divisions by yeas and nays on every public and all but one private bill (which was laid on the table the moment the sitting opened, and on which my name had just been passed as I entered the hall).

"I wish it were the usage among us to publish less of speeches, and more of propositions and votes thereupon: it would give the mass of the people a much clearer insight into the management of their public affairs.

"My successor being already chosen and commissioned, I shall hardly be suspected of seeking your further kindness; and I shall be heartily rejoiced if he shall be able to combine equal zeal in your service with greater efficiency, equal fearlessness with greater popularity. That I have been somewhat annoyed at times by some of the consequences of my mileage *exposé* is true; but I have never wished to recall it, nor have I felt that I owed an apology to any; and I am quite confident, that, if you had sent to Washington (as you doubtless might have done) a more sternly honest and fearless representative, he would have made himself more unpopular with a large portion of the House than I did. I thank you heartily

for the glimpse of public life which your favor has afforded me, and hope to render it useful henceforth, not to myself only, but to the public.

"In ceasing to be your agent, and returning with renewed zest to my private cares and duties, I have a single additional favor to ask, not of you especially, but of all; and I am sure my friends at least will grant it without hesitation. It is that you and they will oblige me henceforth by remembering that my name is simply 'Horace Greeley.'"

CHAPTER XII.

MR. GREELEY AND HIS BEGGARS AND BORROWERS.

New York and Beggars. — A Few of the Sufferers. — Begging for Churches. — Chronic Beggars. — Borrowers. — Not to injure the Needy. — A Case stated. — Borrowers of Strangers never pay. — A Beggar's Letter. — Church-Members Begging or Borrowing. — Associations can deal with Beggars better than Individuals can. — Does not condemn Borrowing wholly. — A Duty to lend sometimes. — Remarks.

HORACE GREELEY had his share of trashy beggars, as all men do who are in any way connected with public life. While the writer could tell an amusing tale of beggars by whom he has been beset, he cannot tell Mr. Greeley's plagues of this kind better than he has told them in his "Recollections of a Busy Life;" and therefore the reader shall have them in Mr. Greeley's own style. Here they are: —

"New York is the metropolis of beggary. The wrecks of incapacity, miseducation, prodigality, and profligacy, drift hither from either continent, and are finally stranded on our shore. Has a pretentious family in Europe a member who is felt as a burden, or

loathed as a disgrace, money is somehow scraped together to ship him off to New York; taking good care that there be not enough to enable him to ship himself back again. Does a family collapse anywhere in the interior or along the coast of our country, leaving a helpless widow and fatherless children to struggle with difficulties utterly unexpected and unprepared for, — though too proud to work, or even beg, where they are known, — they are ready enough to try their fortune and hide their fall in this great emporium, where they would gladly do (if they could get it) the very work which they reject as degrading in the home of their bygone prosperity and consequence. Though living is here most expensive, and only eminent skill or efficiency can justify migration hither on the part of any but single young men, yet mechanics and laborers of very moderate ability, and even widows with small children, hie hither in reckless defiance of the fact that myriads have done so before them, — at least nineteen-twentieths of them only to plunge thereby into deeper, more squalid, hopeless misery than they had previously known. Want is a hard master anywhere; but nowhere else are the sufferings, the woes, the desperation, of utter need, so trying as in a great city: and they are pre-eminently so in *this* city, because the multiplicity of the destitute benumbs the heart of charity, and precludes attention to any one's wants;

while each is absorbed in his own cares and efforts to such extent, that he knows nothing of the neighbors who may be starving to death, with barely a brick wall between him and them.

"The beggars of New York comprise but a small proportion of its sufferers from want; yet they are at once very numerous, and remarkably impudent. One who would accept a franc in Paris, or a shilling in London, with grateful acknowledgments, considers himself ill used and insulted if you offer him less than a dollar in New York. With thousands beggary is a profession, whereof the rudiments were acquired in the Old World; but experience and observation have qualified them to pursue it with veteran proficiency and success in the New. Even our native beggars have a boldness of aspiration, an audacity of conception, such as the magnificent proportions of our lakes and valleys, our mountains and prairies, are calculated to inspire. I doubt if an Asiatic or European beggar ever frankly avowed his intent to beg the purchase-money of a good farm, though some may have invested their gains thus laudably; but I have been solicited by more than one American, who had visited this city, from points hundreds of miles distant, expressly and avowedly to beg the means of buying a homestead. I wish I were certain that none of these had more success with others than with me.

"Begging for churches, for seminaries, for libraries, has been one of our most crying nuisances. If there be two hundred negro families living in a city, they will get up a Baptist, a Methodist, and perhaps an Episcopal or Congregational church; and, being generally poor, they will undertake to build for each a meeting-house, and support a clergyman,—in good part, of course, by begging,—often in distant cities. A dozen boys attending a seminary will form a library association or debating club, and then levy on mankind in general for the books they would like to possess. Thus, in addition to our resident mendicancy, New York is made the cruising-ground, the harvest-field, of the high-soaring beggary of a whole continent; while our princely merchants, at some seasons, are waited upon by more solicitors of contributions than purchasers of goods. Hence our rich men generally court and secure a reputation for meanness, which may or may not be deserved in a particular instance, but which, in any case, is indispensable as a protection, like the shell of a tortoise. Were they reputed benevolent and free-handed, they would never be allowed time to attend to their business, and could not enjoy an hour's peace in the bosom of their respective families.

"The chronic beggars are a bad lot; but the systematic borrowers are far worse. What you give is

gone, and soon forgotten: there is the end of it. It is presumable that you can spare, or you would have withheld it. But you lend (in your greener days) with some expectation of being repaid: hence disappointment and serious loss — sometimes even disgrace — because of your abused faith in human nature. I presume no year passes wherein the solvent business-men of this city lose so little as ten millions of dollars, borrowed of them for a few hours or days, as a momentary accommodation, by neighbors and acquaintances, who would resent a suggested doubt of its punctual repayment, yet who never *do* repay it. I am confident that good houses have been reduced to bankruptcy by these most irregular and improvident loans.

"Worse still is the habit of borrowing and lending among clerks and young mechanics. A part of these are provident, thrifty, frugal, and so save money: another and much larger class prefer to 'live as they go,' and are constantly spending in drink and other dissipation that portion of their earnings which they should save. When I was a journeyman, I knew several who earned more than I did, but who were always behind with their board. Men of this class are continually borrowing five or ten dollars of their frugal acquaintances to invest in a ball, a sleigh-ride, an excursion, a frolic; and a large proportion of

these loans is never repaid. Millions of dollars, in the aggregate, are thus transferred from the pockets of the frugal to those of the prodigal; depriving the former of means they are sure to need when they come to furnish a house or undertake a business, and doing the latter no good, but rather confirming them in their evil ways. Such lending should be systematically discountenanced and refused.

"I hate to say any thing that seems calculated to steel others against the prayers of the unfortunate and necessitous; yet an extensive, protracted experience has led me to the conclusion that nine-tenths of those who solicit loans of strangers or casual acquaintances are thriftless vagabonds who will never be better off than at present, or scoundrels who would not pay if they were able. In hundreds of cases I have been importuned to lend from one dollar up to ten dollars to help a stranger who had come to the city on some errand or other, had here fallen among thieves (who are far more abundant here than they ever were on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho), been made drunk, and plundered of his last cent, and who asked only enough to take him home, when the money would be surely and promptly returned. Sometimes I have lent the sum required; in other cases I have refused it: but I cannot remember a single instance in which the promise to pay was made good. I recollect a case

wherein a capable, intelligent New-England mechanic, on his way from an Eastern city to work two hundred miles up the Erie Railroad, borrowed of me the means of saving his children from famine on the way, promising to pay it out of his first month's wages; which he took care never to do. This case differs from many others only in that the swindler was clearly of a better class than that from which the great army of borrowers is so steadily and bounteously recruited.

"In one instance a young man came with the usual request, and was asked to state his case. 'I am a clerk from New-Hampshire,' he began, 'and have been for three years employed in Georgia. At length, a severe sickness prostrated me; I lost my place; my money was exhausted: and here am I, with my wife, without a cent; and I want to borrow enough to take me home to my father's house, and I will surely repay it.'—'Stranger,' was the response, 'you evidently cannot stay here, and I must help you get away. But why say any thing about paying me? You know, and I know, you will never pay a cent.' My visitor protested and remonstrated; but I convinced, if I did not convert him. 'Don't you see,' I rejoined, 'that you cannot have been three years a clerk in a leading mercantile house in Georgia without making the acquaintance of merchants doing business in this city? Now, if you were a person likely to

pay, you would apply to and obtain help from those merchants whom you know; not ask help of me, an utter stranger.' He did not admit the force of my demonstration; but of course the sequel proved it correct.

"I consider it all but an axiom, that he who asks a stranger to lend him money will never pay it; yet I have known an exception. Once, when I was exceedingly poor and needy, in a season of commercial revulsion or 'panic,' I opened a letter from Utica, and found therein five dollars, which the writer asked me to receive in satisfaction of a loan of that sum which I had made him — a needy stranger — on an occasion which he recalled to my remembrance. Perplexed by so unusual a message, and especially by receiving it at such a time, when every one was seeking to borrow, — no one condescending to pay, — I scanned the letter more closely, and at length achieved a solution of the problem. The writer was a patient in the State Lunatic Asylum.

"A gushing youth once wrote me to this effect: —

"'DEAR SIR, — Among your literary treasures, you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly.'

"I promptly responded as follows: —

"'DEAR SIR, — Among my literary treasures, there happens to be exactly *one* autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for fifty dollars, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75 (including protest); and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully.'

"That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at first cost, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency.

"I once received a letter from an utter stranger living two hundred miles away, asking me to lend him a large sum on a mortgage of his farm, and closing thus: —

"'P.S. — My religious views are radically antagonist to yours; but I know no member of my own church of whom I would so readily, and with such confidence, ask such a favor, as of you.'

"This postscript impelled me, instead of dropping the letter quietly into the waste-basket as usual, and turning to the next business in order, to answer him as follows: —

"'SIR, — I have neither the money you ask for, nor the inclination to lend it on the security you proffer;

and your P.S. prompts the suggestion, that whenever I shall be moved to seek favors of the members of some other church, rather than of that to which I have hitherto adhered, I shall make haste to join that other church.'

"I trust I have here said nothing calculated to stay the hand or chill the spirit of heaven-born Charity. The world is full of needy, suffering ones, who richly deserve compassion; not to speak of the vagrants, who, though undeserving, must not be allowed to starve or freeze. I was struck with the response of a man last from St. Louis, who recently insisted on being helped on to Boston, which he said was his early home, and to whom I roughly made answer, 'You need not pretend to me that the universe is bankrupt: I know better, — know that a man of your natural abilities, if he only behaved himself, need not be reduced to beggary.' — 'Well, sir,' he quickly rejoined, 'I don't pretend that I have always done the right thing; if I did, you would know better. All I say is, that I am hungry and penniless; and that, if I can only get back to Boston, I can there make a living. That's my whole story.' I felt that he had the better reason on his side.

"There must, there will, be heavy drafts made on the sympathies and the means of all who can and will

give, especially during a hard, dull winter or a 'panic.' Every prosperous man should ask himself, 'How much can I afford to give?' and should set apart from a tenth to a third of his income for the relief of the needy and suffering. Then he should search out the most effective channels through which to reach those whose privations are greatest, and on whom private alms can be wisely and usefully expended. There are thousands who ought to go to the almshouse at once, — who will be more easily supported there than elsewhere; and it is no charity to squander your means on these. A great majority of the destitute can be far better dealt with by associations than by individuals; and of good associations for philanthropic purposes there is, happily, no lack in any great city. There remains a scanty residuum of cases wherein money or food must be given at once by whomsoever happens to be nearest to the sufferer: but two-thirds of those who beg from door to door, or who write begging-letters, are the very last persons who ought to be given even a shinplaster-dime; and, as a general rule, the importunity of a beggar is in inverse proportion to his deserving, or even to his need.

"'Then you condemn borrowing and lending entirely?'

"No, I do not. Many a man knows how to use wisely and beneficently means that he does not, while

others do, possess: lending to such, under proper safeguards, is most commendable. Many a young farmer, who, by working for others, has earned a thousand dollars, and saved a good part of it, is now prepared to work a farm of his own. He who lends such a youth from one to two thousand dollars wherewith to purchase a farm, taking a mortgage thereon for the amount, and leaving to the young farmer his own well-earned means wherewith to buy stock and seed, provisions and implements, will often enable him to work his way into a modest independence, surrounded and blessed by a wife and children, himself a useful member of society and a true pillar of the State, when he must, but for that loan, have remained years longer single and a hireling. So a mechanic may often be wisely and safely aided to establish himself in business by a timely and well-secured loan; but this should never be accorded him, till, by years of patient, frugal industry, he has qualified himself for mastery, and proved himself worthy of trust. (Of traders there will always be too many, though none should ever be able to borrow a dollar.) But improvident borrowing and lending are among our most prevalent and baneful errors; and I would gladly conduce to their reformation.

"I hold that it may sometimes be a duty to lend; and yet I judge that at least nine of every ten loans

to the needy result in loss to the lender, with no substantial benefit to the borrower. That the poor often suffer from poverty I know, but oftener from lack of capacity, skill, management, efficiency, than lack of money. Here is an empty-handed youth who wants much, and must have it; but, after the satisfaction of his most urgent needs, he wants, above all things, ability to earn money and take good care of it. He thinks his first want is a loan; but that is a great mistake. He is far more certain to set resolutely to work without than with that pleasant but baneful accommodation. Make up a square issue, 'Work or starve,' and he is quite likely to choose work; while, provided he can borrow, he is more likely to dip into some sort of speculation or traffic. That he thus almost inevitably fools away his borrowed money concerns only the unwise lender; that he is thereby confirmed in his aversion to work, and squander precious time that should fit him for decided usefulness, is of wider and greater consequence. The widow, the orphan, the cripple, the invalid, often need alms, and should have them; but to the innumerable hosts of needy, would-be borrowers, the best response is Nature's, 'Root, hog, or die!'"

The writer has given the remarks of Mr. Greeley on this every-day subject from his "Recollections of

a Busy Life;" and will now add, that he has had somewhat of a similar experience, and would advise all to make it a general rule never to lend or borrow money; for it generally leads to evil, and only evil, and that continually.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GREELEY AND SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Greeley discussed Many Subjects. — The Rochester Rappings. — He didn't desire a Second Sitting. — Interview with Jenny Lind. — *Séance* at Mr. Greeley's House. — He witnesses a Juggle or Trick. — He deals with the Trick. — He thinks the Devil would not be engaged in such Business. — Found he could spend his Time more Profitably. — Thinks we had better do our Duty to the Living. — Thinks Great Men wrote Better while living than since they died. — Their Communications Vague and Trivial. — Spirits proved to be Ignorant. — The Great Body of Spiritualists made Worse by it. — Spiritualists are Bigots.

MR. GREELEY has been accused of being versatile, and believing many things which it does not appear from his writings he ever did believe. He discussed many questions, examined them, and wrote of them in "The Tribune" as an editor should, if he would make a useful and popular paper. One of these things which he has been reproached as believing in is spiritualism; but it is very clear from what I shall quote from his own pen that he never believed in these vagaries and hallucinations. The very term by which he heads the chap-

ter in which he treats of this subject, *glamour*, which means "witchery," or "charms," shows that he had no faith in "spirit-rappings," or in "spiritualism" so called. The following, from his "Recollections of a Busy Life," is his account of this matter: —

"I believe I heard vaguely of what were called 'the Rochester knockings' soon after they were first proclaimed, or testified to, in the spring of 1848; but they did not attract my attention till, during a brief absence from New York, — perhaps while in Congress, — I perused a connected circumstantial account of the alleged phenomena, signed by several prominent citizens of Rochester, and communicated by them to 'The Tribune,' wherein I read it. It made little impression on my mind; though I never had that repugnance to, or stubborn incredulity regarding, occurrences called supernatural, which is evinced by many. My consciousness of ignorance of the extent or limitations of the natural is so vivid, that I never could realize that difficulty in crediting what are termed miracles which many affirm. Doubtless the first person who observed the attraction of iron by the magnet supposed he had stumbled upon a contradiction to or violation of the laws of Nature, when he had merely enlarged his own acquaintance with natural phenomena. The fly that sees a rock lifted from its bed may fancy himself witness of a miracle, when what he sees is merely the

interposition of a power, the action of a force, which transcends his narrow conceptions, his ephemeral experience. I know so very little of Nature, that I cannot determine at a glance what is or is not supernatural: but I know that things do occur which are decidedly superusual; and I rest in the fact, without being able, or feeling required, to explain it.

"I believe that it was early in 1850 that the Fox family — in which the so-called 'knockings' had first occurred or been noted, first at the little hamlet known as Hydesville, near Newark, Wayne County, N.Y. — came to New York, and stopped at a hotel, where I called upon them, and heard the so-called 'raps,' but was neither edified nor enlightened thereby. Nothing transpired beyond the 'rappings;' which, even if deemed inexplicable, did not much interest me. In fact, I should have regretted that any of *my* departed ones had been impelled to address me in the presence and hearing of the motley throng of strangers gathered around the table on which the 'raps' were generally made.

"I had no desire for a second 'sitting,' and might never have had one; but my wife — then specially and deeply interested in all that pertains to the unseen world, because of the recent loss of our darling 'Pickie' — visited the Foxes twice or thrice at their hotel, and invited them thence to spend some week or

so with her at our house. There, along with much that seemed trivial, unsatisfactory, and unlike what naturally might be expected from the land of souls, I received some responses to my questions of a very remarkable character, evincing knowledge of occurrences of which no one, not an inmate of our family in former years, could well have been cognizant. Most of these could have no significance or cogency to strangers; but one of them seems worth narrating.

"It was the second or third day after the Foxes came to our house. I had worked very hard and late at the office the night before, reaching home after all others were in bed: so I did not rise till all had had breakfast and had gone out, my wife included. When I rose at last, I took a book, and, reading on a lounge in our front-parlor, soon fell into an imperfect doze, during which there called a Mrs. Freeman, termed 'a clairvoyant,' from Boston, with her husband and an invalid gentleman. They had together visited Niagara Falls; had seen the Foxes on their way at Rochester; and now, returning, had sought them at their hotel, and followed them thence to our house. As they did not inquire for me, being unaware of as well as indifferent to my presence in the house, they were shown into the back-parlor, separated by sliding-doors from that in which I was; and they awaited the return of the Foxes to accompany them to their hotel, saying, 'We feel

like intruders here.' This impelled me to rise and go into the back-parlor in order to make the strangers welcome. Mrs. Freeman had been already, or was soon afterward, magnetized by her husband into the state termed 'clairvoyance,' wherein she professed to see spirits related to those who were put into magnetic *rapport* with her. What she reported as of or from those spirits might be ever so true or false for aught I know. At length — merely to make the strangers feel more at their ease — I said, 'Mr. Freeman, may not I be put into communication with spirits through Mrs. Freeman?' to which he readily assented, placed my hand in hers, made a few passes, and bade me ask such questions as I would. As she had just reported the presence of spirit brothers and sisters of others, I asked Mrs. Freeman, 'Do you see any brothers or sisters of *mine* in the spirit-world?' She gazed a minute intently, then responded, 'Yes, there is one; his name is Horace;' and then proceeded to describe a child quite circumstantially. I made no remark when she had concluded; though it seemed to me a very wild *guess*, even had she known that I had barely one departed brother, that his name was identical with my own; though such was the fact. I resumed: 'Mrs. Freeman, do you see any *more* brothers or sisters of mine in the spirit-world?' She looked again as before; then eagerly said, 'Yes, there is another: her

name is Anna — no, her name is Almira — no (perplexedly), I cannot get the name exactly; yet it begins with A.' Now, the only sister I ever lost was named *Arminda;* and she, as well as my brother, died before I was born, — he being three and she scarcely two years old. They were buried in a secluded rural graveyard in Bedford, N.H., about sixty years ago; and no stone marks their resting-place. Even my wife did not know their names; and certainly no one else present but myself did. And, if Mrs. Freeman obtained one of these names from my mind (as one theory affirms), why not the other as well? since each was there as clearly as the other.

"Not long after this, I had called on Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, then a new-comer among us, and was conversing about the current marvel with the late N. P. Willis, while Mademoiselle Lind was devoting herself more especially to some other callers. Our conversation caught Mademoiselle Lind's ear, and arrested her attention: so, after making some inquiries, she asked if she could witness the so-called 'manifestations.'

"I answered, that she could do so by coming to my house in the heart of the city, as Katy Fox was then staying with us. She assented, and a time was fixed for her call; at which time she appeared with a considerable retinue of total strangers. All were

soon seated around a table, and the 'rappings' were soon audible and abundant.

"'Take your hands from under the table!' Mademoiselle Jenny called across to me in the tone and manner of an indifferently-bold arch-duchess. 'What?' I asked, not distinctly comprehending her. 'Take your hands from under the table!' she imperiously repeated; and I now understood that she suspected me of causing, by some legerdemain, the puzzling concussions. I instantly clasped my hands over my head, and there kept them until the sitting closed, as it did very soon. I need hardly add that this made not the smallest difference with the 'rappings;' but I was thoroughly and finally cured of any desire to exhibit or commend them to strangers.

"Not long afterward, I witnessed what I strongly suspected to be a juggle or trick on the part of a 'medium,' which gave me a disrelish for the whole business, and I have seen very little of it since. I never saw a 'spirit-hand,' though persons in whose veracity I have full confidence assure me they have done so. (I do not say that they were or were not deluded or mistaken.) But I have sat with three others around a small table, with every one of our eight hands lying plainly, palpably, on that table, and heard rapid writing with a pencil on paper, which,

perfectly white, we had just previously placed under that table; and have the next minute picked up that paper with a sensible, straightforward message of twenty to fifty words fairly written thereon. I do not say by whom or by what said message was written; yet I am quite confident that none of the persons present, who were visible to mortal eyes, wrote it.

"And here let me deal with the hypothesis of jugglery, knee-joint rattling, toe-cracking, &c. I have no doubt that pretended 'mediums' have often amazed their visitors by feats of jugglery; indeed, I am confident that I have been present when they did so. In so far as the hypothesis of spirit-agency rests on the integrity of the 'mediums,' I cannot deem it established. Most of them are persons of no especial moral elevation; and I know that more than one of them has endeavored to simulate 'raps' when the genuine could not be evoked. Let us assume, then, that the 'raps' prove just nothing at all beyond the bare fact that sounds have been produced by some agency or impulse which we do not fully understand, and that all the physical phenomena have been, or may be, simulated or paralleled by such jugglers as Houdin, Blitz, the Fakir of Ava, &c. But the amazing sleight-of-hand of these accomplished performers is the result of protracted, laborious training by pred-

ecessors nearly or quite as adroit and dexterous as themselves; while the 'mediums' are often children of tender years, who had no such training, have no special dexterity, and some of whom are known to be awkward and clumsy in their movements. The jugglery hypothesis utterly fails to account for occurrences which I have personally witnessed, to say nothing of others."

Mr. Greeley does not believe that "spirit-rapping" is to be ascribed to demoniac influence, though that might account for some of these phenomena. As proof of these views, he relates the following: "In the township of Wayne, Erie County, near the house of my father and brother, there lived a farmer, well known to me, named King, who had many good traits, and one bad habit, — that of keeping a barrel of whiskey in his house, and dealing out the villanous fluid at so much per quart or pint to his thirsty neighbors. Having recently lost a beloved daughter, he had recourse to 'spiritualism,' (abominable term!) and received many messages from what purported to be his lost child, one or more of which insisted that the aforesaid whiskey-barrel must be expelled from his premises, and never re-instated. So said, so done, greatly to the benefit of the neighborhood. Now, I feel confident that the Devil never sent nor dictated *that* message; for, if he did, his

character has been grossly belied, and his biography ought to be rewritten."

Mr. Greeley thought the failures of the "mediums" more proof of spirits' operations than their success: for he says, "A juggler can do nearly as well at one time as another; but I have known the most eminent 'mediums' spend a long evening in trying to evoke the 'spiritual phenomena' without a gleam of success. I have known this to occur when they were particularly anxious — and for obviously good reasons — to astound and convince those who were present and expectant; yet not even the faintest 'rap' could they scare up. Had they been jugglers, they could not have failed so utterly, ignominiously."

Mr. Greeley found he could spend his time much more profitably than in investigating this folly. Hence he said, "To sit for two dreary, mortal hours in a darkened room, in a mixed company, waiting for some one's disembodied grandfather or aunt to tip a table or rap on a door, is dull music at best; but to sit in *vain* is disgusting."

Just so, Horace: you talk like a sensible man about this disgusting business; and my only wonder is that you did not keep clear of such terrestrial nonsense at first. However, your conclusions are full of common sense; which are these: —

"1. Those who discharge promptly and faithfully

all their duties to those who 'still live' in the flesh can have little time for poking and peering into the life beyond the grave.

"2. Those who claim, through the 'mediums,' to be Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, &c., and try to prove it by writing poetry, invariably come to grief. I cannot recall a line of 'spiritual' poetry that is not weak, if not execrable, save that of Rev. Thomas L. Harris, who *is* a poet still in the flesh. After his death, I predict that the poetry sent us as his will be much worse than he ever wrote while in the body. Even Tupper, appalling as is the prospect, will be dribbling worse rhymes upon us after death than even *he* perpetrated while on earth."

Pretty good, Horace; and "spiritualism," or "rappings," or "jugglery," or "mediums," or deteriorated sensualists and liberalists, or libertines, are welcome to all the good they can get out of the following, with which Mr. Greeley winds up his views of this delusion: —

"3. As a general rule, the so-called 'spiritual communications' are vague, unreal, shadowy, trivial. They are not what we should expect our departed friends to say to us. I never could feel that the lost relative or friend who professed to be addressing me was actually present. I do not doubt that foolish, trifling people remain so (measurably) after they

have passed the dark river. I perceive that trivial questions must necessarily invite trivial answers. But, after making all due allowance, I insist that the 'spiritual' literature of the day, in so far as it purports to consist of communications or revelations from the future life, is more inane and trashy than it could be if the sages and heroes, the saints and poets, of bygone days were really speaking to us through these pretended revelations.

"4. Not only is it true (as we should in any case presume) that nearly all attempts of the so-called 'mediums' to guide speculators as to events yet future have proved melancholy failures; but it is demonstrated that the so-called 'spirits' are often ignorant of events which have already transpired. They did not help fish up the broken Atlantic Cable, nor find Sir John Franklin, nor dispel the mystery which still shrouds the fate of the crew and passengers of the doomed steamship 'President;' and so of a thousand instances wherein their presumed knowledge might have been of use to us darkly-seeing mortals. All that we have learned of them has added little or nothing to our knowledge, unless it be in enabling us to answer with more confidence that old momentous question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?'

"5. On the whole (though I say it with regret), it

seems to me that the great body of the 'spiritualists' have not been rendered better men and women — better husbands, wives, parents, children — by their new faith. I think some have been improved by it; while many who were previously good are good still, and some have morally deteriorated. I judge that laxer notions respecting marriage, divorce, chastity, and stern morality generally, have advanced in the wake of 'spiritualism;' and while I am fully aware that religious mania, so called, has usually a purely material origin, so that revivals have often been charged with making persons insane whose insanity took its hue from the topic of the hour, but owed its existence to purely physical causes, I still judge that the aggregate of both insanity and suicide has been increased by 'spiritualism.'

"6. I do not know that these 'communications' made through 'mediums' proceed from those who are said to be their authors, nor from the spirits of the departed at all. Certain developments strongly indicate that they do; others that they do not. We know that they *say* they do; which is evidence so far as it goes, and is not directly contradicted or rebutted. That *some* of them are the result of juggle, collusion, or trick, I am confident; that others are *not*, I decidedly believe. The only certain conclusion in the premises to which my mind has been led is forcibly

set forth by Shakspeare in the words of the Danish prince: —

> 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

"7. I find my 'spiritual' friends nowise less bigoted, less intolerant, than the devotees at other shrines. They do not allow me to see through my own eyes, but insist that I shall see through theirs. If my conclusion from certain data differs from theirs, they will not allow my stupidity to account for our difference, but insist on attributing it to hypocrisy, or some other form of rascality. I cannot reconcile this harsh judgment with their professions of liberality, their talk of philosophy; but, if I speak at all, I must report what I see and hear."

Mr. Greeley, among other things said not to his credit, has been charged with being a "spiritualist." How any one could bring such a charge against him, with the above-made statements from his own pen, is more than I am able to comprehend; and I fancy there would not be much dependence placed upon these "rappings" if everybody *rapped* them as he has.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIBELS AND LIBEL-SUITS.

These Suits Numerous. — J. Fenimore Cooper's Character valued at Two Hundred Dollars. — His Nephew and himself the Lawyers. — Horace his own Lawyer. — Horace not allowed to plead his own Case and to have Counsel; but Cooper is allowed to. — Injustice and Absurdity of the Law of Libel in the State of New York. — The Whig Editors only prosecuted. — Editors do not claim Immunity to Libels. — Mr. Greeley's Logic. — Base Fellows. — New-York Laws Worse than English. The Greater the Truth stated, the Greater the Libel. — Mr. Greeley did Much for the Press in this Case. — Wonderful Rapidity of Writing. — The Judge's Charge Worse than Cooper's Plea. — Mr. Greeley gives a most Humorous Turn to this Whole Libel-Business. — His Defence resulted in Good.

ALMOST every editor of a daily newspaper has had a large experience in the items which are placed at the head of this chapter. They are a common nuisance, and, though sometimes justifiable, generally most unjust and scandalous. Hence Mr. Greeley, in his "Recollections," well says, —

"Editorial life has many cares, sundry enjoyments, with certain annoyances; and prominent among these last are libel-suits. I can hardly remember a time when I was absolutely exempt from these infestations.

In fact, as they seem to be a main reliance for support of certain attorneys destitute alike of character and law, I suppose they must be borne for an indefinite period. The fact that these suits are far more common in our State than elsewhere cannot have escaped notice; and I find the reason of that fact in a perversion of the law by our judges of thirty to fifty years ago.

"The first notable instance of this perversion occurred in the trial of Root *vs.* King, at Delhi, about 1826. Gen. Erastus Root was a leading Democrat through the earliest third of this century; and was, in 1824, a zealous supporter of William H. Crawford for president. As president of the Senate, he presided at the joint meeting of the two Houses wherein electors of president were chosen; when, to his and his friends' sore disappointment, a large number of Adams and but few Crawford men received the requisite majority, the friends of Adams and those of Clay having privately united on a common ticket. When the votes for this ticket began to be counted out, presaging a Crawford defeat, Gen. Root attempted to break up the joint meeting, and thus invalidate the election. For this and other such acts he was severely handled by 'The New-York American;' whose editor, Charles King, was thereupon sued by Root for libel; and the case being tried

at Delhi, where Root resided and was lord paramount, the jury, under the rulings of a Democratic judge, gave the plaintiff fourteen hundred dollars damages. It was a most unjust verdict, based on a perversion of the law, which, if sustained, left the press no substantial liberty to rebuke wrong-doing or chastise offenders; and the perversion of justice thus effected naturally led to still further and worse aberrations.

"Ten or a dozen years afterward, Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper returned from a long residence abroad, during which many of his novels had been written. A man of unquestioned talent, — almost genius, — he was aristocratic in feeling, and arrogant in bearing, altogether combining in his manners what a Yankee once characterized as 'winning ways to make people hate him.' Retiring to his paternal acres near Cooperstown, N.Y., he was soon involved in a difficulty with the neighboring villagers, who had long been accustomed, in their boating-excursions on the lake (Otsego), to land and make themselves at home for an hour or two on a long, narrow promontory or 'point' that ran down from his grounds into the lake, and whom he had now dissuaded from so doing by legal force. The Whig newspaper of the village took up the case for the villagers; urging that their extrusion from 'the point,' though legal, was churlish, and impelled by the spirit of the dog in the manger: where-

upon Cooper sued the editor for libel, recovered a verdict, and collected it by taking the money — through a sheriff's officer — from the editor's trunk. By this time several Whig journalists had taken up the cudgels for the villagers and their brother-editor; and as Mr. Cooper had recently published two caustic, uncomplimentary, self-complacent works on his countrymen's ways and manners, entitled 'Homeward Bound,' and 'Home as Found,' some of these castigations took the form of reviews of those works. One or more appeared in 'The Courier and Enquirer,' edited by James Watson Webb; at least one other in 'The Commercial Advertiser,' edited by William L. Stone; while several racy paragraphs, unflattering to Mr. Cooper, spiced the editorial columns of 'The Albany Evening Journal,' and were doubtless from the pen of its founder and then editor, Mr. Thurlow Weed. Cooper sued them all; bringing several actions to trial at Fonda, the new county-seat of Montgomery County. He had no luck against Col. Webb, because, presuming that gentleman moneyless, he prosecuted him criminally, and could never find a jury to send an editor to prison on his account. Col. Webb was defended in chief by Ambrose L. Jordan, afterwards attorney-general of the State, an able and zealous advocate, who threw his whole soul into his cases, and who did by no means stand on the defensive.

"In one of his actions against Mr. Weed he was more fortunate. Weed had not given it proper attention; and, when the case was called for trial at Fonda, he was detained at home by sickness in his family, and no one appeared for him: so a verdict of four hundred dollars was entered up against him by default. He was on hand a few hours afterward, and tried to have the case re-opened; but Cooper would not consent: so Weed had to pay the four hundred dollars and costs. Deeming himself aggrieved, he wrote a letter to 'The Tribune,' describing the whole performance; and on that letter Cooper sued *me* as for another libel.

"The first writ wherewith I was honored by the author of 'The Pioneers,' &c., cited me to answer at Ballston, Saratoga County, on the first Tuesday (I believe) in December, 1842; and I obeyed it to the letter. I employed no lawyers, not realizing that I needed any. In its turn, the case was called, and opened in due form by Richard Cooper (nephew of Fenimore) for the plaintiff. No witnesses were called; for none were needed. I admitted the publication, and accepted the responsibility thereof: so the questions to be tried were these: 'Was the plaintiff libelled by such publication? If so, to what amount was he damaged?' When Richard had concluded, I said all that I deemed necessary for the defence; and

then Fenimore summed up his own cause in a longer and rather stronger speech than Richard's, and the case was closed. So far, I felt quite at my ease: but now the presiding judge (Willard) rose, and made a harder, more elaborate, and disengenuous speech against me than either Richard or Fenimore had done; making *three* against one, which I did not think quite fair. He absolutely bullied the jury on the presumption that they were inclined to give a verdict for the defendant, which he told them they were nowise at liberty to do. I had never till that day seen one of them, and had never sought to effect any intimacy or understanding with them: so I must say that the judge's charge seemed to me as unfair as possible. The jury retired at its close, and, on balloting, seven of them voted to make me pay a hundred dollars, two voted for five hundred dollars, one for ten hundred dollars, and two for nothing at all, or very nearly so. They soon agreed to call it two hundred dollars, and make it their verdict; which they did. When all the costs were paid, I was just three hundred dollars out of pocket by that lawsuit. I have done better and worse in other cases; but having been most ably and successfully defended in several, maugre the proverb that 'He who pleads his own cause has a fool for a client,' I am satisfied, that could I have found time, in every case wherein I was

sued for libel, to attend in person, and simply, briefly state the material facts to the jury, I should have had less to pay than I have done. There is always danger that the real merits of your case will be buried out of sight under heaps of legal rubbish. But it is not possible for a business-man to spend his whole life in court-rooms, waiting for his case to be called; and I have often been sued in distant counties, where I could scarcely attend at all.

"I left Ballston in a sleigh directly upon the rendering of the verdict; caught a steamboat, I think, at Troy; and was at my desk in good season next morning: so that, by eleven, P.M., I had written out and read in proof, besides other matter, my report of the trial, which filled eleven columns of the next morning's 'Tribune.' I think that was the best single day's work I ever did. I intended that the report should be good-natured, perhaps even humorous; and some thought I succeeded. But Fenimore seems not to have concurred in that opinion; for he sued me upon the report as a new libel, or rather as several libels. I was defended against this new suit by Hons. William H. Seward and A. B. Conger, so cleverly, that though there were hearings on demurrer, and various expensive interlocutory proceedings, the case never came to trial. Indeed, the legislature had meantime overborne some of the more irrational rulings of our

judges; while our judiciary itself had undergone important changes through the political revolution in our State, and the influence of our Constitution of 1846: so that the press of New York now enjoys a freedom which it did not in the last generation.

"I say, the press; yet only the journals of one party were judicially muzzled. Rather more than forty years ago, Mr. Weed, then living at Rochester, was positively and generally charged through the Democratic journals with having shaved off or pulled out the whiskers of a dead man in order to make the body pass for that of the long-missing, never-recovered William Morgan, of anti-Masonic fame. The charge was an utterly groundless calumny, having barely a shred of badinage to palliate its utterance. Mr. Weed sued two or three of his defamers; but the courts were in the hands of his political adversaries, and he could never succeed in bringing his cases to trial. Finally, after they had been kicked and cuffed about for ten or a dozen years, they were kicked out, as too ancient and fish-like to receive attention.

"This was, probably, the best disposition for him that could have been made of them. If he had tried them, and recovered nominal verdicts, his enemies would have shouted over those verdicts as virtually establishing the truth of their charges; while, if he

had been awarded exemplary damages, these would have been cited as measuring the damages to be given against *him*.

"This consideration was forcibly brought home to me when, years afterward, having been outrageously libelled with regard to a sum of a thousand dollars, which it was broadly intimated that a railroad or canal company in Iowa had given me for services rendered, or to be rendered, I ordered suits commenced against two of the most reckless libellers. But, when time had been allowed for reflection, I perceived that I could afford neither to lose nor to win these suits; that such verdicts as I ought to recover would be cited as measuring the damages that I ought to pay in all future libel-suits brought against me: so I gladly accepted such retractions as my libellers saw fit to make, and discontinued my suits. Henceforth, that man must very badly want to be sued who provokes *me* to sue him for libel."

Mr. Greeley further adds, —

"I have often heard it asserted from the bench that editors claim impunity to libel; which is not the truth. What I claim and insist on is just this: *That the editor shall be protected by the nature and exigencies of his calling to the same extent, and in the same degree, that other men are protected by the exigencies, the requirements, of* THEIR *callings or positions respectively.*

"For instance: A judge on the bench, a lawyer at the bar, may libel atrociously, and, I hold, may be fairly held responsible for such libel; but the law will not *presume* him a libeller from the mere fact that he speaks disparagingly of some person or persons. A householder applied to for the character of his late servant may respond: 'I turned him off because I found him an eye-servant, a drunkard, and a thief:' yet the law will presume no malice not specifically proven; because it avers, that, in giving his ex-servant's character, that householder was acting in the line of his duty. Had he posted up those precise words in a public place, the law *would* have presumed malice, because no duty required such posting.

"Now, let us apply the principle above enunciated to the actual case in hand. Jefferson Jones posts up in a bar-room, livery-stable, or on the town-pump, these words: 'Clifford Nokes was last night caught stealing a hog, and was committed by Justice Smith to await indictment and trial.' The law will presume that posting malicious, and will deal harshly with Jones if he should fail to prove it literally true. And why? Clearly because no duty required him to make any such proclamation of his neighbor's alleged frailty; because of the fair natural presumption that he was moved so to post by hate or malevolence. But that same paragraph might appear in the columns of any

journal that habitually printed police intelligence, without justifying or rendering plausible a kindred presumption. It might, indeed, be *proved* that the editor had inserted the item with malicious intent to injure Nokes; and then I say, 'Punish the libeller to the extent of the law.' But I protest against *presuming* an editor a libeller, because in the routine of his vocation, the line of his duty, he prints information which may prove inaccurate or wholly erroneous, without fairly exposing him to the presumption that he was impelled to utter it by a malevolent spirit, a purpose to injure or degrade. Am I understood?

"Twice in the course of my thirty odd years of editorship I have encountered human beings base enough to require me to correct a damaging statement, and, after I had done so to the extent of their desire, to sue me upon that retracted statement as a libel! I think this proves more than the depravity of the persons implicated; that it indicates a glaring defect in the law or the ruling under which such a manœuvre is possible. If the law were honest, or merely decent, it would refuse to be made an accomplice of such villany."

The matter alleged to be libellous was printed in "The Tribune," Nov. 17, 1841. The trial was held at Saratoga. Mr. Greeley defended himself, and gives the following account of the trial: —

"The responsible editor of 'The Tribune' returned yesterday morning from a week's journey to and sojourn in the county of Saratoga; having been thereto urgently persuaded by a supreme-court writ, requiring him to answer to the declaration of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper in an action for libel.

"This suit was originally to have been tried at the May circuit at Ballston; but neither Fenimore (who was then engaged in the Coopering of Col. Stone of 'The Commercial') nor we had time to attend to it: so it went over to this term, which opened at Ballston Spa on Monday, Dec. 5. We arrived on the ground at eleven o'clock of that day, and found the plaintiff and his lawyers ready for us, our case No. 10 on the calendar, and of course a good prospect of an early trial. But an important case involving water-rights came in ahead of us (No. 8), taking two days; and it was half-past ten, A.M., of Friday, before ours was reached, — very fortunately for us, as we had no lawyer, had never talked over the case with one, or made any preparation whatever, save in thought; and had not even found time to read the papers pertaining to it till we arrived at Ballston.

"The delay in reaching the case gave us time for all; and that we did not employ lawyers to aid in our conduct or defence proceeded from no want of confidence in or deference to the many eminent members of the

bar there in attendance besides Mr. Cooper's three able counsel, but simply from the fact that we wished to present to the court some considerations which we thought had been overlooked or overborne in the recent trials of the press for libel before our supreme and circuit courts, and which, since they appealed more directly and forcibly to the experience of editors than of lawyers, we presumed an ordinary editor might present as plainly and fully as an able lawyer. We wished to place before the court and the country those views which we understand the press to maintain with us of its own position, duties, responsibilities, and rights, as affected by the practical construction given of late years in this State to the law of libel, and its application to editors and journals. Understanding that we could not appear both in person and by counsel, we chose the former; though, on trial, we found our opponent was permitted to do what we supposed we could not. So much by way of explanation to the many able and worthy lawyers in attendance on the circuit, from whom we received every kindness; who would doubtless have aided us most cheerfully if we had required it, and would have conducted our case far more skilfully than we either expected or cared to do. We had not appeared there to be saved from a verdict by any nice technicality or legal subtlety.

"The case was opened to the court and jury by Rich-

ard Cooper, nephew and attorney of the plaintiff, in a speech of decided pertinence and force. Mr. Richard Cooper has had much experience in this class of cases, and is a young man of considerable talent. His manner is the only fault about him, being too elaborate and pompous, and his diction too bombastic to produce the best effect on an unsophisticated auditory. If he will only contrive to correct this, he will yet make a figure at the bar; or rather he will make less figure, and do more execution. The force of his speech was marred by Fenimore's continually interrupting to dictate and suggest to him ideas, when he would have done much better if left alone. For instance: Fenimore instructed him to say that our letter from Fonda, above recited, purported to be from the 'correspondent of "The Tribune,"' and thence to draw and press on the jury the inference that the letter was written by some of our own *corps* whom we had sent to Fonda to report these trials. This inference we were obliged to repel in our reply, by showing that the article plainly read 'Correspondence of "The Tribune,"' just as when a fire, a storm, or some other notable event, occurs in any part of the country or world, and a friend who happens to be there sits down and despatches us a letter by the first mail to give us early advices, though he has no connection with us but by subscription and good-will, and perhaps never wrote a line to us in his life till now.

"The next step in Mr. Richard Cooper's opening, we had, to the declaration against us, pleaded the general issue, — that is, not guilty of libelling Mr. Cooper; at the same time fully admitting that we had published all that he *called* our libels on him, and desiring to put in issue only the fact of their being or not being libels, and have the verdict turn on that issue. But Mr. Cooper told the jury (and we found, to our cost, that this was New-York supreme and circuit court law), that, *by pleading not guilty, we had legally admitted ourselves to be guilty;* that all that was necessary for the plaintiff under that plea was to put in our admission of publication, and then the jury had nothing to do but to assess the plaintiff's damages under the direction of the court. In short, we were made to understand that there was no way under heaven — we beg pardon; under New-York supreme-court law — in which the editor of a newspaper could plead, to an action for libel, that the matter charged upon him as libellous was not in its nature or intent a libel, but simply a statement, according to the best of his knowledge and belief, of some notorious and every way public transaction, or his own honest comments thereon, and ask the jury to decide whether the plaintiff's averment or his answers thereto be the truth! To illustrate the beauties of 'the perfection of human reason,' always intending

New-York circuit and supreme court reason, on this subject, and to show the perfect soundness and pertinence of Mr. Cooper's logic according to the decisions of these courts, we will give an example.

"Our police-reporter, say, this evening, shall bring in on his chronicle of daily occurrences the following: —

"'A hatchet-faced chap with mouse-colored whiskers, who gave the name of John Smith, was brought in by a watchman who found him lying drunk in the gutter. After a suitable admonition from the justice, and on payment of the usual fine, he was discharged.'

"Now, our reporter, who, no more than we, ever before heard of *this* John Smith, is only ambitious to do his duty correctly and thoroughly, to make his description accurate and graphic, and perhaps to protect better men, who rejoice in the cognomen of John Smith, from being confounded with this one in the popular rumor of his misadventure. If the paragraph should come under our notice, we should probably strike it out altogether, as relating to a subject of no public moment, and likely to crowd out better matter. But we do not see it; and in it goes. Well, John Smith, who 'acknowledges the corn' as to being accidentally drunk and getting into a watch-house, is not willing to rest under the imputation of being 'hatchet-faced' and having 'mouse-colored whiskers,'

retains Mr. Richard Cooper, — for he could not do better, — and commences an action for libel against us. We take the best legal advice, and are told that we must *demur* to the declaration; that is, go before a court without a jury, where no facts can be shown, and maintain that the matter charged as uttered by us is not libellous. But Mr. Richard Cooper meets us there, and says justly, 'How is the court to decide, without evidence, that this matter is not libellous? If it was written and inserted for the express purpose of ridiculing and bringing into contempt my client, it clearly is libellous. And then as to damages: my client is neither rich nor a great man; but his character in his own circle is both dear and valuable to him. We shall be able to show on trial that he was on the point of contracting marriage with the daughter of the keeper of the most fashionable and lucrative oyster-cellar in Orange Street, whose nerves were so shocked at the idea of her intended having a "hatchet-face and mouse-colored whiskers," that she fainted outright on reading the paragraph (copied from your paper into the next day's "Sun"), and was not brought to until a whole bucket of oysters which she had just opened had been poured over her in a hurried mistake for water. Since then, she has frequent relapses and shuddering, especially when my client's name is mentioned, and utterly refuses to see

or speak to him. The match is dead broke; and my client loses thereby a capital home, where victuals are more plentiful and the supply more steady than it has been his fortune to find them for the last year or two. He loses with all this a prospective interest in the concern; and is left utterly without business, or means of support, except this suit. Besides, how can you tell, in the absence of all testimony, that the editor was not paid to insert this villanous description of my client by some envious rival for the affections of the oyster-maid, who calculates both to gratify his spite and advance his lately hopeless wooing? In that case it certainly is a libel. We affirm this to be the case; and you are bound to presume that it is. The demurrer must be overruled.' And so it must be. No judge could decide otherwise.

"Now we are thrown back upon a dilemma. We may plead *justification*, in which case *we admit that our publication was, on its face, a libel;* and now woe to us if we cannot prove Mr. Cooper's client's face as sharp, and his whiskers of the precise color, as stated! A shade more or less ruins us. For, be it known, by attempting a justification we have not merely admitted our offence to be a libel, but *our plea is an aggravation of the libel*, and entitles the plaintiff to recover higher and more exemplary damages. We have just one chance more,— to plead the *general issue;* to wit, that

we did not libel the said John Smith, and go into court prepared to show that we had no malice toward or intent to injure Mr. Smith, never heard of him before, and have done all we know how to make him reparation; in short, that we have done and intended nothing which brings us fairly within the iron grasp of the law of libel. But here again, while trying our best to get in somehow a plea of not guilty, we have actually pleaded guilty (so says the supreme-court law of New York). Our admitted publication (no matter of what) concerning John Smith proves irresistibly that we *have* libelled him. We are not entitled in any way whatever to go to the jury with evidence tending to show that our publication is *not* a libel, or, in overthrow of the legal *presumption* of malice, to show that there actually *was* none. All that we possibly can offer must be taken into account merely in mitigation of damages. *Our* hide is on the fence, you see, anyhow.

"But to return to Richard's argument at Ballston. He put very strongly against us the fact, that our Fonda correspondent (see declaration above) considered Fenimore's verdict there a meagre one. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'see how these editors rejoice and exult when they get off with so light a verdict as four hundred dollars! They consider it a triumph over the law and the defendant. They don't

consider that amount any thing. If you mean to vindicate the laws and the character of my client, you see, you must give much more than this.' This was a good point, but not quite fair. The exultation over the 'meagre verdict' was expressly in view of the fact that the cause was *undefended;* that Fenimore and his counsel had it all their own way, — evidence, argument, charge, and all. Still Richard had a good chance here to appeal for a large verdict; and he did it well.

"On one other point Richard talked more like a cheap lawyer, and less like a — like what we had expected of him, than through the general course of his argument. In his pleadings he had set forth Horace Greeley and Thomas McElrath as *editors* and proprietors of 'The Tribune;' and we readily enough admitted whatever he chose to assert about us, except the essential thing in dispute between us. Well, on the strength of this he puts it to the court and jury that Thomas McElrath is one of the editors of 'The Tribune,' and that he, being (having been) a lawyer, would have been in court to defend this suit if there was any valid defence to be made. This, of course, went very hard against us; and it was to no purpose that we informed him that Thomas McElrath, though legally implicated in it, had nothing to do practically with this matter (all which he knew very well long

before), and that the other defendant is the man who does whatever libelling is done in 'The Tribune,' and holds himself everywhere responsible for it. We presume there is not much doubt even so far off as Cooperstown as to who edits 'The Tribune,' and who wrote the editorial about the Fonda business (in point of fact, the real and palpable defendant in this suit never conversed with his partner a quarter of an hour altogether about this subject, considering it entirely his own job; and the plaintiff himself, in conversation with Mr. McElrath, in the presence of *his attorney*, had fully exonerated Mr. McElrath from any thing more than legal liability). But Richard was on his legs as a lawyer: he pointed to the seal on his bond, and therefore insisted that Thomas McElrath was act and part in the alleged libel, not only legally, but actually, and would have been present to respond to it if he had deemed it susceptible of defence! As a lawyer, we suppose this was right; but, as an editor and a man, we could not have done it."

At the conclusion of this story, Mr. Greeley addressed the jury in the following speech: "'Should you find, gentlemen,'" says Mr. Greeley, "'that I had no right to express an opinion as to the honor and magnanimity of Mr. Cooper in pushing his case to a trial as related, you will, of course, compel me to pay whatever damage has been done to his character by such expression,

followed and accompanied by his own statement of the whole matter. I will not predict your estimate, gentlemen; but I may express my profound conviction that no opinion which Mr. Cooper might choose to express of any act of my life, no construction he could put upon my conduct or motives, could possibly damage me to an extent which would entitle or incline me to ask damages at your hands.

"'But, gentlemen, you are bound to consider, you cannot refuse to consider, that, if you condemn me to pay any sum whatever for this expression of my opinion on his conduct, you thereby seal your own lips, with those of your neighbors and countrymen, against any such expression in this or any other case: you will no longer have a right to censure the rich man who harasses his poor neighbor with vexatious lawsuits merely to oppress and ruin him, but will be liable by your own verdict to prosecution and damages whenever you shall feel constrained to condemn what appears to you injustice, oppression, or littleness, no matter how flagrant the case may be.

"'Gentlemen of the jury, my character, my reputation, are in your hands. I think I may say that I commit them to your keeping untarnished: I will not doubt that you will return them to me unsullied. I ask of you no mercy, but justice. I have not sought this issue; but neither have I feared nor shunned it.

Should you render the verdict against me, I shall deplore far more than any pecuniary consequence the stigma of libeller which your verdict would tend to cast upon me, — an imputation which I was never, till now, called to repel before a jury of my countrymen. But, gentlemen, feeling no consciousness of *deserving* such a stigma; feeling at this moment, as ever, a profound conviction that I *do not* deserve it, — I shall yet be consoled by the reflection that many nobler and worthier than I have suffered far more than any judgment here could inflict on me for the rights of free speech and opinion, — the right of rebuking oppression and meanness in the language of manly sincerity and honest feeling. By their example may I still be upheld and strengthened! Gentlemen, I fearlessly await your decision.'

"Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper summed up in person the cause for the prosecution. He commenced by giving at length the reasons which had induced him to bring this suit to Saratoga. The last and only one that made any impression on our mind was this, — that he had heard a great deal of good of the people of Saratoga, and wished to form a better acquaintance with them. (Of course, this desire was very flattering: but we hope the Saratogans won't feel too proud to speak to common folks hereafter; for we want liberty to go there again next summer.)

"Mr. Cooper now walked into the public press and its alleged abuses, arrogant pretensions, its interference in this case, probable motives, &c.; but the public are already aware of his sentiments respecting the press, and would not thank us to recapitulate them. His stories of editors publishing truth and falsehood with equal relish may have foundation in individual cases, but certainly none in general practice. No class of men spend a tenth part so much time or money in endeavoring to procure the earliest and best information from all quarters as it is their duty to do. Occasionally an erroneous or utterly false statement gets into print, and is copied; for editors cannot intuitively separate all truth from falsehood: but the evil arises mainly from the circumstance that others than editors are often the spectators of events demanding publicity; since we cannot tell where the next man is to be killed, or the next storm will rage, or the next important cause be tried. If we had the power of prophecy, it would then be time to invent some steam-lightning balloon, and have a reporter ready on the spot the moment before any notable event should occur. This would do it; but now we luckless editors must too often depend on the observation and reports of those who are less observant, less careful, possibly in some cases less sagacious, than those of our own tribe. Our limitations are not unlike those of Mr.

Weller, jun., as stated while under cross-examination in the case of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick: —

"'Yes, I have eyes,' replied Sam; 'and that's just it. If they was a pair of patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited.'

"Fenimore proceeded to consider our defence, which he used up in five minutes by pronouncing it no defence at all. It had nothing to do with the matter in issue whatever; and we must be very green if we meant to be serious in offering it. (We *were* rather green in supreme-court libel law, that's a fact; but we were put to school soon after, and have already run up quite a little bill for tuition, which is one sign of progress.) His Honor the judge would tell the jury that our law was no law whatever, or had nothing to do with this case. (So he did: Cooper was right here.) In short, our speech could not have been meant to apply to this case, but was probably the scrapings of our editorial closet, — mere odds and ends, — what the editors call 'Balaam.' Here followed an historical digression concerning what editors call 'Balaam,' which, as it was intended to illustrate the irrelevancy of our whole argument, we thought very pertinent. It wound up with what was meant

for a joke about Balaam and his ass, which, of course, was a good thing; but its point wholly escaped us, and we believe the auditors were equally unfortunate. However, the wag himself appreciated and enjoyed it.

"There were several other jokes (we suppose they were) uttered in the course of this lively speech; but we didn't get into their merits, probably not being in the best humor for joking. But one we remembered because it was really good, and came down to our comprehension. Fenimore was replying to our remarks about the 'handsome Mr. Effingham,' when he observed, that, if we *should* sue him for libel in pronouncing us not handsome, he should not plead the *general issue*, but *justify*. That was a neat hit, and well planted. We can tell him, however, that, if the court should rule as hard against him as it does against editors when they undertake to justify, he would find it difficult to get in the testimony to establish a matter even so plain as our plainness.

"Personally, Fenimore treated us pretty well on this trial: let us thank him for that, and so much the more that he did it quite at the expense of his consistency and his logic. For, after stating plumply that he considered us the best of the whole press-gang he had been fighting with, he yet went on to argue that all we had done and attempted with the intent of rendering him strict justice had been in

aggravation of our original trespass! Yes, there he stood, saying one moment we were, on the whole, rather a clever fellow, and every other arguing that we had done nothing but to injure him wantonly and maliciously at first, and then all in our power to aggravate that injury! (What a set the rest of us must be!)

"And here is where he hit us hard for the first time. He had talked over an hour, without gaining, as we could perceive, an inch of ground. When his compliment was put in, we supposed he was going on to say he was satisfied with our explanation of the matter, and our intentions to do him justice, and would now throw up the case: but, instead of this, he took a sheer the other way, and came down upon us with the assertion that our publishing his statement of the Fonda business with our comments was an aggravation of our original offence; was, in effect, adding insult to injury.

"There was a little point made by the prosecution which seemed to us *too* little. Our Fonda letter had averred that Cooper had three libel-suits coming off there at that circuit, — two against Webb, one against Weed. Richard and Fenimore argued that this was a lie: the one against Weed was all. The nicety of the distinction here taken will be appreciated when we explain that the suits against Webb were *indictments* for libels on J. Fenimore Cooper.

"We supposed that Fenimore would pile up the law against us, but were disappointed. He merely cited *the last case* decided against an editor by the supreme court of this State. Of course, it was very fierce against editors and their libels, but did not strike us as at all meeting the issue we had raised, or covering the grounds on which this case ought to have been decided.

"Fenimore closed very effectively with an appeal for his character, and a picture of the sufferings of his wife and family, — his grown-up daughters often suffused in tears by these attacks on their father. Some said this was mawkish; but we consider it good, and think it told. We have a different theory as to what the girls were crying for; but we won't state it, lest another dose of supreme-court law be administered to us. ('Not any more at present, I thank ye.')

"Fenimore closed something before two o'clock, having spoken over an hour and a half. If he had not wasted so much time in promising to make but a short speech and to close directly, he could have got through considerably sooner. Then he did wrong to Richard by continually recurring to and making fulsome eulogiums on the argument of 'my learned kinsman.' Richard had made a good speech and an effective one, — no mistake about it, — and Fenimore must mar it, first by needless, provoking interruptions, and then by praises,

which, though deserved, were horribly out of place and out of taste. Fenimore, my friend, you and I had better abandon the bar: we are not likely either of us to cut much of a figure there. Let us quit before we make ourselves ridiculous.

"His Honor Judge Willard occupied a brief half-hour in charging the jury. We could not decently appear occupied in taking down this charge; and no one else did it: so we must speak of it with great circumspection. That he would go dead against us on the law of the case we knew right well from his decisions and charges on similar trials before.

"Not having his law-points before us, we shall not venture to speak of them. Suffice it to say, that they were New-York supreme and circuit court law, — no better and no worse than he has measured off to several editorial culprits before us. They are the settled maxims of the supreme court of this State in regard to the law of libel as applied to editors and newspapers; and we must have been a goose to expect any better than had been served out to our betters. The judge was hardly, if at all, at liberty to know or tolerate any other.

"But we have filled our paper, and must close. The judge charged very hard against us on the facts of the case, as calling for a pretty sizable verdict: our legal guilt had, of course, been settled long before

in the supreme court. When the charge commenced, we would not have given Fenimore the first red cent for his verdict; when it closed, we understood that we were booked to suffer some. If the jury had returned a verdict in our favor, the judge must have been constrained by his charge to set it aside as contrary to law.

"The jury retired about half-past two, and the rest of us went to dinner. The jury were hungry too, and did not stay out long. On comparing notes, there were *seven* of them for a verdict of a hundred dollars, *two* for two hundred dollars, and *three* for five hundred dollars. They added these sums up (total twenty-six hundred dollars), divided by twelve; and the dividend was a little over two hundred dollars: so they called it two hundred dollars damages, and six cents costs, which, of course, carries full costs against us. We went back from dinner; took the verdict in all meekness; took a sleigh, and struck a bee-line for New York.

"Thus for 'The Tribune' the rub-a-dub is over, the adze, we trust, laid aside, the staves all in their places, the hoops tightly driven, and the heading not particularly out of order. Nothing remains but to pay piper or cooper, or whatever; and that shall be promptly attended to.

"Yes, Fenimore shall have his two hundred dollars.

To be sure, we don't exactly see how we came to owe him that sum; but he has won it, and shall be paid. 'The court awards it, and the law doth give it.' We should like to meet him, and have a social chat over the whole business, now it is over. There has been a good deal of fun in it, come to look back; and, if he has as little ill-will toward us as we bear to him, there shall never be another hard thought between us. We don't blame him a bit for the whole matter: he thought we injured him, sued us, and got his pay. Since the jury have cut down his little bill from three thousand to two hundred dollars, we won't higgle a bit about the balance, but pay it on sight. In fact, we rather like the idea of being so munificent a patron (for our means) of American literature; and we are glad to do any thing for one of the most creditable (of old) of our authors, who are now generally reduced to any shift for a living by that grand national rascality and greater folly, the denial of international copyright. 'My pensive public,' don't flatter yourself that we are to be rendered mealy-mouthed toward *you* by our buffeting. We shall put it to your iniquities just as straight as a loon's leg, calling a spade a spade, and not an oblong garden implement, until the judicial construction of the law of libel shall take another hitch, and its penalties be invoked to shield communities as well as

individuals from censure for their transgressions. Till then, keep a bright lookout!

"And Richard, too, shall have *his* share of 'the spoils of victory.' He has earned them fairly, and, in the main, like a gentleman, making us no needless trouble, and, we presume, no needless expense. All was fair and above-board, save some little specks in his opening of the case, which we noticed some hours ago, and have long since forgiven. For the rest, we rather like what we have seen of him; and if anybody has any law-business in Otsego, or any libel-suits to prosecute anywhere, we heartily recommend Richard to do the work, warranting the client to be handsomely taken in and done for throughout. (There's a puff, now, a man may be proud of. We don't give such every day out of pure kindness. It was Fenimore, we believe, that said on the trial, that our word went a great way in this country.) Can we say a good word for *you*, gallant foeman? We'll praise any thing of yours we have read except 'The Monikins.'

"But sadder thoughts rush in on us in closing. Our case is well enough, or of no moment; but we cannot resist the conviction, that by the result of these Cooper libel-suits, and by the judicial constructions which produce that result, the liberty of the press, its proper influence and respectability, its power to

rebuke wrong and to exert a salutary influence upon the public morals, is fearfully impaired. We do not see how any paper can exist, and speak and act worthily and usefully, in this State, without subjecting itself daily to innumerable unjust and crushing prosecutions and indictments for libel. Even if juries could have nerves of iron to say and do what they really think right between man and man, the costs of such prosecution would ruin any journal. But the liberty of the press has often been compelled to appeal from the bench to the people. It will do so now, and, we will not doubt, with success. Let not, then, the wrong-doer who is cunning enough to keep the blind side of the law, the swindling banker who has spirited away the means of the widow and orphan, the libertine who has dragged a fresh victim to his lair, imagine that they are permanently shielded, by this misapplication of the law of libel, from fearless exposure to public scrutiny and indignation by the eagle gaze of an unfettered press. Clouds and darkness may for the moment rest upon it; but they cannot, in the nature of things, endure. In the very gloom of its present humiliation we read the prediction of its speedy and certain restoration to its rights and its true dignity, — to a sphere, not of legal sufferance merely, but of admitted usefulness and honor."

It must be confessed Mr. Greeley handled this whole affair of libel-suits in an able and admirable way, and in such manner as resulted in good to the press generally, and in honor to the great State of New York; for, since that period, the press has been less trammelled, and the State has reviewed and amended her uncouth, senseless, and contradictory code, and adopted one more in accordance with our republican institutions and common sense.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. GREELEY'S VISITS TO EUROPE.

His First Visit in 1851. — At the World's Fair of that Year, he is made Chairman of one of the Juries. — He delivers the Address to the Constructor of the Palace. — His Second Visit to the Old World. — He is arrested in Paris for Debt, and imprisoned.

MR. GREELEY'S first visit abroad was made in the year 1851. He was appointed one of the commissioners to the World's Fair this year in London. In his "Recollections," he gives the following account of this visit: —

"Having left New York in the stanch American steamship 'Baltic,' Capt. J. J. Comstock, on the 11th of April, when a cold north-easter had just set in, we took it with us across the Atlantic, rarely blessed with a brief glimpse of the watery sun during our rough passage of twelve days and some hours, encountering a severe gale on our first night out, and another as we reached soundings on the Irish coast; and, being surfeited with rain and head-winds during our entire

passage, I was sick unto death's door for most of the time, eating by an effort when I ate at all, and as thoroughly miserable as I knew how to be: so that the dirty, grimy little tug that at last approached to take us ashore at Liverpool seemed to me, though by no means white-winged, an angel of deliverance; and my first meal on solid, well-behaving earth will long be remembered with gratitude to the friends who provided and shared it. I have since repeatedly braved the perils and miseries of the raging main, and have never found the latter so intolerable as on that first voyage; yet the ocean and I remain but distant, unloving acquaintances, with no prospect of ever becoming friends.

"Reaching London just before the Exhibition opened, I was accorded by the partiality of my countrymen who had preceded me (somewhat strengthened, I believe, by their jealousy of each other) the position of chairman of one of the juries; each of the countries largely represented in the Exhibition being allowed one chairman. My department (Class X.) included about three thousand lots (not merely three thousand articles), and was entitled, I believe, 'Hardware;' but it embraced not only metals, but all manner of devices for generating or economizing gas, for eliminating or diffusing heat, &c. The duties thus devolved upon me were entirely beyond my

capacity: but my vice-chairman, Mr. William Bird, a leading British iron-master and London merchant, was as eminently qualified for those duties as I was deficient; and between us the work was so done, that no complaint of its quality ever reached me. We had several most competent colleagues on our jury, among them M. Spitaels of Belgium, a director of the Vielle Montaigne Zinc Mines, and one of the wisest and best men I ever knew."

When Mr. Greeley reached London, he immediately repaired to the residence of the publisher John Chapman; and this was his home during his stay in that city.

Mr. Greeley was appointed by the commission a member of the jury on hardware; and of this jury he was made chairman.

A great banquet was given by the London commissioners to the commissioners from foreign countries. Lord Ashburton, who presided at this banquet, desired that the toast in honor of Mr. Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace, should be given by an American; and Mr. Riddle, the commissioner from the United States, named Mr. Greeley as the proper man to do it, which he did in the following admirable speech: —

"In my own land, my lords and gentlemen, where Nature is still so rugged and unconquered, where popu-

lation is yet so scanty, and the demands for human exertion are so various and urgent, it is but natural that we should render marked honor to labor, and especially to those who, by invention or discovery, contribute to shorten the processes and increase the efficiency of industry. It is but natural, therefore, that this grand conception of a comparison of the state of industry in all nations by means of a world's exhibition should there have been received and canvassed with a lively and general interest, — an interest which is not measured by the extent of our contributions.

"Ours is still one of the youngest of the nations, with few large accumulations of the fruits of manufacturing activity or artistic skill; and these so generally needed for use, that we were not likely to send them three thousand miles away merely for show.

"It is none the less certain that the progress of this great Exhibition, from its original conception to that perfect realization which we here commemorate, has been watched and discussed not more earnestly throughout the saloons of Europe than by the smith's forge and the mechanic's bench in America.

"Especially the hopes and fears alternately predominant on this side with respect to the edifice required for the Exhibition, the doubts as to the practicability of erecting one sufficiently capacious and commodious to contain and display the contributions

of the whole world, the apprehension that it could not be rendered impervious to water, the confident assertions that it could not be completed in season for opening the Exhibition on the 1st of May as promised, all found an echo on our shores; and now the tidings that all these doubts have been dispelled, these difficulties removed, will have been hailed there with unmingled satisfaction.

"I trust, gentlemen, that, among the ultimate fruits of this Exhibition, we are to reckon a wider and deeper appreciation of the worth of labor, and especially of those 'captains of industry' by whose conceptions and achievements our race is so rapidly borne onward in its progress to a loftier and more benignant destiny. We shall be likely to appreciate more fully the merits of the wise statesman, by whose measures a people's thrift and happiness are promoted; of the brave soldier, who joyfully pours out his blood in defence of the rights or in vindication of the honor of his country; of the sacred teacher, by whose precepts and example our steps are guided in the pathway to heaven, — if we render fit honor also to those 'captains of industry,' whose tearless victories redden no river, and whose conquering march is unmarked by the tears of the widow and the cries of the orphan. I give you, therefore, 'The health of JOSEPH PAXTON, Esq., designer of the Crystal Palace.'"

His first trip to Europe was one of the most interesting events of his "busy life;" and the first thing he did on his arrival in New York was to get out an extra, containing the news by "The Baltic," in advance of any other paper. This he was able to do, as he had fully prepared it on the voyage. He attended to this before he visited his home, thus showing how he was wedded to "The Tribune" and the editorial profession.

In the spring of 1855, Mr. Greeley again visited Europe. This was the first year of the Paris Exposition. Mr. Greeley remained abroad this time three months. In this second visit abroad, Mr. Greeley was arrested on a claim for debt. In reference to this affair, he states the following as the ostensible ground of this arrest and imprisonment: "I had been looking *at* things, if not *into* them, for a good many years prior to yesterday. I had climbed mountains and descended into mines, had groped in caves and scaled precipices, seen Venice and Cincinnati, Dublin and Mineral Point, Niagara and St. Gothard, and really supposed I was approximating a middling outside knowledge of things in general. I had been chosen defendant in several libel-suits, and been flattered with the information that my censures were deemed of more consequence than those of other people, and should be paid for accordingly. I have been through twenty of our States, yet never

in jail outside of New York; and over half Europe, yet never looked into one. Here I had been seeing Paris for the last six weeks, visiting this sight, then that, till there seemed little remaining worth looking at or after; yet I had never once thought of looking into a debtor's prison. I should probably have gone away next week as ignorant in that regard as I came, when circumstances favored me most unexpectedly with an inside view of this famous *maison de détention*, or prison for debtors, 70 Rue de Clichy. I think what I have seen here, fairly told, must be instructive and interesting; and I suppose others will tell the story if I do not, and I don't know any one whose opportunities will enable him to tell it so accurately as I have elsewhere.

"But first let me explain and insist on the important distinction between inside and outside views of a prison. People fancy they have been in a prison when they have by courtesy been inside of the gates: but that is properly an outside view; at best, the view accorded to an outsider. It gives you no proper idea of the place at all, — no access to its *penetralia*. The difference even between this outside and the proper inside view is very broad indeed. The greenness of those who don't know how the world looks from the wrong side of the gratings is pitiable: yet how many reflect on the disdain with which the lion must regard the

bumpkin who perverts his goad-stick to the ignoble use of stirring said lion up! or how many suspect that the grin wherewith the baboon contemplates the human ape, who, with umbrella at arm's-length, is poking Jocko for his doxy's delectation, is one of contempt rather than complacency! Rely on it, the world seen here behind the gratings is very different in aspect from that same world otherwise inspected. Others may think so: I know it. And this is how: —

"I had been down at the Palace of Industry, and returned to my lodgings, when, a little before four o'clock yesterday afternoon, four strangers called for me. By the help of my courier, I soon learned that they had a writ of arrest for me at the suit of one Mons. Lechesne, sculptor, affirming that he sent a statue to the New-York Crystal-palace Exhibition, at or on the way to which it had been broken, so that it could not be (at all events it had not been) restored to him: wherefore he asked of me, as a director and representative of the Crystal-palace Association, to pay him *douze mille francs*, or twenty-five hundred dollars." . . .

We should like to give the reader the balance of this humorous description; but space prevents.

CHAPTER XVI.

HORACE GREELEY'S VARIETY OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Greeley's Views of Working-Men. — Mr. Greeley as a Lecturer. — Mr. Greeley an Author. — The Work published. — Addresses and Essays. — All for the Working-Men. — Mr. Greeley as a Man of Letters. — The Great Trees of Mariposa. — His Honesty. — "The Tribune" an Educator. — An Editor to speak reproachfully of Horace Greeley — what is he? — What Whittier, the Quaker-Poet, said. — How much it implies. — "He who would strike Horace Greeley would strike his Mother." — Testimony of Rev. Dr. Bellows; of W. E. Robinson; of the Poet Whittier. — Remarks on Mr. Greeley's Letter of Acceptance of the Cincinnati Nomination. — On his Dress. — Of his Inconsistency. — Proposal to buy the Slaves. — Signing Jeff. Davis's Bail. — Comparison between Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley in their Childhood and Youth: both Poor; both Readers; both loved by their Fellows; both excelled their Teachers.

AS a working-man, he always worked himself. From a boy up, all along, personally, he has been a worker.

But I now mean more than this, — more than that he worked with his own hands: I mean that he wished to do something for the working-men by which they should receive more profit than the simple wages of a hireling for their labor. Mr. Greeley had

looked into organizations in society in various forms; he had written and talked about common-stock movements, Fourierism, &c.; till these questions seemed in some measure to be brought home to him: "Physician, heal thyself;" make "The Tribune" a company concern. While Horace Greeley and McElrath are rich in owning "The Tribune," and are talking about aiding the working-men to escape from the condition of mere hirelings, and be benefited by sharing in the profits of their labor, why not make "The Tribune" a stock association? These men had a right to reply, as they often did, "If this is the true principle, and you are sincere in advocating it, Mr. Greeley, why not try it yourself? O 'Tribune' of the people! make the experiment; practise what you preach."

This was an *argumentum ad hominem*, as well as an *argumentum ad rem;* and, as everybody acknowledged Mr. Greeley to be an *honest* man, there seemed to be no way for him to escape putting his advice into practice; nor, indeed, did he wish to escape from it.

So the establishment of "The Tribune" was valued at a hundred thousand dollars, and divided into a hundred shares of a thousand dollars each. The leading men in each department of "The Tribune" took shares, and finally to such an extent, that Messrs. Greeley and McElrath owned only about two-thirds of the concern.

This experiment in the business of "The Tribune," so far as is known, has worked well; and thus Mr. Greeley has united his preaching with his practice.

Lecturing has, in these times, become a great business; and every man of note in any way must try his hand at it, — some because they think they can do it well, others because they are pressed into the service. We rather think Mr. Greeley was of the latter class. In our opinion, papers are preferable to lectures. Mr. Greeley has succeeded in making a paper which has been appreciated by the public. He has also given many lectures which have contained much information. But he was never made for an orator. Still Mr. Parton, in his "Life of Horace Greeley," says, "Some who value oratory less than any other kind of labor, and whom the tricks of elocution offend except when they are performed on the stage, — and even there they should be concealed, — have expressed the opinion that Mr. Greeley is, strictly speaking, one of the *best* speakers of which this metropolis can boast."

Mr. Greeley has been very frequently called on to make speeches at public meetings and various entertainments. He has rarely declined such a call; nor has he met it without saying something worth being heard. He has lectured upon many subjects, among which may be named the following: "What the Sister

Arts teach as to Farming," "Emancipation of Labor," &c.

In 1850 the Messrs. Harper published a volume of Mr. Greeley's Lectures and Essays, entitled "Hints toward Reforms." The work is somewhat of a curiosity, and never had a very large sale, though some two thousand copies were disposed of.

The title-page of these "Hints," &c., contains three quotations, or mottoes, from three different authors. The first is poetical, from Rev. Henry Ware, as follows: —

"Hasten the day, just Heaven!
Accomplish thy design,
And let the blessings thou hast freely given
Freely on all men shine,
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed;
Till Law, and not the Sovereign, rule sustain,
And Peace and Virtue undisputed reign."

The second is from Henry Ward Beecher, and is as follows: —

"Listen not to the everlasting conservative, who pines and whines at every attempt to drive him from the spot where he has so lazily cast his anchor. Every abuse must be abolished. The whole system must be settled on the right basis. Settle it ten times, and settle it many, you will have the work to begin again. Be satisfied with nothing but the complete enfranchisement of humanity, and the restoration of man to the image of his God."

The third one is from Charles Mackay, and is as follows: —

"Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the imagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen!
Aid it, hopes of honest men!
Aid it, paper! aid it, type!
Aid it, for the hour is ripe!
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way."

Though Mr. Greeley had probably written and published more that had been read than almost any other man in America, yet, so far as I am apprised, this was the first book ever sent forth from his pen. These lectures and essays were prepared for lyceums, young men's clubs and associations, &c.; and the author says in his preface, "They were written in the years from 1842 to 1848 inclusive, each in haste, to fulfil some engagement already made, for which preparation had been delayed, under the pressure of seeming necessities, to the latest moment allowable.

A calling whose exactions are seldom omitted for a day, never for a longer period, and whose requirements, already excessive, seem perpetually to expand and increase, may well excuse the distraction of thought, and rapidity of composition, which it renders inevitable. At no time has it seemed practicable to devote a whole day, seldom a full half-day, to the production of any of the essays. Not until months after the last of them was written did the idea of collecting and printing them in this shape suggest itself; and a hurried perusal is all that has since been given them."

The one grand object of these lectures and essays seems to be the improvement and education of the working-classes.

He says, "Why should those by whose toil *all* comforts and luxuries are produced, or made available, enjoy so scanty a share of them? Why should a man, able and eager to work, ever stand idle for want of employment in a world where so much needful work impatiently awaits the doing? Why should a man be required to surrender something of his independence in accepting employment which will enable him to earn by honest effort the bread of his family? Why should the man who faithfully labors for another, and receives therefor less than the product of his labor, be currently held the obliged party, rather than he

who buys the work, and makes a good bargain of it? In short, why should speculation and scheming ride so jauntily in their carriages, splashing honest work as it trudges humbly and wearily by on foot?"

These are questions of common sense, and show how deeply interested Horace Greeley has been in the welfare of working-men, himself emphatically a working-man all his life. They were discussed years ago by the "philosopher," as he has been sometimes ironically called, as though he plainly foresaw all the movements of the laboring-classes in our day. All must admit Mr. Greeley had a heart fully sympathizing with this numerous class in the community, and a prescience far outstripping most of his coadjutors. But, as previously said, the object of this book is not to unduly exalt the man, but to show him as he has been and now is.

Mr. Greeley admits that the greatest obstacle to the progress and elevation of the working-man is to be found in himself, — in his own ignorance, improvidence, and want of temperance. Thus he talks about the man who will be successful in business, even when he is a boy: "A keen observer could have picked him out from among his schoolfellows, and said, 'Here is the lad who will die a bank-president, owning factories, and blocks of stores.' Trace his history closely, and you find that in his boyhood he was provident and

frugal; that he shunned expense and dissipation; that he feasted and quaffed seldom, unless at others' cost; that he was rarely seen at balls or frolics; that he was diligent in study and in business; that he did not hesitate to do an uncomfortable job if it bade fair to be profitable; that he husbanded his hours, and made each count one, either in earning, or in preparing to work efficiently."

Thus he shows how a laboring-man makes himself.

So I might go on and exhibit his advice to the educated, — how they might create around them a hallowed atmosphere for the ignorant; what an example they might set (as some do) of morals and refined manners, &c.

So, did space allow, I might show Horace Greeley as a statesman, a farmer, a philanthropist; but the limits prescribed to this volume will not permit it.

A few words may be added here respecting him as a man of letters. We have referred to his first book as an author. He made an overland journey from New York to San Francisco in 1859, of which he gave a full account in "The Tribune." It was, indeed, a wonderful exploring tour; and any one, even now, must be greatly instructed, as well as amused, in reading his descriptions of what he saw and heard. We give a single extract, — a description of the trees of Mariposa,

which he regarded as larger than those of Calaveras: —

"We went up to the Mariposa trees early next morning. The trail crosses a meadow of most luxuriant wild grass, then strikes eastward up the hills, and rises almost steadily, but in the main not steeply, for five miles, when it enters and ends in a slight depression or valley, nearly on the top of this particular mountain, where the big trees have been quietly nestled for I dare not say how many thousand years.

"That they were of very substantial size when David danced before the ark, when Solomon laid the foundations of the temple, when Theseus ruled in Athens, when Æneas fled from the burning wreck of vanquished Troy, when Sesostris led his victorious Egyptians into the heart of Asia, I have no manner of doubt. The big trees, of course, do not stand alone: I apprehend that they could not stand at present, in view of the very moderate depth at which they are anchored to the earth.

"Had they stood on an unsheltered mountain-top, or even an exposed hillside, they would doubtless have been prostrated — as, I presume, thousands like them were prostrated — by the hurricanes of centuries before Christ's advent; but the localities of these, though probably two thousand five hundred feet above the South Merced, and some four thousand five hundred

above the sea, are sheltered and tranquil, though several of these trees have manifestly fallen within the present century. Unquestionably they are past their prime; though to none more than to them is applicable the complimentary characterization of 'a green old age.'"

A sketch of the life and career of Horace Greeley has now passed before us. It has not been the object of the compiler (for the work necessarily could be little more than a compilation) to applaud and exalt him above measure; but as, since his nomination for the presidency, men, artists, editors, public officers, and those in high places, have descended to ridicule, scandalize, and vilify the former good name and blameless character of Horace Greeley, we cannot close this sketch of his life without bringing fairly before the reader the obligations we are under to this man. It is sadly to be regretted that no man can be nominated for the presidency of the United States without being pounced upon and covered with mud by those of less talent and honor than he. It was well said of the bully Rust, who attacked and beat Mr. Greeley during his congressional term, "The man who would strike Horace Greeley would strike his mother:" so the editor of a newspaper who would vilify Horace Greeley would not hesitate to degrade Washington or Lincoln. On this point we cannot do

better than quote the following from one of this profession, — the editor of "The Telegraph" of Philadelphia: —

"We all know the record of his life, and that from the hour that he first went to New York a penniless, friendless boy, eager to do a man's work in the world, unto this day, when he is rich, famous, honored, no one has ever truly uttered a single word against his truth or his honesty. Last of all Americans should Mr. Nast's pencil of scurrility be pointed for him; last of all should a newspaper editor or artist aid to degrade him: for to him, more than to any or all others, are newspaper men and the people indebted for the highest, noblest, purest type of newspaper excellence that this country has ever known.

"In all the records of American journalism, there is no name that shines with such true and steady light as that of Horace Greeley. 'Theoretical' he is called, and 'visionary.' Is 'The New-York Tribune' a theory or a vision? That is the work of his life; the daily business of all his honorable, useful years. Slavery is dead: the theories of 'The Tribune' educated the people to kill slavery. The Republican party is the party that saved the country: 'The Tribune' created the Republican party. Ask editors what its editorial management under Horace Greeley has been, and they reply, 'As nearly perfect as it

could be made.' Ask printers what its mechanical management and equipment are, and they answer, 'Matchless.'

"'Theoretical'? Yes: Horace Greeley has always been theoretical; for there never has been an improvement suggested to him for making newspapers more valuable to the people that Horace Greeley has not tested; not one of real value that he has not adopted. It is a foul bird that soils its own nest, and it is an abject newspaper man indeed who throws dirt upon the foremost in America, — upon the one who has done the most to make editing of a newspaper the noblest work that any of us ever set to do. There is not one of us who can attempt to degrade Horace Greeley without degrading himself; not one who can disgrace him without disgracing his profession."

Everybody says Horace Greeley is *honest;* and no less a man than the poet Whittier, who has had a lifelong acquaintance with him, says, "There are no reasons of a moral or intellectual character why he should not be elected president." Will any one tell us what reasons, then, can be adduced against his being chosen to fill that important station?

He is honest: then he will oppose stealing in all its multifarious phases. He will oppose bribery and corruption, which, to say the least, have appeared sometimes in our government. If, as Whittier says,

he is intellectually qualified, he will know sufficient not to bestow offices upon men totally unqualified to fill them.

Honesty and intellectuality will lead him to oppose a standing army in time of peace; to withstand military and railroad rings, and all other rings that tend to swindle the people.

Honesty and intellect combined will teach him better than to put all his relations, and those of his wife too, into government offices. He will not show the white feather when John Bull begins to bluster about "The Alabama" or any other claims. He will not proscribe men for holding political opinions contrary to his own, nor consider our greatest statesmen disqualified for high positions because they may not fall in with his peculiar notions on some favorite plan of his own. He is in favor of putting honest men into office. He is in favor of peace; nor is he one of those that "bite with their teeth, and cry peace" with their lips. As he is not a military character, he is in favor of the civil forms superseding the military. He is in favor of giving every State its just right under the Constitution of the nation. He is in favor of universal suffrage, universal amnesty, and universally allowing men to vote as they please. He is in favor of the one-term presidency, — that a president shall not employ his first four years in

electioneering for a second election. He is in favor of the laboring-classes, as one must necessarily be who has worked his own way up from that of a poor boy to his present high and honorable condition in life. By his own iron will and his indomitable industry he mastered poverty and adversity, as Franklin of the same craft did, till he has placed himself in honorable and independent circumstances. He is in favor of our republican institutions; and, while he stands on an advanced Republican platform, it is no disparagement to him that the Democracy has adopted the same, and selected him, as did the Republicans, as their leader, and to be the next president of the United States of America.

A few specimens may be given from gentlemen of letters, of high religious character, of editors, and even of office-holders, who have known Horace Greeley, and labored with him many years in the editorial profession and in various other walks of life.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, who has lived and labored side by side with Horace Greeley in the city, in "The Liberal Christian" says, "At home in city and country, and on both sides of the continent; with the qualities of the Yankee, — simple as shrewd, and shrewd as simple; good-natured as a healthy child, and passionate as the same on occasions; a wide lover of his species, and a tremendous hater of many of its individ-

ual varieties; open as the day, and inscrutable as the night; devoted to principle when not absorbed by measures; strong as a giant when some political Delilah has not shorn his locks in her lap; so pure that dirt won't stick to him, which makes him a little too free in going into it; not to be known by his associates, because quite superior to many of them; capable of a superhuman frankness and a Trappian silence, — certainly America finds in him at this moment its most characteristic representative. He is the American *par excellence.*"

Take the following from the testimony of W. E. Robinson in an address from a speech in Brooklyn, N.Y.: —

"Over thirty years ago, while in Yale College, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Horace Greeley. It was before 'The Tribune' was started, and while he was editing 'The New-Yorker' and 'Log-Cabin.' Soon after 'The Tribune' was established, I became its Washington correspondent, and was connected with it as correspondent and assistant editor more than ten years. After ceasing to be his correspondent and assistant, I was for nearly ten years his lawyer. I saw much of him, had much correspondence with him, and ought to know him well, and be able to give a proper estimate of his character; and such an estimate as I am able to give I shall submit to you, my neighbors and friends, in all truth and sincerity.

"Some things can be said of Horace Greeley which no libeller even dare question. He is a natural democratic republican of the best type. Burns was not a truer democrat, nor was Jefferson a purer republican. I venture to say that no man could detect a change in his countenance, whether a duke asked him for information, or an outcast solicited alms. With him, above all men I ever knew, rank and wealth are nothing: manhood is the gold, and mind the true nobility. He is the ablest writer and chief journalist among the giant intellects of our day. His life is one of singular purity and simplicity. He never forgets his friends. His word once given, and you can stake your life on its performance; and his monogram, written on his face and in his heart by the Almighty, and inscribed by himself on every step of his career from the dawn of early childhood to the noon of honored manhood, is honesty. His charity is unbounded. I can convey no idea of this trait of his character. Hour after hour, and daily, I have seen the destitute and heart-broken of both sexes, the unfortunate outcasts and wanderers from all climes and all classes, invade the ever-open door of his charity; and never have I seen any one 'sent empty away' while he had a shilling or could borrow one. I often looked on with amazement, knowing his antipathy to whiskey and tobacco, as I have seen some poor creature, whom he had known in

earlier days, staggering to his desk, and asking for relief, which was not denied, even under the certainty that it would be left in the first bar-room. I have seen his hat full of protested notes on which he had lent money; and when, as his lawyer, I have remonstrated with him for taking such paper, he usually replied that any one would lend on good paper. It was those that could not borrow elsewhere, and on paper negotiable nowhere, that complimented him with their business. He is a singularly pure and modest man. In thirty years of pretty intimate acquaintance, I never heard him use a word that would bring the slightest flutter of crimson to the purest cheek that womanhood ever unveiled to society. I do not believe that he ever told or could be induced to listen to a vulgar story. And this almost superhuman purity of character is perhaps what has made him such a favorite among talented and refined women. For, although woman was the cause of our losing Eden, she brought with her more than man did of its purity; and its loss would have been intolerable if Adam had failed to bring her with him.

"But there are things in his character about which people differ, or pretend to differ. Even those who concede to him the great virtues I have mentioned pretend to deprecate his election to the presidency through fear that he lacks sound judgment, executive ability, financial skill, and discrimination of character.

How wofully they are mistaken who seem to see the shadow of those suspicions his election and brilliant administration will show. I have had some experience among public men for many years at Washington; I have known intimately most of the illustrious American statesmen of the second generation, — Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Crittenden, Mangum, and others; and I never knew any one whose judgment was more keen and unerring, whose ideas of executive management were more enlarged and liberal, whose knowledge of finance and political economy was clearer or more extensive, and whose estimate of character was more quick and comprehensive: and, if we honestly weigh his character against that of the more and less illustrious of those who have filled the executive chair, we shall discover in him the honesty of Washington, the brain of Jefferson, the firmness of Jackson, and the wisdom of half a dozen of our later presidents; while, as a writer, he is far superior to them all. It will be something to boast of to see once more in the chair of Washington an honest and an able man. It will be something to boast of, that, at the close of the first century of our government, the ablest writer that ever filled the executive chair was elected by our votes. It will be a pleasure worth a century's waiting to read his messages.

"There is a stubborn fear among certain nervous

money-bags that things are going to ruin if Greeley is elected; and this is said by men who have felt proud of having voted for Harrison, Polk, Lincoln, and Grant. It is not my cue to say any thing against Gen. Grant; I think the country owes him too much to hear with pleasure any thing against him personally: but what was he when taken from his Missouri tannery, in knowledge and character, compared with Horace Greeley? What was Abraham Lincoln, cracking jokes on Western circuits, compared with Horace Greeley, except what he had learned, as I have often heard him acknowledge, from Mr. Greeley's paper? What was Gen. Taylor, or James K. Polk, or Gen. Harrison, or all of them put together, for ability, statesmanship, and character, before they were elected, as compared with Horace Greeley? Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and Webster could not get the chair which Harrison, Polk, and Tyler filled; and, when Lincoln was nominated, the same sneers were common against him that now salute Mr. Greeley. His boots and dress and walk and dignity were no better than Greeley's. He was a rail-splitter, as Mr. Greeley is a wood-chopper; but, for all that, what rank does he hold among our recent presidents? Second only to that with which Mr. Greeley will retire in 1877.

"Do these men, who object to him as wanting in ability, not know that he has taught most of our living

statesmen what they know? But, while knowledge is power, honesty is the craving of the nation's heart; and in no one so much as in Mr. Greeley can that craving be gratified. He is thoroughly upright and ingrained, and stubbornly honest. There is not gold enough in California nor stamps enough in the national currency to bribe him to do a dishonest act. You could as easily drive the most stubborn mule that ever braced his foot against his driver's mandate as to drive Mr. Greeley into the path way which leads to dishonesty."

I here adduce the letter of a lifelong friend of Mr. Greeley; one well known in the community, and of irreproachable character and unimpeachable integrity; moreover, one who has labored shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Greeley for a quarter of a century in the antislavery cause: —

WHAT THE QUAKER POET THINKS OF THE PHILOSOPHER.

The following letter from Mr. John G. Whittier appeared in "The Springfield Republican:" —

AMESBURY, 10th 5th mo., 1872.

EDWIN MORTON, Esq., Boston.

Dear Sir, — Thy note of to-day is just received. In replying to it, I must premise that I have no intention, at this time, of entering into the question of the

presidency, further than to say that the recent complications of this question may be largely attributed to an attempt to forbid the right of choice of candidates to Republicans in advance of the nominating convention, and to the deliberate insult to the friends of freedom in the treatment of Senator Sumner. As regards the subject of thy inquiry, I have no hesitation in saying that I place a very high estimate upon the character, moral and intellectual, of Horace Greeley. He is a man of whom his countrymen, irrespective of politics, may well be proud. He has built up in his sixty years a noble reputation. The poor attempts to ridicule him, and to underrate his eminent ability, at the present time, on the part of some of our Republican papers, are best answered by the eulogiums bestowed upon him in their own columns heretofore. He can well afford to smile at the feeble arrows of sarcasm which are expended on his "white great-coat," and fail to reach the man beneath it. Personally he is the most popular man in the United States. It is very possible there may be good reasons why he should not be president; but they are not to be found in his moral character, his intellect, his principles, his purposes, his knowledge of the interests and resources of the country. I have no wish, as I have no reason, to withhold my good opinion of an old friend at a time when so

many Republicans deem it advisable, as a party expedient, to assail him personally as well as politically.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

There are many erroneous opinions abroad respecting Horace Greeley. Some of them are, we doubt not, seriously believed; and some, it is feared, are stated to draw votes from him in the coming election.

He is said to be "careless in his dress," and "wearing his pants over one boot and under the other," with much more of the same sort. The writer saw him in his recent visit to the Jubilee in Boston, and can testify that he has not inspected a more cleanly and decently dressed man for many years; and he has seen a few within that time. "The Cincinnati Commercial" says of him, —

"The fact is, Mr. Greeley is a very well-dressed man. His linen is faultless; and, while his cravat-tie is never elaborate, it is usually in the right place. He attends dinner-parties frequently, wearing a dress-coat; and in the neatness of his hands and feet he is noticeable. Strange as it may appear, his boots are smartly polished; and his hands, notwithstanding his wood-chopping performances, are small and white, and in form symmetrical. Many a fine lady would be proud to have hands of their whiteness and taper fingers."

It is said he is a "vegetarian; don't eat meat." This, also, is untrue, as has been seen in his own account of Grahamism. He is not a glutton, but partakes of all kinds of wholesome food. He is not as corpulent and ridiculously rotund as Nast (rather Nasty) caricatures him as being, but is of fair and liberal development for a man of his years.

He is not a "wine-bibber." There is no doubt about it that he is a strict temperance man. He never, under any circumstances, tastes intoxicating liquor; enjoys his glass of water when the wine flows; and dissipates in a cup of tea. Tobacco he detests; but, being a philosopher, he sometimes sits in a cloud of tobacco-smoke with complacency.

It is charged that Greeley, after telling the South to go, shouted, "On to Richmond!" He did neither the one thing nor the other. When hostilities were commenced by the bombardment of a United-States fort by order of the provisional government of seceded and confederated States, those who had striven most earnestly for peace, and who had been willing to make the greatest sacrifices to preserve it, were not the least energetic in urging the prosecution of the war. The words "On to Richmond" were not Mr. Greeley's, but Mr. Dana's; and they were right words. The imbecility that divided our army, and held half of it loitering at Harper's Ferry while the other half

was beaten at Bull Run by the whole force of the confederates, does not prove that those who favored a decided march upon Richmond at that time were wrong. The rebel veteran army that afterwards contested for years the road to Richmond was not then in existence. At Bull Run the main question was, which raw army would run first; and the flight happened to be toward Washington rather than toward Richmond. If the army fooled away under Patterson had appeared on Beauregard's flank, the movement would have been "on to Richmond," sure enough.

He is said to be cross and quarrelsome, and rude in his manners. I can bear testimony to the falsehood of such a statement. He is a genial, companionable gentleman. He may be sharp upon loafers who seek to waste his time upon nothing of moment, especially where he has an editorial half done, and the printer is waiting for the residue. In some such case, he may have "answered a fool according to his folly;" and what wise editor would not do the same? Those who are specially troubled about his manners may contrast *his* bearing with that of another gentleman who had "the freedom of our city" at the late Jubilee, and take their choice.

It has been said that Greeley, in a pusillanimous way, begged for peace, and embarrassed President Lincoln. The truth is, in that connection he per-

formed a public service of value; and, if greater attention had been paid him by Lincoln, he would have done better for the country. Here is the case: The rebels assumed to be for peace. All they wanted, it will be remembered, was to be let alone. The Northern sympathizers with the Rebellion cried, "Peace, peace, when there was no peace;" and their vociferation was, that the war had failed to restore the Union, and that we must try and restore it by peaceful measures.

At this juncture there was the news that persons authorized to propose terms of peace were on the borders. Greeley, wisely and well, advised the president that here was an opportunity that must not be neglected. The thing to do was to see whether the proposed or self-styled negotiators had authority, and what they wanted. Greeley knew, and Lincoln knew, that the confederates were unwilling to negotiate for peace on the basis of the restoration of the Union. It was quite certain that the terms they would propose must be wholly inadmissible. Very well. Undoubted evidence that there could be no tolerable peace, no peace on the basis of the Union, would practically unite the North. The fangs of the copperheads would be at once drawn. Mr. Greeley insisted that so great an opportunity should not be thrown away; and he was clearly right.

Well, Greeley proposed "to buy the slaves, and pay four hundred million dollars for their emancipation." If this were so, it showed his wisdom and foresight; for, if his plan had been adopted, we should have saved six hundred million dollars (for the war cost a billion); and thousands of widows and orphans would have blessed Horace Greeley to their dying-day.

Well, Greeley bailed Jeff. Davis: so he did; and Greeley ought to be "kilt" for it; while Gerritt Smith, who did the same, was a fit man to go to Philadelphia to renominate Grant. It was an old Roman maxim, *Tittilla me, tittillabo te*,—"Tickle me, and I'll tickle you." No matter what any man has ever done, if he will now tickle Grant, and stickle for him. Yes, Greeley signed Jeff. Davis's bond. Why should he not? This great public criminal, with hands reeking with the blood of half a million men, was admitted to bail by the Supreme Court of the United States, with the full approval of the president and his cabinet. It was notorious that the administration did not intend to try him, or they never would have allowed bail for this wholesale murderer, while it is uniformly denied to the most ignorant wretch who takes a single life. If any man in the country is responsible for the bailing of Jeff. Davis, it is Ulysses S. Grant; for he, by discharging on parole Lee and his compeers in crime, and by insisting that the faith of the country was

pledged to hold them harmless, rendered it impossible that any of the traitors should be punished. Besides, the government, by exchanging prisoners, acknowledged the South to be *belligerents;* and to have hung or shot Davis after his capture would have been a violation of international law.

Well, there must be a cat under that white heap: therefore all the rebels are going to vote for Greeley. Are they? Where is Henry A. Wise, who hung John Brown; Mosby, the vilest leader of a band of cutthroats; Longstreet, and a hundred others? In fact, if the Grantites don't lie, all the South, blacks and whites both, are going for Grant. This is a weapon with two edges.

But I commenced to write the Life of Horace Greeley by special request, and did not mean to say a word about Grant; and but for what is well known to be palpable falsehood about Greeley would any reference have been had to the other candidate for the presidency. The old adage should be remembered by some of the Grant papers, "People who dwell in glass houses," &c.

COMPARISON OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HORACE GREELEY.

There were many things in common in the boyhood of "Abe Lincoln," our late martyred and greatly-

lamented president, and Horace Greeley, the present candidate for the same high office. Indeed, in some respects, there was a resemblance between Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abe, and Zaccheus Greeley, the father of Horace. But preference must be given to Zach Greeley over Tom Lincoln. Both were poor; both failed to pay for the land they bought; both were rovers, going from place to place, and from State to State, — Tom from Kentucky to Indiana and Illinois, and Zach from New Hampshire to Vermont and Pennsylvania. Tom was assisted greatly by his son Abe, and Zach by his son Horace. There was a resemblance between the spelling of the names of the Lincoln and the Greeley families: the former was spelled "Linckhorn," or "Linckhern," or "Lincoln:" the latter was spelled "Grely," "Greale," "Greele," and "Greeley."

But between their sons Abe and Horace there was a still more striking resemblance. Abe was born in a solitary cabin, on a desolate spot, — a little knoll in the midst of a barren glade on Nolin Creek, in Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809.

Abe, when about eight years old, dabbled in the water, and came near being drowned on one occasion when attempting to "coon" on Knob Creek, and was saved only by the strenuous efforts of John Duncan, the boy that was with him. Quite a re-

semblance here between this and Horace, — saved by his little brother from a similar fate in Hubbarton Creek, when in his thirteenth year.

Abe was always chiding other boys for being cruel to animals: he talked against, made speeches about, and wrote poetry against, this practice. Horace, always tender of animals, when he saw a boy throw stones (a thing he never did) at a hog, rebuked him, saying, "Now, you oughtn't to throw stones at that hog: he don't *know* any thing."

Abe had but little schooling. His first teacher was Hazel Dorsey, and his log schoolhouse was a mile and a half from his father's cabin; and, years after, it was said, by those who survived, that Abe was even then the equal, if not the superior, of any scholar in his class. This "schoolhouse was built of unhewn logs, and had holes for windows, in which greased paper served for glass." Abe's whole schooling was not more than six months; and the reason was, "it was no use; for he excelled all his masters: so he studied at home."

How apt was this resemblance to Horace's schooling, in the teachers, the boy, the schoolhouse, and the studying at home because it was no use to go to school! for, said Horace's teacher, "he knows more than I do."

Abe's dress was as follows: "He wore low shoes,

buckskin breeches, linsey-woolsey shirt, and a cap made of the skin of an opossum. The breeches clung close to his thighs and legs, but failed by a large space to meet the tops of his shoes: twelve inches remained uncovered, and exposed that much of 'shinbone, sharp, blue, and narrow.'"

Horace's dress we have seen to have been "a straw hat, generally in a state of dilapidation; a tow shirt, never buttoned; a pair of trousers made of the family material, very short in both legs, but one shorter than the other."

Abe read all the books he could get either by buying or borrowing. He borrowed Weems's "Life of Washington" of Josiah Crawford; laid it where it got wet; and Crawford made him "pull fodder" three days, at twenty-five cents a day, to pay for it. The books he read were "The Kentucky Preceptor," Æsop's "Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "History of the United States," "Arabian Nights," &c.

The books that Horace found in his father's house were very few, — the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Confession of Faith." "The American Preceptor" was the first book he ever owned. He read Byron, Shakspeare, and Mrs. Hemans's poems.

Both Abe and Horace loved to fish.

Both were peace-makers among their schoolmates,

and both were beloved by all the boys of their acquaintance ; and neither had an enemy.

Both were politicians from childhood.

Both were perfectly honest. Abe would do all he promised to do, and Horace always did his "stint."

Both wrote poetry. Here is some of Abe's when a mere boy : —

"Let auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
And Jackson be our president,
And Adams left behind."

In his first copy-book Abe wrote, —

"Abraham Lincoln, his hand and pen :
He will be good ; but God knows when."

Again he wrote, —

"Abraham Lincoln is my name,
And with my pen I write the same :
I'll be a good boy ; but God knows when."

Again, —

"Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by."

We have already given specimens of Horace's poetry.

It must be confessed, that, in one thing, the comparison between Abe and Horace does not hold. Abe was an excellent penman : Horace is not so good ; though the latter's would bear comparison with that of the late Rufus Choate.

THE ADDRESS AND PLATFORM OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICANS ASSEMBLED IN CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI, MAY 3, 1872.

The administration now in power has rendered itself guilty of wanton disregard of the laws of the land, and of usurping powers not granted by the Constitution: it has acted as if the laws had binding force only for those who are governed, and not for those who govern. It has thus struck a blow at the fundamental principles of constitutional government and the liberties of the citizen. The President of the United States has openly used the powers and opportunities of his high office for the promotion of personal ends. He has kept notoriously corrupt and unworthy men in places of power and responsibility, to the detriment of the public interest. He has used the public service of the government as a machinery of corruption and personal influence, and has interfered with tyrannical arrogance in the political affairs of states and municipalities. He has rewarded with influential and lucrative offices men who had acquired his favor by valuable presents; thus stimulating the demoralization of our political life by his conspicuous example. He has shown himself deplorably unequal to the tasks imposed upon him by the necessities of the country, and culpably careless of the responsibilities of his high office. The partisans of the administration, assuming to be the Republican party, and controlling its organization, have attempted to justify such wrongs, and palliate such abuses, to the end of maintaining partisan ascendency. They have stood in the way of necessary investigations and indispensable reforms, pretending that no serious fault could be found with the present administration of public affairs; thus seeking to blind the eyes of the people. They have kept alive the passions and resentments of the late civil war, to use them for their own advantage. They have resorted to arbitrary measures in direct conflict with the organic law, instead of appealing to the better instincts and latent patriotism of the Southern people by restoring to them their rights, the enjoyment of which is indispensable to a successful administration of their local affairs, and would tend to revive a patriotic and hopeful national feeling. They have degraded themselves and the name of their party, once justly entitled to the confidence of the nation, by a base sycophancy to the dispenser of executive power and patronage, unworthy of republican freemen. They have sought to silence the voice of just criticism and stifle the moral sense of the people,

and to subjugate public opinion by tyrannical party-discipline. They are striving to maintain themselves in authority for selfish ends by an unscrupulous use of the power which rightfully belongs to the people, and should be employed only in the service of the country. Believing that an organization thus led and controlled can no longer be of service to the best interests of the republic, we have resolved to make an independent appeal to the sober judgment, conscience, and patriotism of the American people. Therefore

We, the Liberal Republicans of the United States, in national convention assembled at Cincinnati, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government: —

THE PLATFORM.

First, We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and hold that it is the duty of government, in its dealings with the people, to mete out equal and exact justice to all, of whatever nativity, race, color, or persuasion, religious or political.

Second, We pledge ourselves to maintain the union of these States, emancipation and enfranchisement, and to oppose any re-opening of the questions settled by the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution.

Third, We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all the disabilities imposed on account of the Rebellion, which was finally subdued seven years ago, believing that universal amnesty will result in complete pacification in all sections of the country.

Fourth, Local self-government with impartial suffrage will guard the rights of all citizens more securely than any centralized power. The public welfare requires the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and the freedom of persons under the protection of the habeas corpus. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order, for the state self-government, and for the nation a return to the methods of peace and the constitutional limitations of power.

Fifth, The civil service of the government has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition, and an object of selfish greed. It is a scandal and reproach upon free institutions, and breeds a demoralization dangerous to the perpetuity of republican government.

Sixth, We therefore regard a thorough reform of the civil service as one of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claims to public employment;

that the offices of the government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage, and that public station shall become again a place of honor. To this end, it is imperatively required that no president shall be a candidate for re-election.

Seventh, We demand a system of federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and which shall provide the means necessary to pay the expenses of the government economically administered, the pensions, the interest on the public debt, and a moderate annual reduction of the principal thereof; and, recognizing that there are in our midst honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their congressional districts, and the decision of Congress thereon, wholly free from executive interference or dictation.

Eighth, The public credit must be sacredly maintained; and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise.

Ninth, A speedy return to specie payment is demanded alike by the highest considerations of commercial morality and honest government.

Tenth, We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the republic; and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly-earned fame or the full rewards of their patriotism.

Eleventh, We are opposed to all further grants of land to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers.

Twelfth, We hold that it is the duty of the government in its intercourse with foreign nations to cultivate the friendships of peace by treating with all on fair and equal terms; regarding it alike dishonorable either to demand what is not right, or submit to what is wrong.

Thirteenth, For the promotion and success of these vital principles, and the support of the candidates nominated by this convention, we invite and cordially welcome the co-operation of all patriotic citizens, without regard to previous political affiliations.

OFFICIAL NOTICE TO MR. GREELEY OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

CINCINNATI, O., May 3, 1872.

DEAR SIR, — The National Convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States have instructed the undersigned, president, vice-president, and secretaries of the convention, to inform you that

you have been nominated as the candidate of the Liberal Republicans for the presidency of the United States. We also submit to you the address and resolutions unanimously adopted by the convention.

Be pleased to signify to us your acceptance of the platform and the nomination; and believe us

Very truly yours,

C. SCHURZ, *President.*
GEO. W. JULIAN, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM E. MCLEAN,
JOHN G. DAVIDSON,
J. H. RHODES, } *Secretaries.*

HON. HORACE GREELEY, New-York City.

MR. GREELEY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1872.

GENTLEMEN, — I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d inst. until I could learn how the work of your convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the mass of our fellow-citizens. Their response from day to day has reached me through telegrams, letters, and the comments of journalists, independent of official patronage, and indifferent to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased, and unsolicited utterances, satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as the harbinger of a better day for the republic. I do not misinterpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly-esteemed gentleman with whose name I thank your convention for associating mine: I receive and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable platform of principles wherein your convention so tersely, so lucidly, so forcibly set forth the convictions which impelled and the purposes which guided its course, — a platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn-out contentions and bygone feuds, embodies in fit and few words the needs and aspirations of to-day. Though thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or cavil has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows: —

First, All the political rights and franchises which have been

acquired through our late bloody convulsion must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed, and respected evermore.

Second, All the political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should and must be promptly restored and re-established, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union, whose long-estranged people shall re-unite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty with impartial suffrage.

Third, That, subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self-government, and not at centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over the military; that the writ of habeas corpus should be jealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with public order; and that there shall be no federal subversion of the internal policy of the several states and municipalities, but that each shall be left to enforce the rights and promote the well-being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

Fourth, There shall be a real and not merely a simulated reform in the civil service of the republic; to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from the main temptation to use his power selfishly by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his re-election.

Fifth, That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the president must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not.

Sixth, That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on the projectors of railroads for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

Seventh, That the achievement of these grand purposes of universal beneficence is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of past affiliations.

Eighth, That the public faith must at all hazards be maintained, and the national credit preserved.

Ninth, That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow-citizens, who, as soldiers or sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably requited.

These propositions, so ably and forcibly presented in the platform of your convention, have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen, who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the basis of a true, beneficent national reconstruction of a new departure from jealousies, strifes, and hates, which have no longer adequate motive or even plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of peace, fraternity, and mutual good-will. In vain do the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly their truncheons, and angrily insist that the files shall be closed and straightened.

In vain do the whippers-in of parties once vital, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting, denounce men nowise their inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that the American people have already made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph. In this fact, and with the distinct understanding, that, if elected, I shall be the president, not of a party, but of the whole people, I accept your nomination, in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, north and south, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has too long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are and must henceforth remain brethren.

Yours gratefully,

HORACE GREELEY.

To Hon. Carl Schurz, President, Hon. George W. Julian, Vice-President, and Messrs. Wm. E. McLean, John G. Davidson, and J. H. Rhodes, Secretaries, of the National Convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States.

The Democratic Convention which assembled at Baltimore July 9, 1872, adopted the address and platform of the Cincinnati Convention, and nominated Horace Greeley as their candidate for president; and he accepted their nomination.

An able writer has the following upon Mr. Greeley's letter accepting his nomination by the Cincinnati Convention : —

"No matter what Mr. Greeley may have written or spoken in times past to excite opposition : his letter accepting the Cincinnati nomination is as admirable and complete a statement of the principles of liberalism, and of the sentiments of a large majority of the American people, as could be expressed upon paper by any candidate yet to be presented. It is a pointed and forcible summary that he makes of the Liberal Republicans, and is equivalent to a restatement of the platform in the tersest and most striking form possible. No one whose heart is set on reform can take exception to a syllable of it. It is not to be denied that the party which hopes to achieve victory in the coming canvass must plant itself fixedly on that identical platform. Mr. Greeley happily describes it as 'casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn-out contentions and bygone feuds,' which are become the greatest obstructions to the restoration of fraternal feelings, and unity of sentiment, between the sections. The candidate of the Cincinnati Convention employs his usual vigorous expressions in characterizing the administration and its supporters, mincing no words, and withholding no positive opinions. The same slashing use of the English language appears in his

letter of acceptance which would show in a leader or a speech. He aims his battery of expletives at 'the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations,' who, he declares, are 'flourishing their truncheons' as if they expected to frighten people into obedience. His spirit is high: his hopes have not a wing clipped. He is resolved, if fortune shall favor, to be 'the president, not of a party, but of the whole people.'

"The effect of this letter upon the section of the Republican party which uttered its notable protest at Cincinnati is yet to be observed. As it was addressed to them alone, it will be particularly interesting to discover how it affects them. They cannot consistently disavow any part of its spirit, whatever may be their impression respecting its form. Its author comes up squarely to the standard of reform which was adopted at Cincinnati: no man could have answered to it more exactly. He is guilty of no exaggeration when he states that a large majority of the people assent to the propositions which he a second time enunciates with increased force, and when, too, he adds that they adopt them as the basis of 'a true, beneficent reconstruction,' and of 'a new departure from jealousies, strifes, and hates, which have no longer adequate motive or even plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of peace, fraternity, and mutual good-will.'"

HON. B. GRATZ BROWN.

Boston, B.B. Russell.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

B. GRATZ BROWN.

THE same convention nominated Hon. B. Gratz Brown, now governor of Missouri, for vice-president.

We give the following brief sketch of the life and services of Gov. Brown: —

"The nomination of Gov. Brown of Missouri for vice-president by the Cincinnati Convention would have been a fine stroke of policy, had it not been one of those happy hits which seem to occur by the natural fitness of things, or to spring out of the air. A native of Kentucky, a grandson of a distinguished senator, born at Lexington in 1826, educated at Transylvania University and Yale College, he studied law at Louisville, but settled in St. Louis, and was a member of the State legislature from 1852 to 1859. He was one of the originators of 'The Missouri Democrat,' which he edited five years. While a boy, he conceived a deep repugnance to slavery, though he

belonged to a slaveholding family; and, while in the Missouri legislature, made a powerful antislavery speech, which was the initial step of freedom in that great State. At the outbreak of the war he raised a regiment, and afterwards commanded a brigade, and took the foremost part in organizing the movement which made Missouri free.

"Elected to the Senate in 1863, he served on important committees, and made an honorable record. In 1870 he was nominated for governor by an uprising of the people against the dictation and interference of the administration; and his name roused the enthusiasm of the people to the highest pitch, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority. His administration has been as honorable as it is popular, and he is to-day the admiration and the idol of Missouri. A clear-headed, acute, energetic man, alive to the very finger-tips, with a fine presence, a winning address, and a power of attaching friends and awakening enthusiasm greater than even Frémont possessed, he is the natural leader and the fittest representative of the young life and heroic hopefulness and energy of the Great West. His nomination was fortunate for the reform movement, which he has done more than almost any other to inaugurate; and his election will be still more fortunate for the country."

He retired from the Senate of the United States in 1867, and declined a re-election. He was the first to protest against the proscriptive constitution in Missouri; and was nominated for governor by the Liberal Republicans in 1870, and elected by forty thousand majority, after a bitter contest. He is forty-six years old, stout in stature, an able writer, and one of the most original thinkers in the West.

A gentleman who lately saw Gov. Brown says, "The candidate for Vice-President of the United States has a striking appearance. He is tall, broad-shouldered, has a fine figure, and a head which at once indicates the student and thinker: it is large and well shaped. The features are clear cut; the expression of the face is keen and shrewd; the eyes are bold and frank; and the whole appearance of the man is remarkable. His forehead is high. His hair, which is of a dark red color, falls smoothly over his neck: it curls naturally. The color is a strange one: it is not the ordinary red, and it is not auburn; but it has a color of its own,—a smooth, soft red, which, with the mass of his hair, gives the head an appearance which is perfectly unique. The beard is long, full, and of a decided red. The face looks manly, bold; the eye has a quick, decided look. The man impresses you at a glance as a man of mind, of nerve, of character."

We have selected the above testimony from two gentlemen who know Gov. Brown well, and who, we believe, are perfectly reliable. He was also nominated by the Baltimore Convention for vice-president. The following is his letter of acceptance to the committee of the Cincinnati Convention : —

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, JEFFERSON CITY, May 21, 1872.

GENTLEMEN, — Your letter advising me of the action of the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati has been received; and I return through you my acknowledgment of the honor which has been conferred upon me. I accept the nomination as a candidate for vice-president, and indorse most cordially the resolutions setting forth the principles upon which the appeal is made to the whole people of the United States. A century is closing upon our experience of republican government; and while that lapse of time has witnessed a great expansion of our free institutions, yet it has not been without instruction also of grave dangers to the stability of such a system. Of those successfully encountered it is needless to speak; of those which remain to menace us, the most threatening are provided against, as I firmly believe, in the wise and pacific measures proposed by your platform. It has come to be the practice of those elevated to positions of national authority to regard public service but as a means to retain power. This results in substituting a mere party organization for the government itself, constitutes a control amenable to no laws or moralities, impairs all independent thought, enables a few to rule the many, and makes personal allegiance the road to favor. It requires little forecast to perceive that this will wreck all liberties, unless there be interposed a timely reform of the administration, from its highest to its lowest station, which shall not only prevent abuses, but likewise take away the incentive to their practice. Wearied with the contentions that are carried on in avarice of spoils, the country commands repose, and resents the effort of officials to drag it again into partisan hostilities. I will zealously sustain any movement promising a sure deliverance of the perils which have been connected with the war. It is safe to say that only those are now to be feared which come of an abuse of victory into permanent estrangement. The Union is fortified by more power than ever before,

and it remains as an imperative duty to cement our nationality by a perfect reconciliation. At the North, widespread sympathy is aroused in behalf of those States of the South, which, long after the termination of resistance to the rightful federal authority, are still plundered under the guise of loyalty, and tyrannized over in the name of freedom. Along with this feeling is present, too, the recognition, that in complete amnesty alone can be found hope of any return to constitutional government as of old, or any development of a more enduring unity and broader national life in the future. Amnesty, however, to be efficacious, must be real, not nominal; genuine, not evasive. It must carry along with it equal rights as well as equal protection to all; for the removal of disabilities as to some, with enforcements as to others, leaves room for suspicions that pardon is measured by political gain. Especially will such professed clemency be futile in the presence of the renewed attempt at prolonging a suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and the persistent resort to martial rather than civil law in upholding those agencies used to alienate the races when concord is most essential; and, in preparing another elaborate campaign on a basis of dead issues and arbitrary intervention, all will rightly credit such conduct as but a mockery of amnesty, and demand an administration which can give better warrant of honesty in the great work of reconstruction and reform. In the array of sectional interests, a republic so widespread as ours is never entirely safe from serious conflicts. These become still more dangerous when complicated in the question of taxation, where unequal burdens are believed to be imposed by one party at the expense of another party. It was a bold as well as admirable policy in the interest of present as well as future tranquillity to withdraw the decision of industrial and revenue matters from the virtual arbitration of an electoral college chosen with the single animating purpose of checking a party's ascendency, and refer them for a more direct popular expression to each congressional district. Instead of being muzzled by some evasive declaration, the country is therefore invited to its frankest utterance; and sections which would revolt at being denied a voice, out of deference to other sections, would be content to acquiesce in a general judgment. If local government be, as it is undoubtedly, the most vital principle of our institutions, much advance will be made towards establishing it by enabling the people to pass upon questions so nearly affecting their well-being dispassionately through their local representation. The precipitance which would force a controlling declaration on tax or tariff through a presidential candidacy is only a disguised form of centralization, involving hazardous reaches of executive influence.

A conclusion will be much more impartially determined, and with less disturbance to trade and finance, by appealing to the most truthful and diversified local expression. Industrial issues can be likewise emancipated from the power of great monopolies, and each representative held to fidelity toward his immediate constituents. These are the most prominent features of that general concert of action which proposes to replace the present administration by one more in sympathy with the aspirations of the masses of our countrymen. Of course, such concert cannot be attained by thrusting every minor or past difference into the foreground; and it will be for the people, therefore, to determine whether these objects are of such magnitude and present urgency as to justify them in deferring other adjustments until the country shall be first restored to a free suffrage uninfluenced by official dictation, and ours becomes, in fact, a free republic, released from apprehensions of a central domination. Without referring in detail to the various other propositions embraced in the resolutions of the convention, but seeing how they all contemplate a restoration of power to the people, peace to the nation, purity to the government, that they condemn the attempt to establish an ascendency of military over civil rule, and affirm with explicitness the maintenance of equal freedom to all citizens, irrespective of race, previous condition, or pending disabilities, I have only to pledge again my cordial co-operation.

I have the honor to remain

Very respectfully yours,

B. Gratz Brown.

Hon. Carl Schurz, President, Hon. George W. Julian, Vice-President, and Messrs. William E. McLean, John G. Davidson, and J. H. Rhodes, Secretaries, of the National Convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States.

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